

No. 23

APRIL, 1942

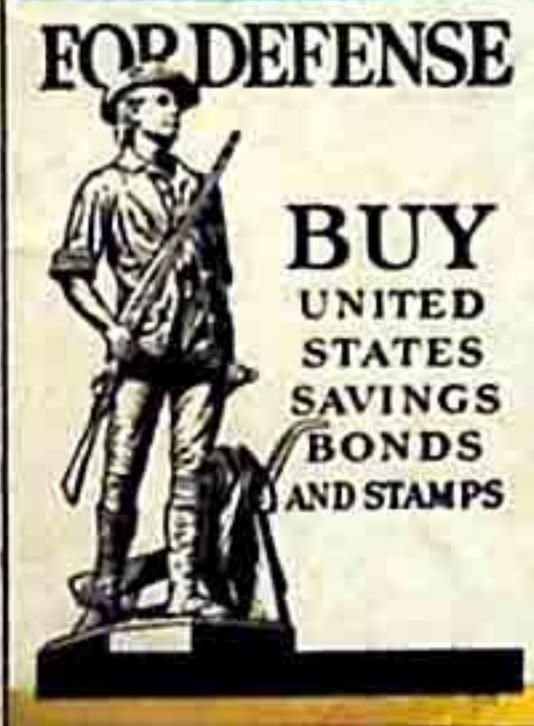
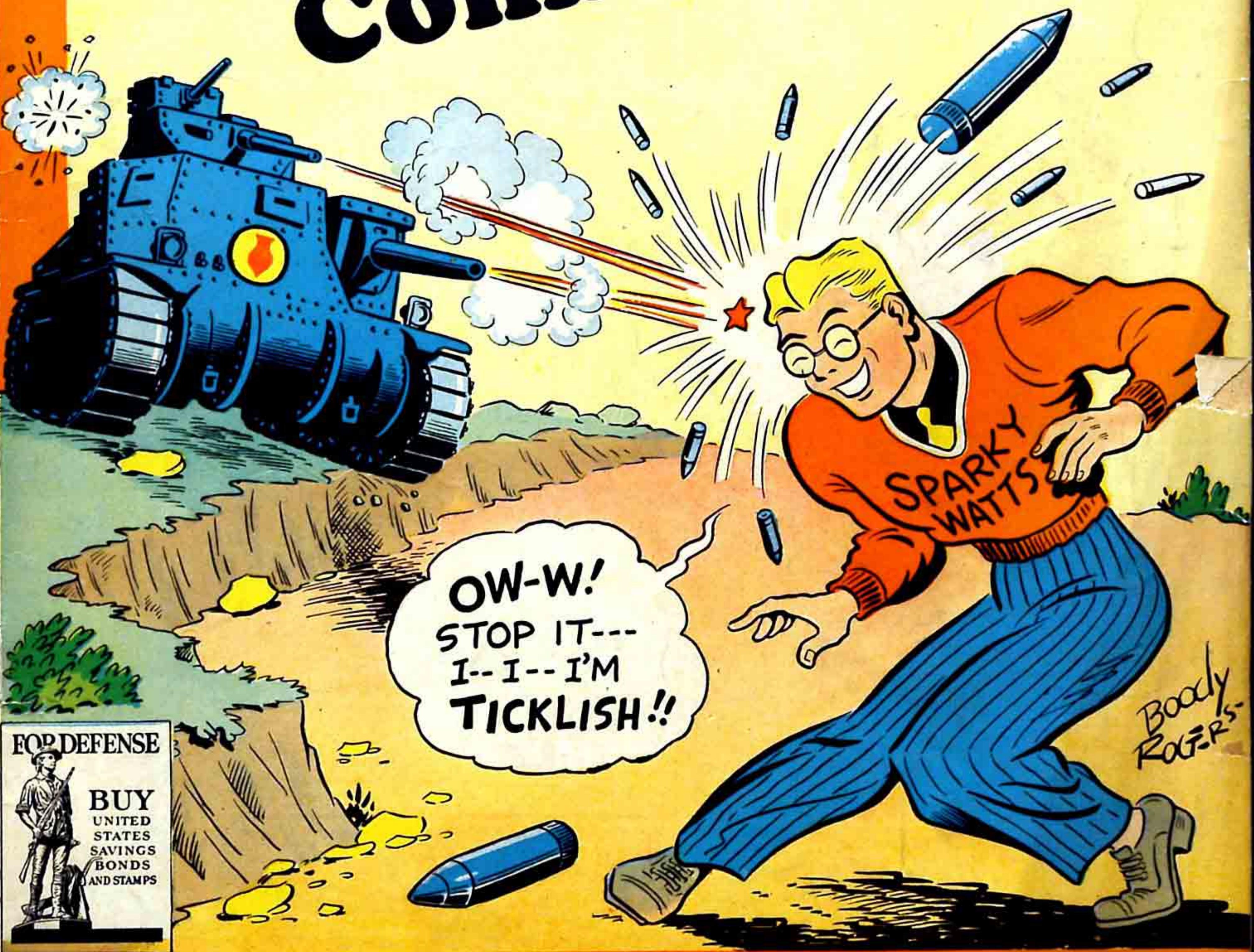
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IN THIS ISSUE:

THE SKYMAN
JOE PALOOKA
THE FACE
DIXIE DUGAN
CAPTAIN DEVILDog
CHARLIE CHAN
SPY-CHIEF
AND MANY OTHER FAVORITES!

Comics

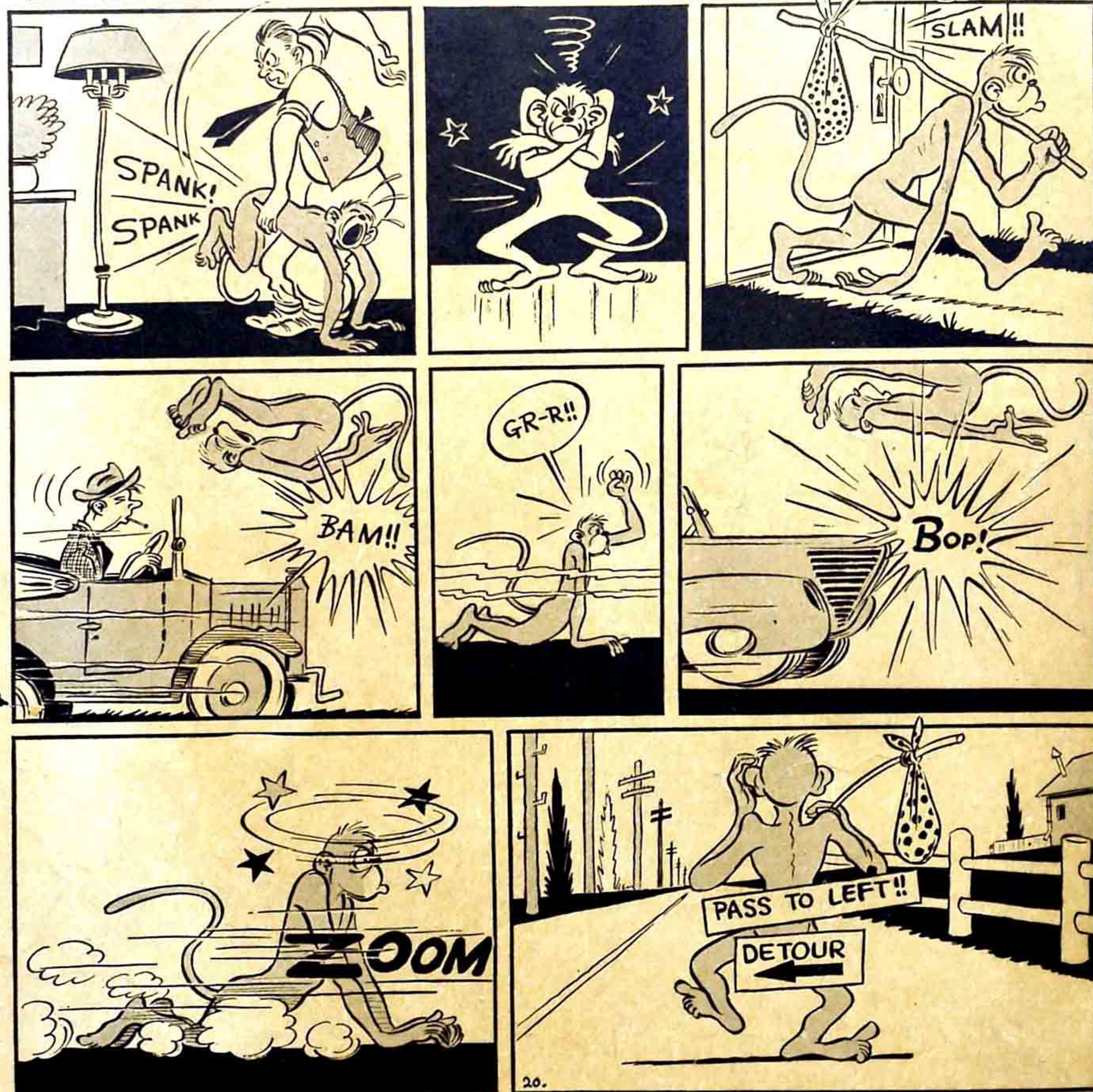


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MORTIMER THE MONK



VINCENT SULLIVAN, *Editor*

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BIG SHOT COMICS

The

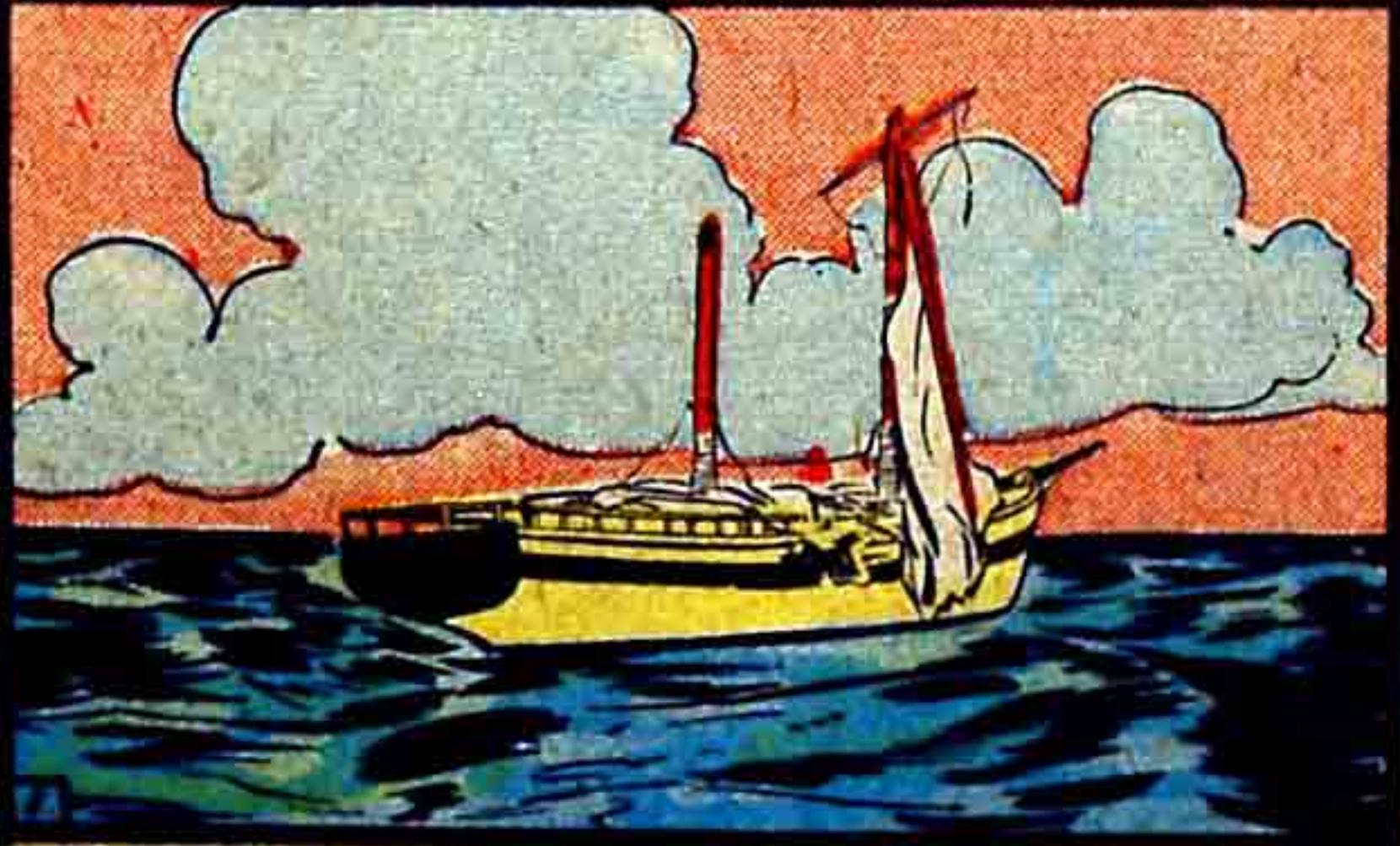
SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN



SAILING PHANTOM SEAS COMES AN OLD FOUR-MASTER, CARRYING ON IT A BATTERY OF MODERN WEAPONS AS IT LAUNCHES A PIRATICAL ATTACK ON MERCHANT MARINE SHIPS AND YACHTS ALIKE... UNTIL THE SKYMAN, DARING SCIENTIFIC AND ATHLETIC GENIUS, SAILS ACROSS ITS BOW!

DRIFTING AIMLESSLY ON A TOSSING OCEAN IS A DESERTED HULK...

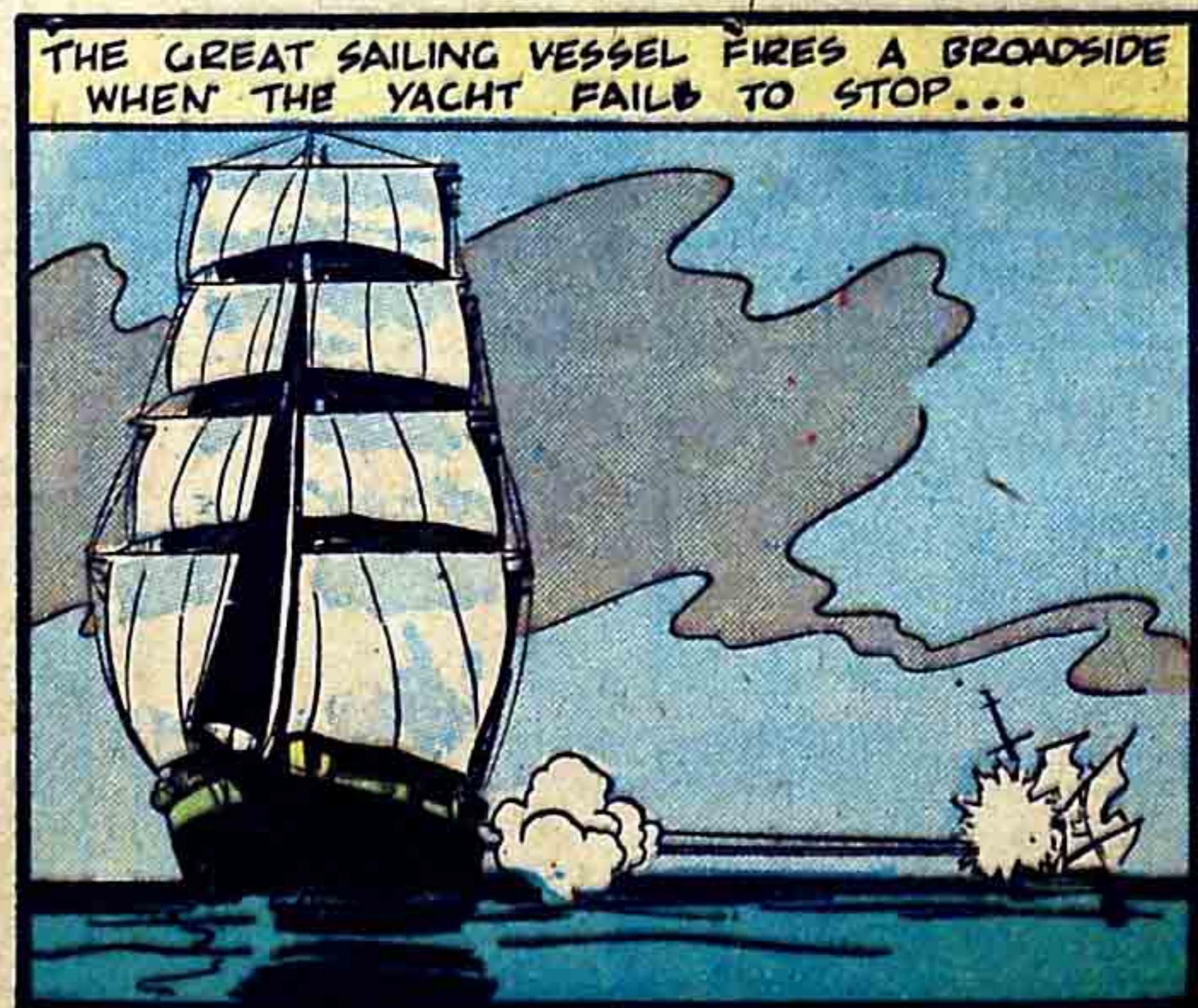
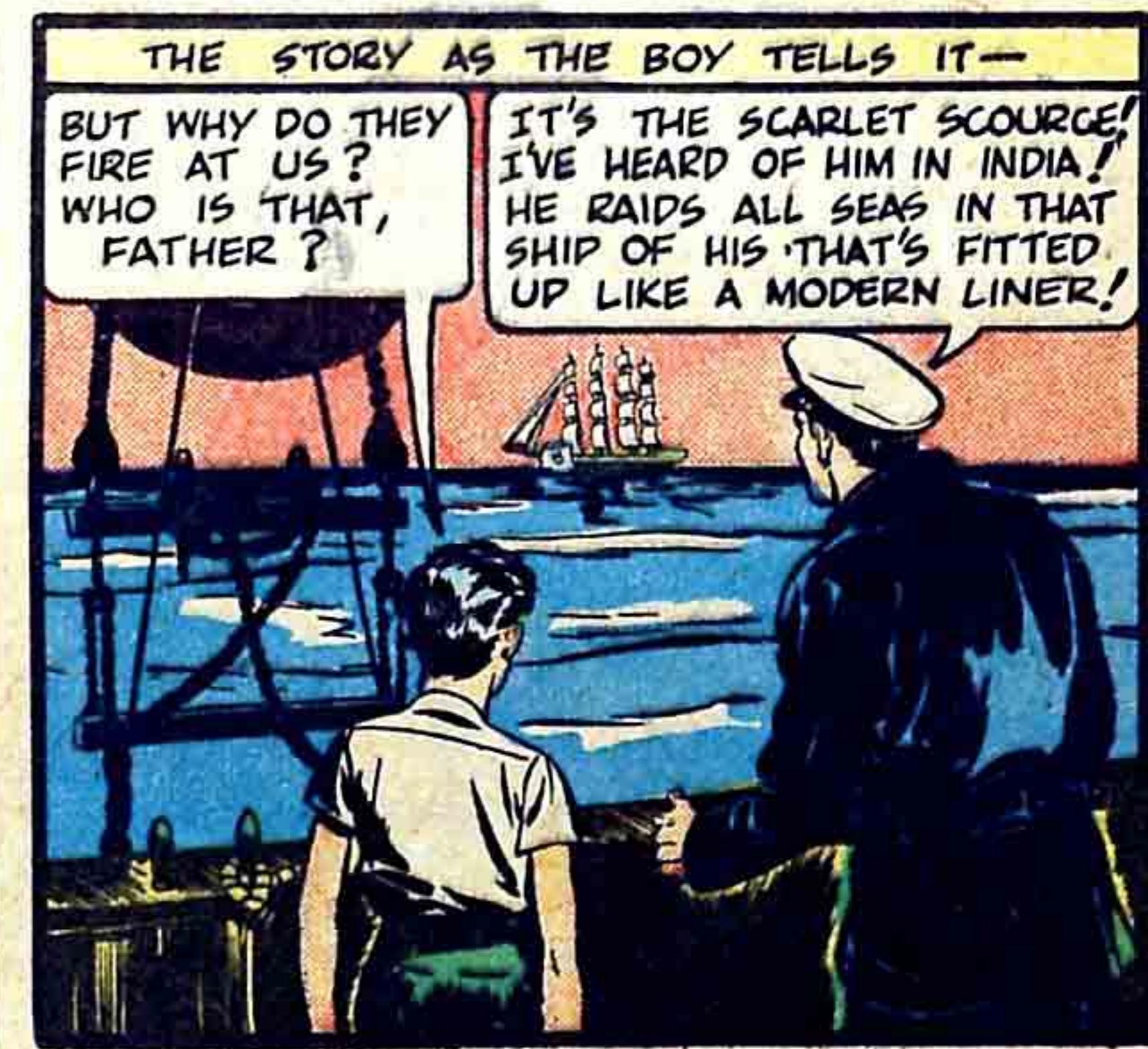


IN THE AIR THE SKYMAN IN HIS "WING" SIGHTS THE WRECK...

A WRECK! LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S BEEN SHOT AT! I'VE GOT TO INVESTIGATE THIS!

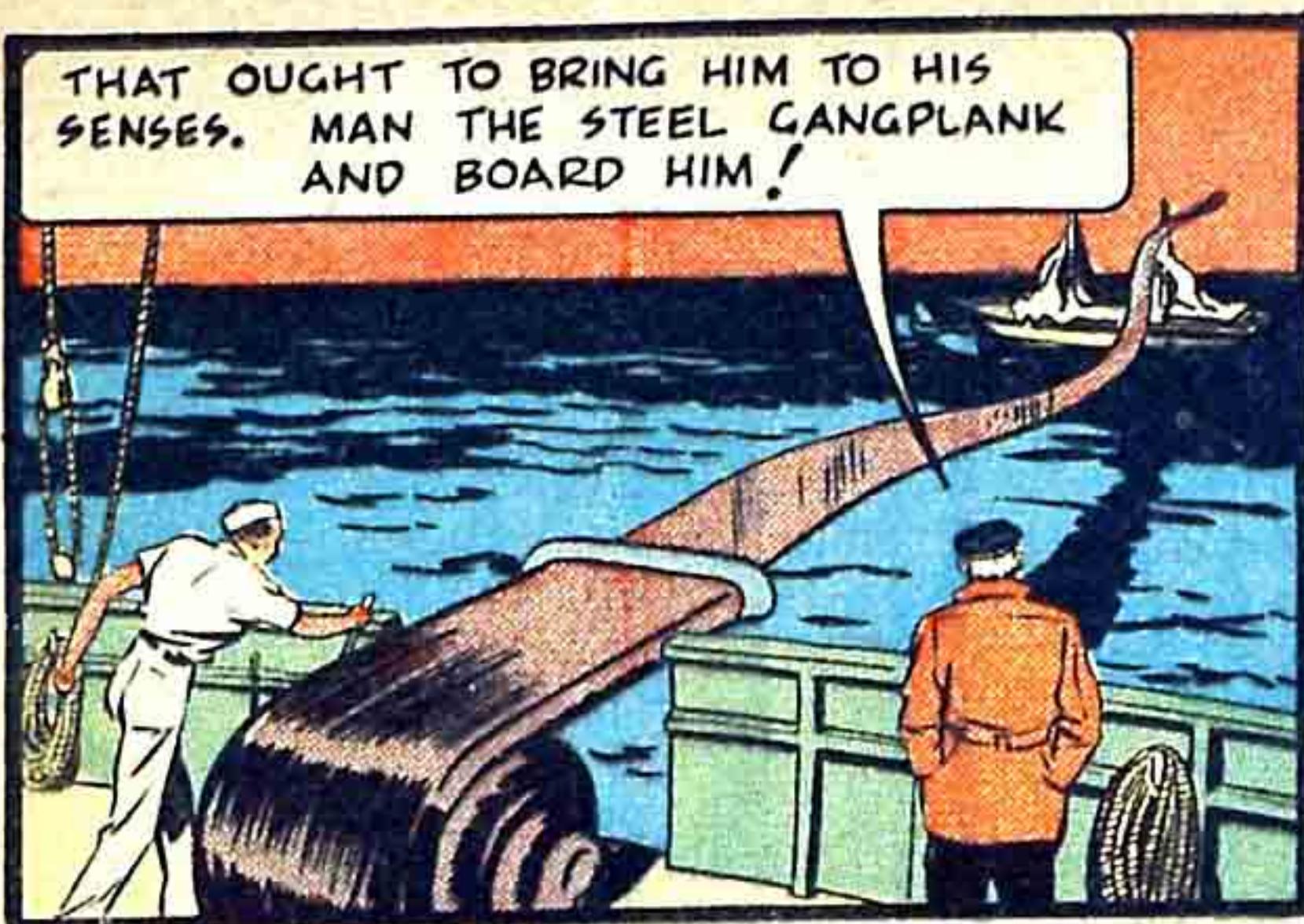


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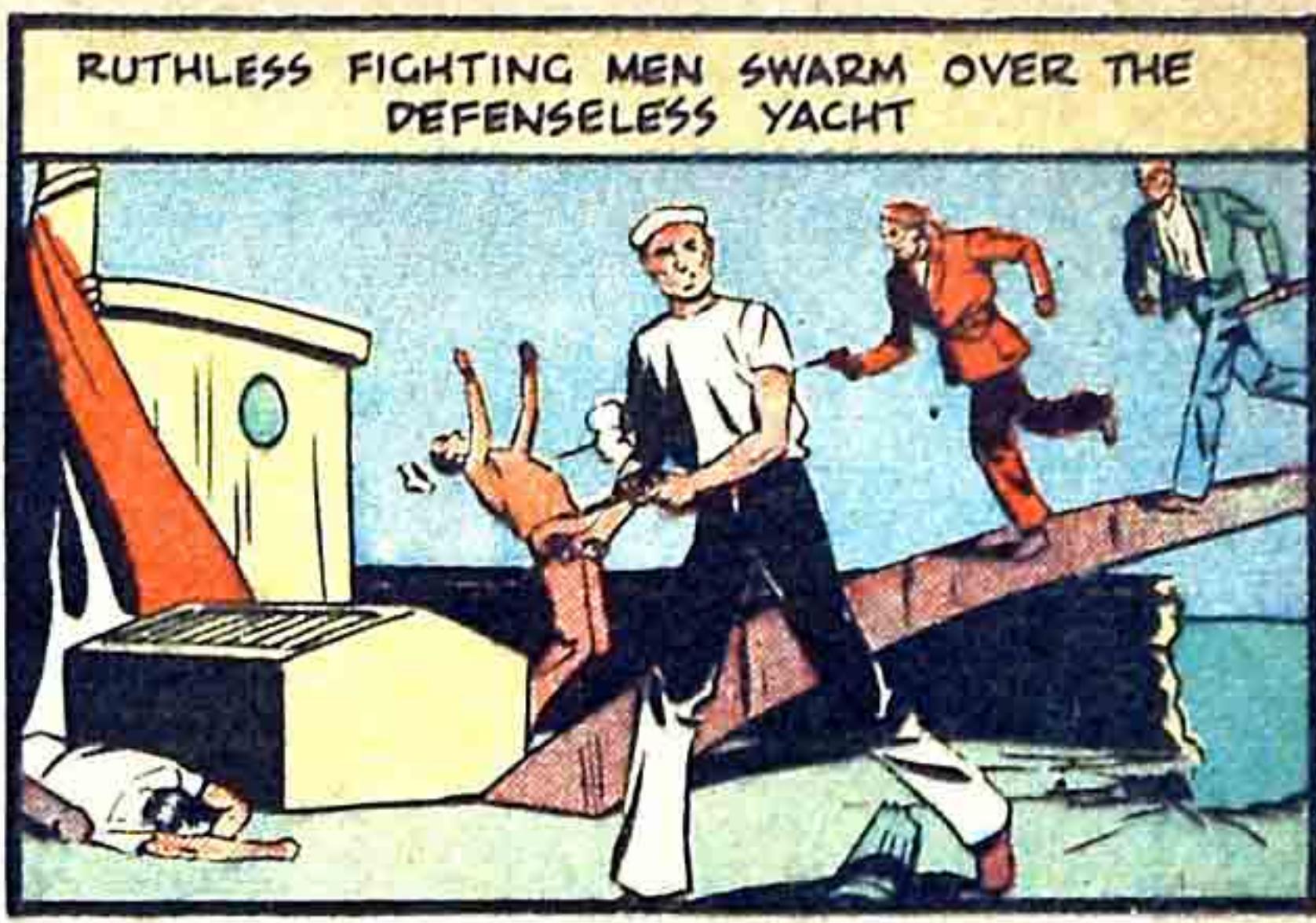


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THAT OUGHT TO BRING HIM TO HIS SENSES. MAN THE STEEL GANGPLANK AND BOARD HIM!



RUTHLESS FIGHTING MEN SWARM OVER THE DEFENSELESS YACHT



YOU PIRATES! IF THE COAST GUARD COMES ALONG--

IT WON'T! THE SCOURGE LEFT THEM LONG AGO! COME ALONG WITH US ON YOUR LEGS, OR WE'LL FIX YOU SO YOU CAN'T WALK!



FATHER, FATHER! COME BACK! COME BACK!



WE CAN'T LEAVE YOUR FATHER WITH THE SCOURGE, THAT'S CERTAIN. HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HELP ME SET HIM FREE?

WOULD I? I'LL SAY I WOULD! HOW CAN WE DO IT?



WE'LL CIRCLE THE OCEAN FROM THE YACHT OUTWARD. WE OUGHT TO RUN ACROSS THAT SHIP. IT'S THE ONLY ONE LIKE IT AROUND THESE PARTS!

MY FEET HURT IN THESE SHOES! I'LL TAKE THEM OFF. I GUESS THEY'RE SAFE HERE.



YOU MUST HAVE HAD THOSE SHOES MADE TO ORDER, THE WAY YOU SPEAK.

MY-MY FATHER GAVE THEM TO ME. HE'S A GREAT BELIEVER IN GOOD FOOTWEAR!



THE KEEN EYES OF THE SKYMAN SIGHT HIS PREY.. THERE'S YOUR FOURMASTER THERE ON THE HORIZON!

THAT'S IT! I HOPE FATHER IS ALL RIGHT!



BIG SHOT COMICS

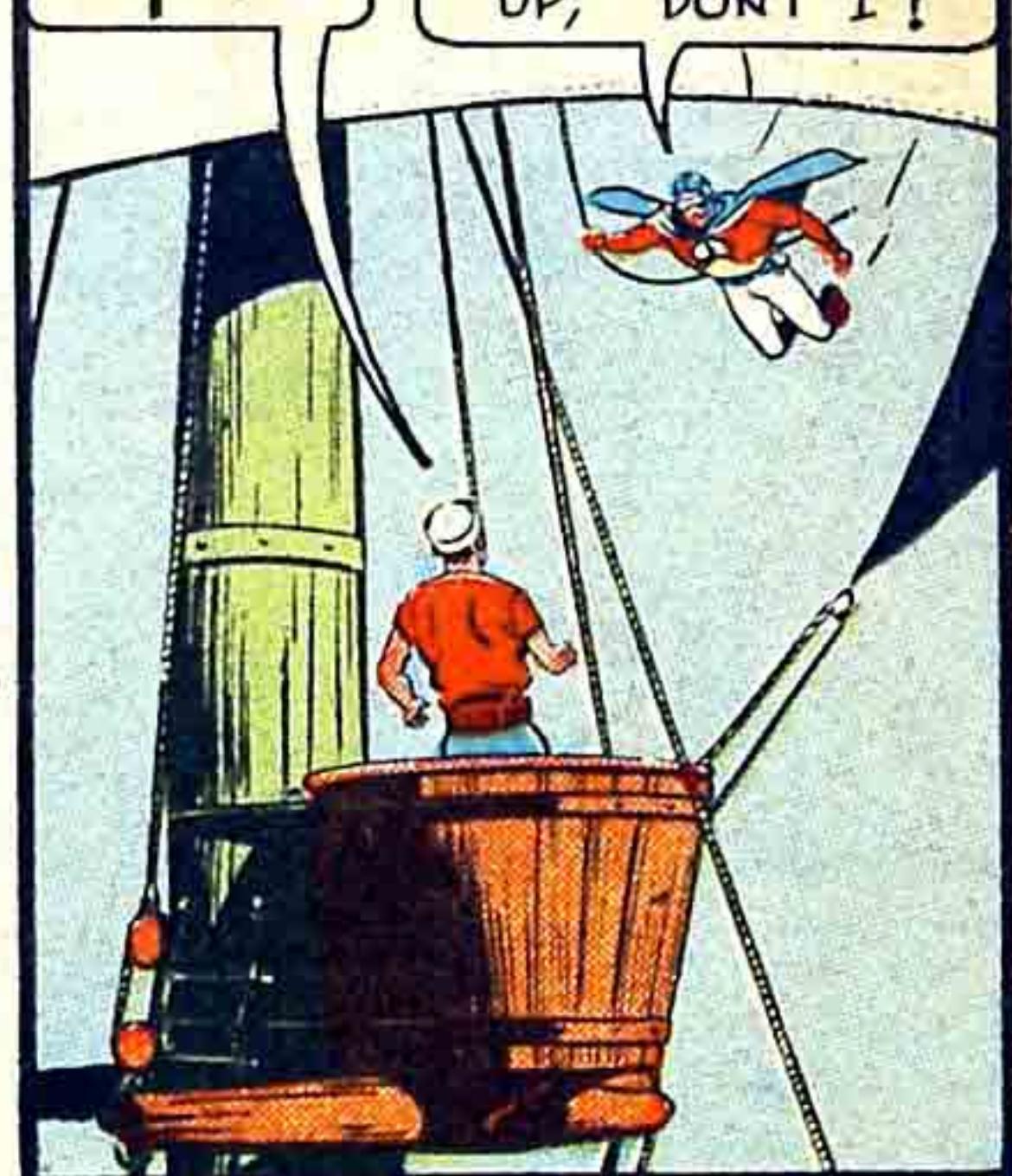
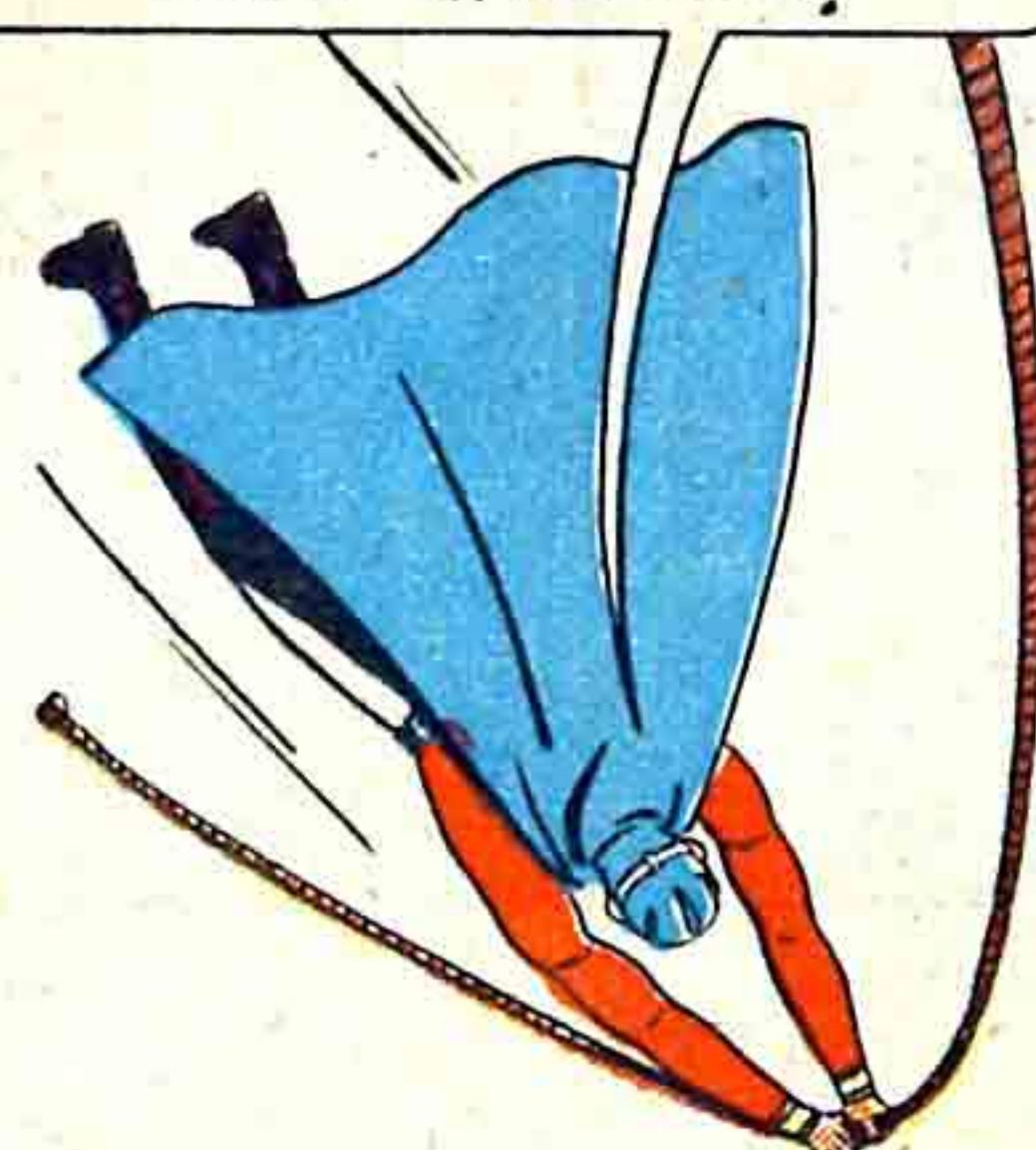
I'M GOING DOWN ON THE BOAT. DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING, FOR I'VE FIXED THE CONTROLS TO HAVE THE WING FLY OVER THE SHIP AT REGULAR INTERVALS!

I'LL STAY QUIET! TRUST ME!

IF I HIT THE MAIN-MAST I MAY GAIN THE DECK BENEATH IT WITHOUT ATTRACTING TOO MUCH ATTENTION!

WHAT THE!

LIKE A BAD PENNY, I ALWAYS TURN UP, DON'T I?



AND WHEN I DO, I USUALLY LIKE TO POKE A GUY LIKE YOU!

OHH!



NOW FOR A LITTLE YO-HO-HOING DOWN THE ROPES



I'LL HEAVE-HO RIGHT THROUGH THIS WINDOW!

HE LANDS ON THE BRIDGE, VITAL CONTROL POINT FOR THE ENTIRE SHIP!

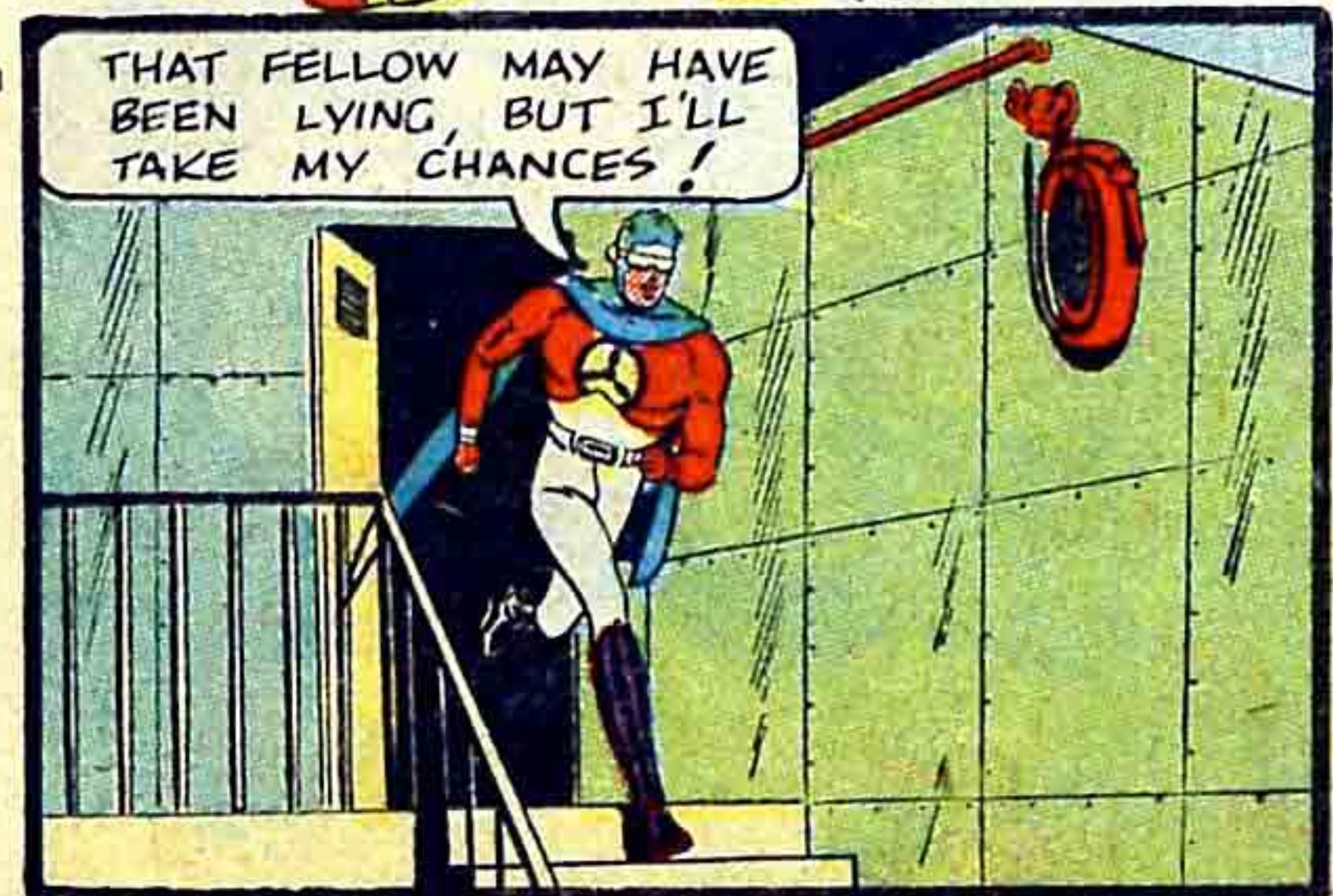
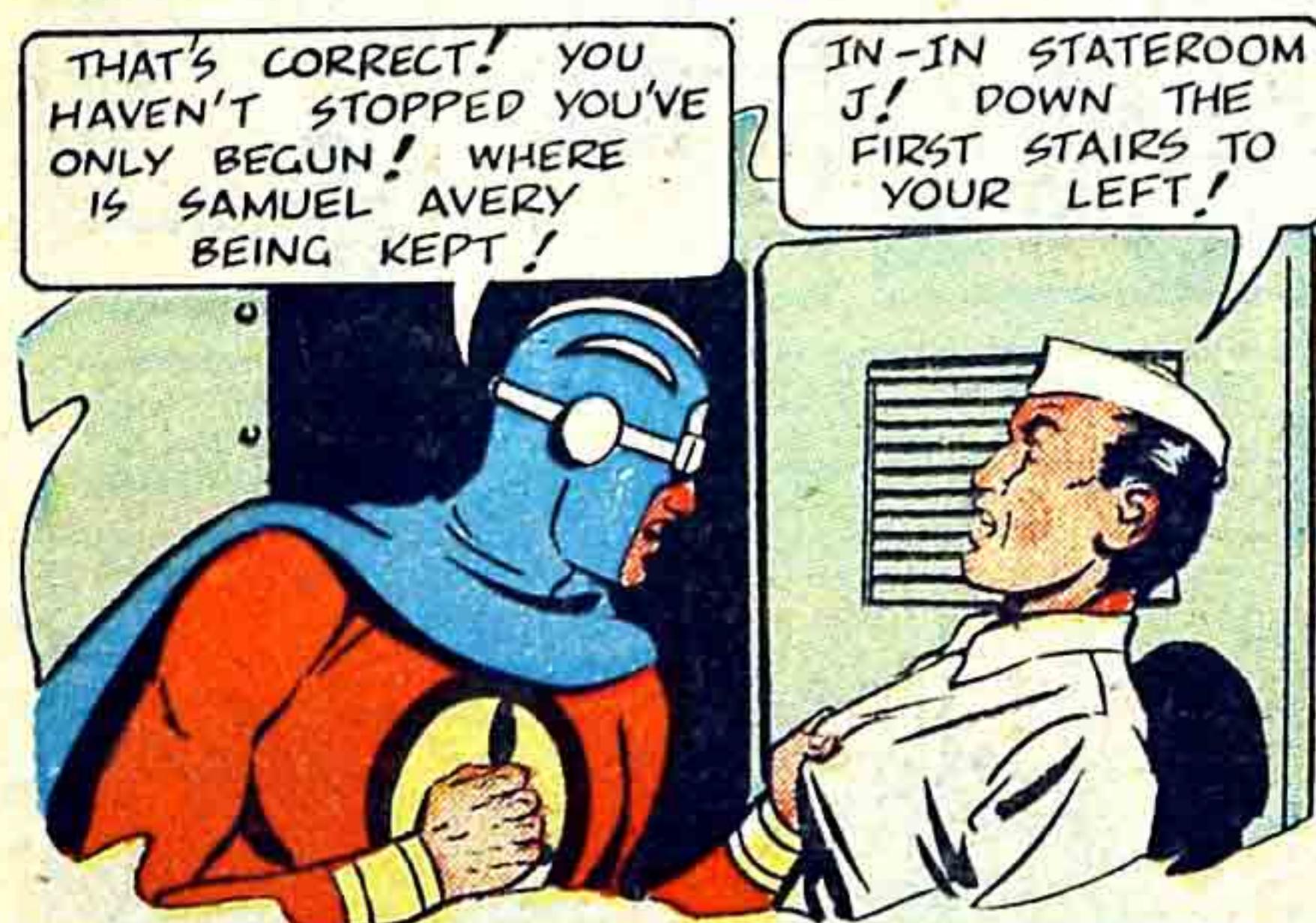
WHO THE!

WHAT - !

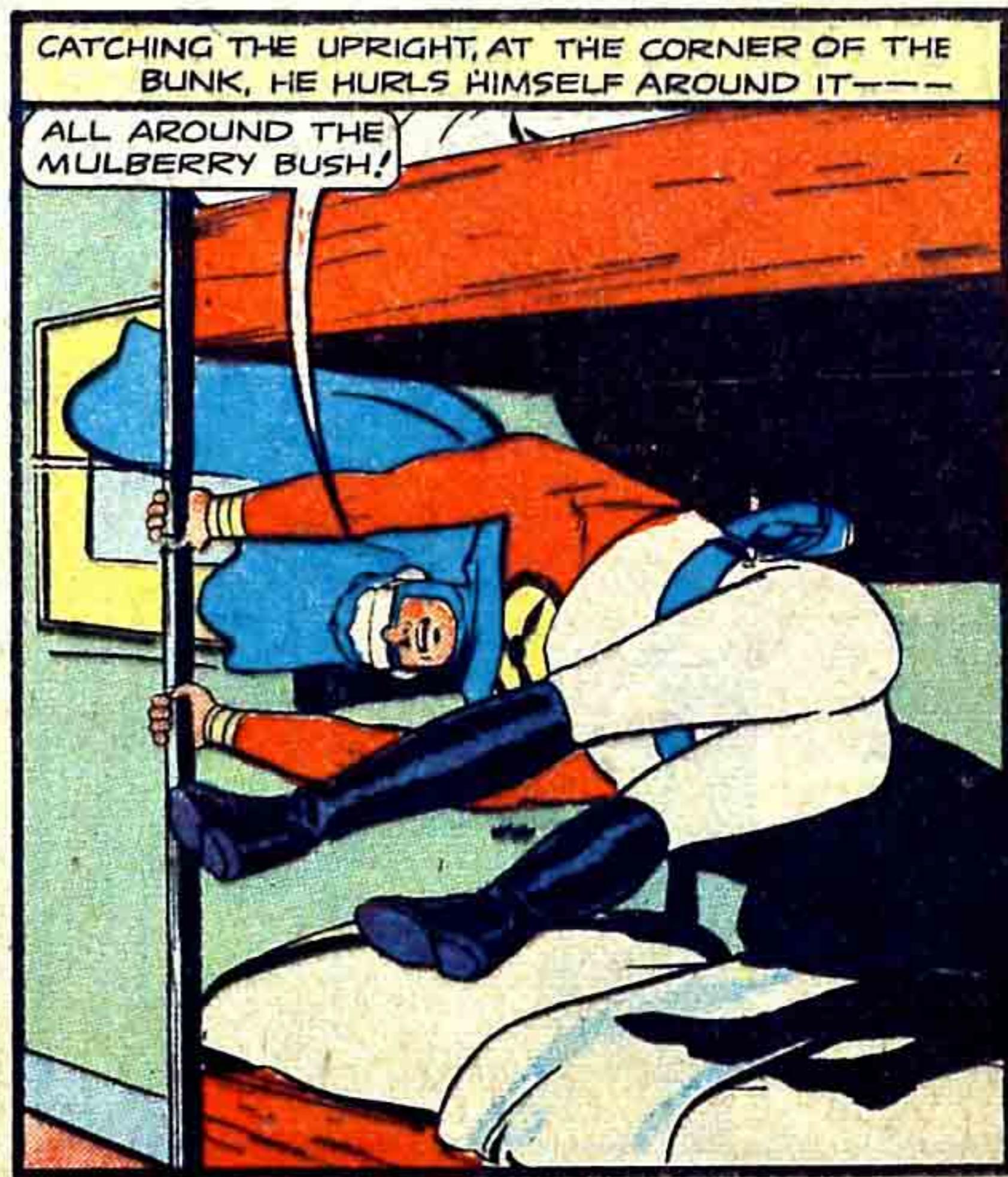
TWO LITTLE BOYS PLAYING SAILOR-MAN!



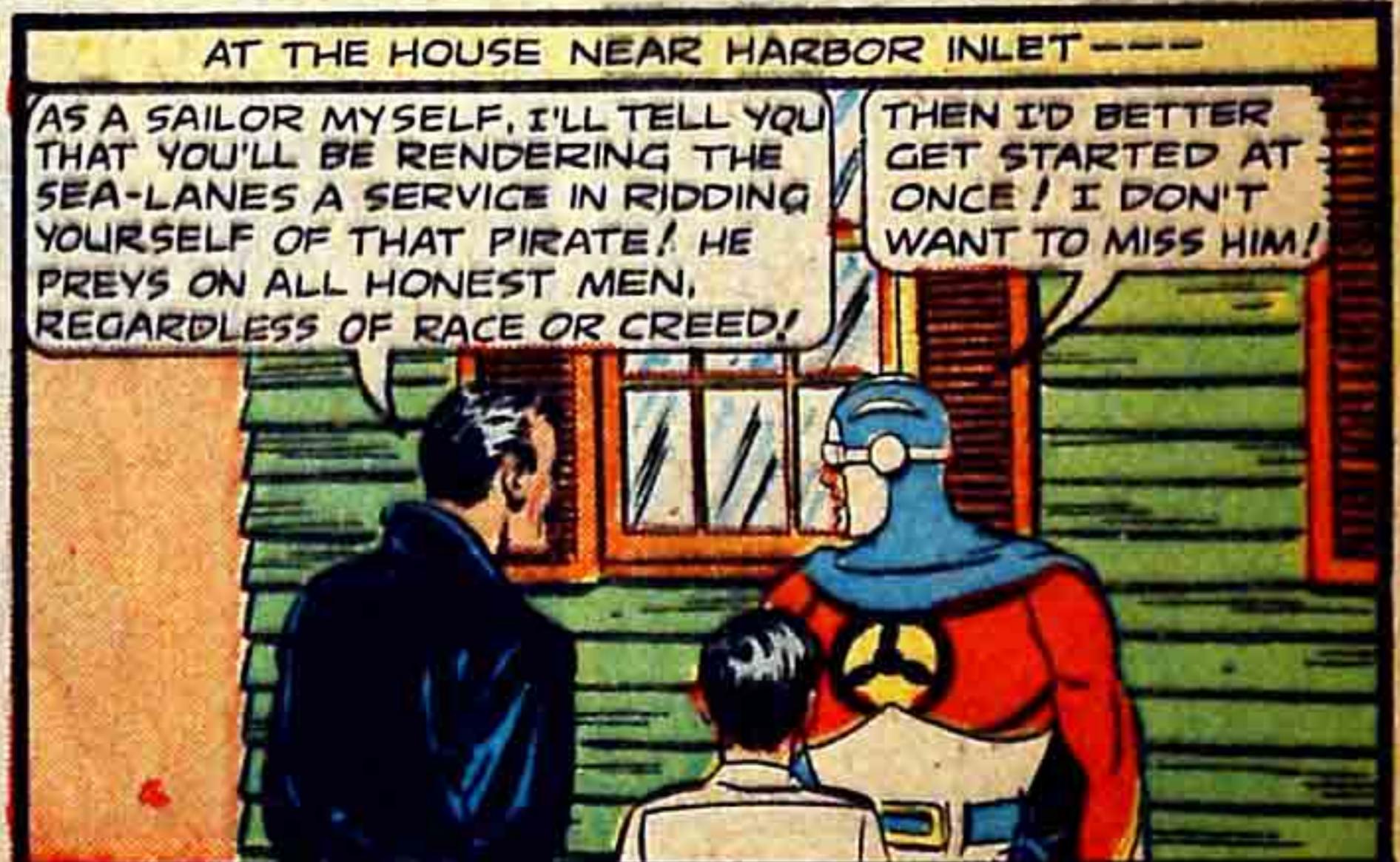
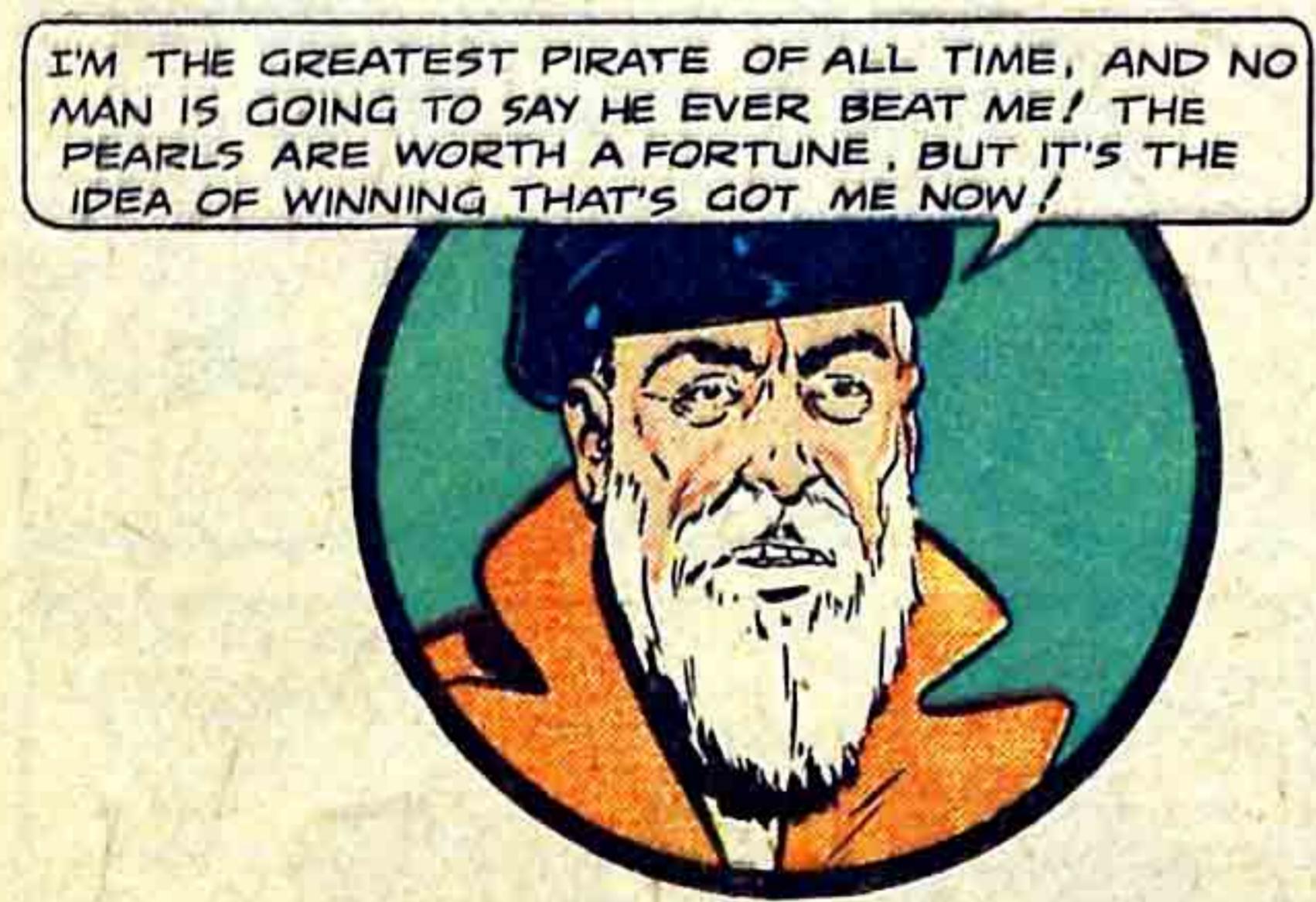
BIG SHOT COMICS



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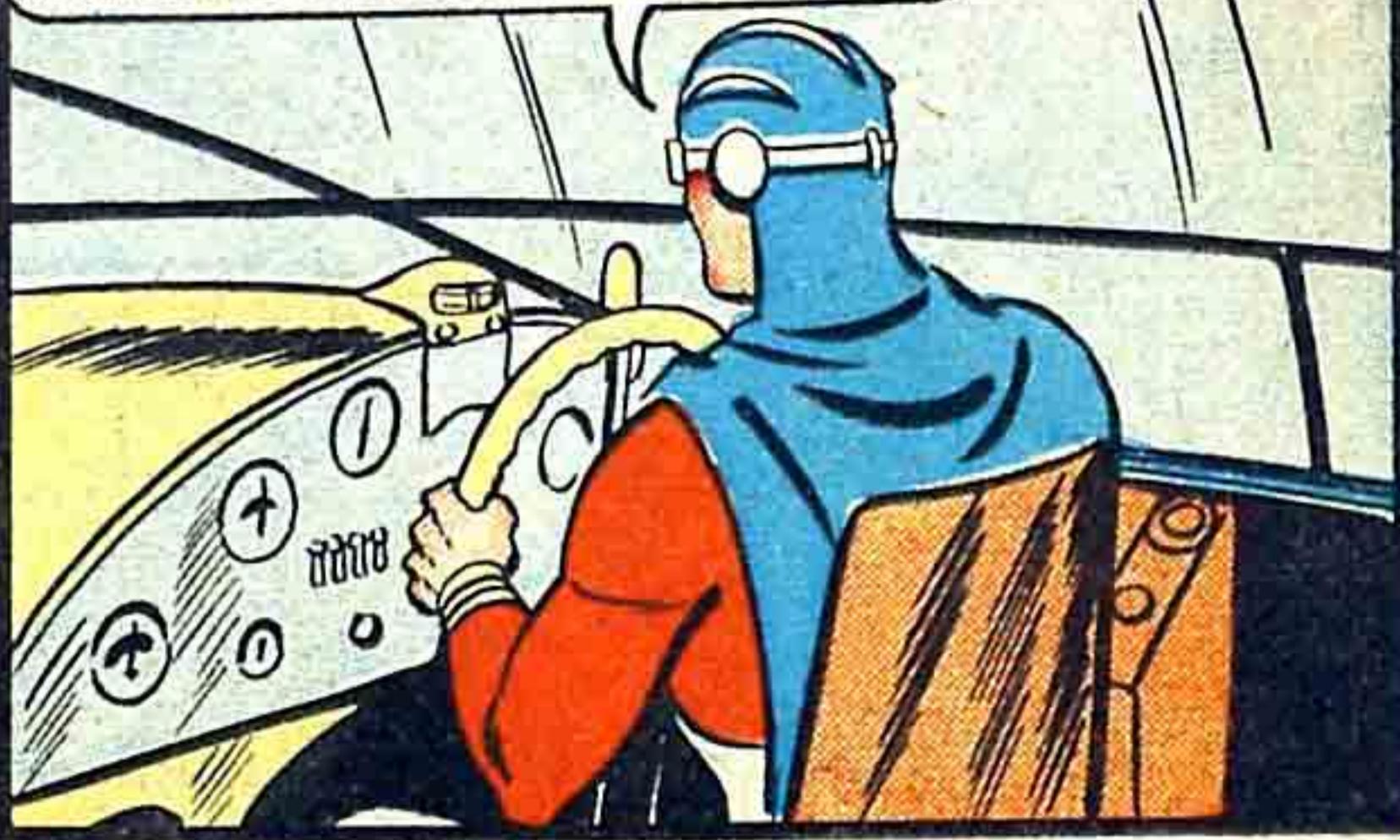
BIG SHOT COMICS

BUT A DENSE FOG ROLLS IN OFF THE OCEAN AND
THE SKYMAN FLIES BLIND FOR HOURS---

MY FOG LIGHTS CAN ONLY COVER A LITTLE
SECTION OF THE OCEAN! I'M AFRAID THE
SCOURGE IS GETTING AWAY!



HOWEVER, I'LL SCOUT AROUND! I
MAY COME ACROSS HIM BY LUCK!



THE SCARLET SCOURGE HAS
THE ADVANTAGE OF THE
SKYMAN- HE CAN HEAR
THE MOTORS OF THE WING,
WHILE THE SILENT PASSAGE
OF THE GREAT SHIP
THROUGH THE WATERS OF
THE OCEAN, IS SILENT---

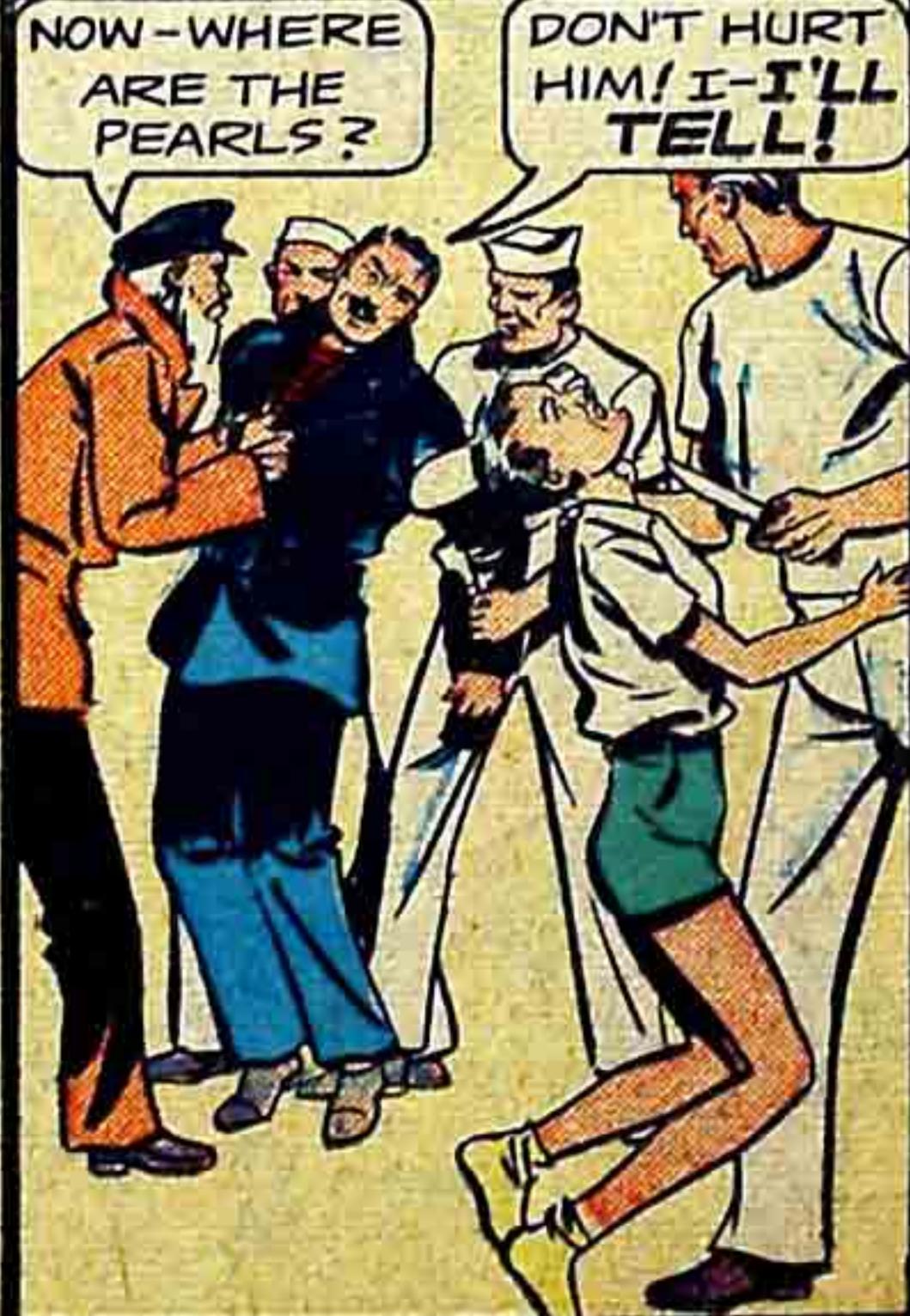
DOUSE ALL LIGHTS! I
HEAR THAT AIRPLANE
AGAIN!



HE'S HEADING OUT TO SEA!
GOOD! THAT LEAVES ME A
CLEAR FIELD!



THERE'S THE COAST!
HEAVE ANCHOR! WE'LL
LAND AND GET AVERY AGAIN



BIG SHOT COMICS

NO SENSE IN LOOKING FOR ANYTHING IN THIS SOUP! I'LL GO BACK TO THE AVERY HOUSE UNTIL IT CLEARS—



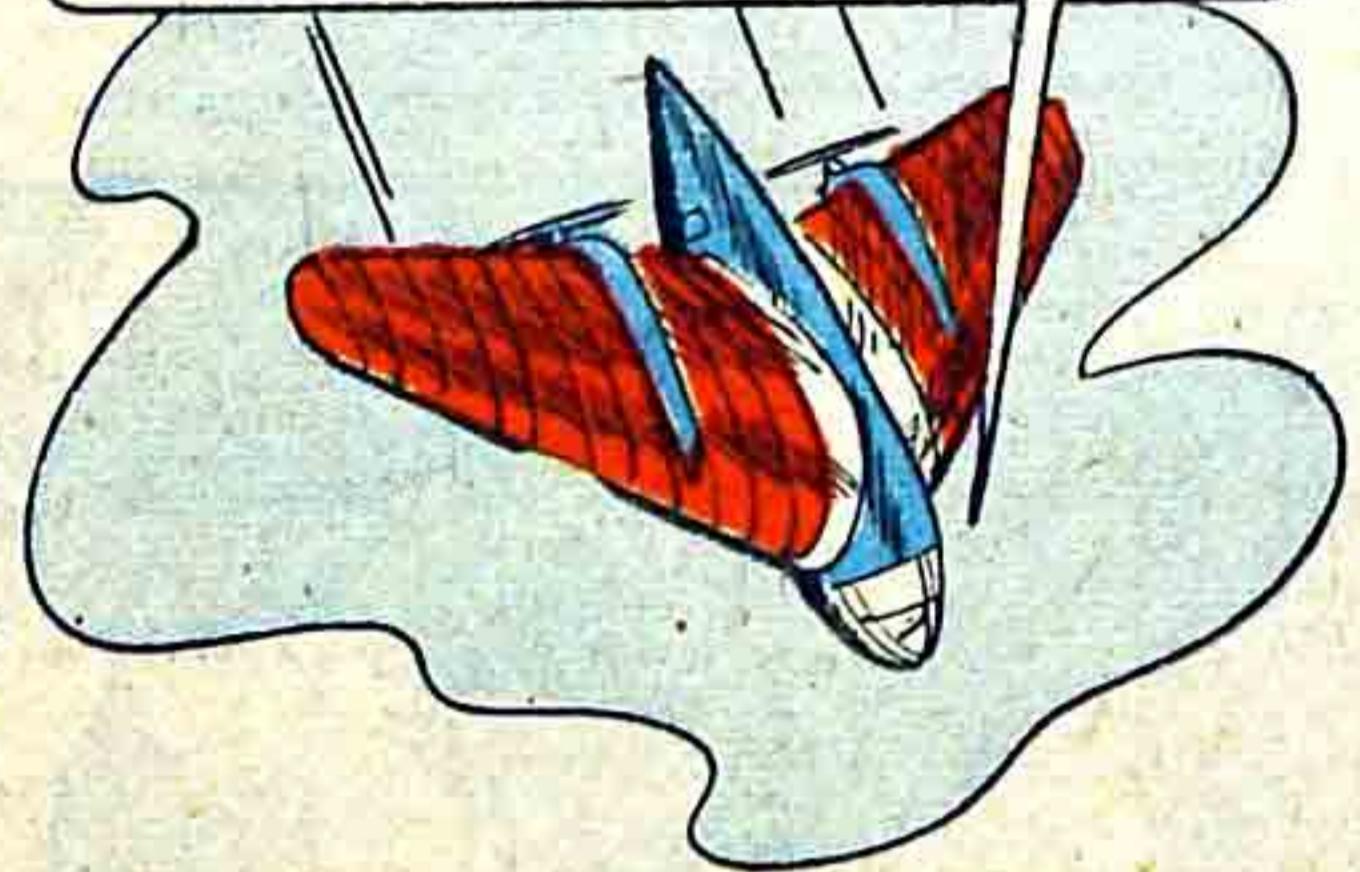
A SAILOR! THAT MEANS THE SCOURGE IS PAYING AVERY A VISIT!

A PLANE! THAT GUY THAT CAME ABOARD THE SHIP! I'D BETTER TELL THE SCOURGE!

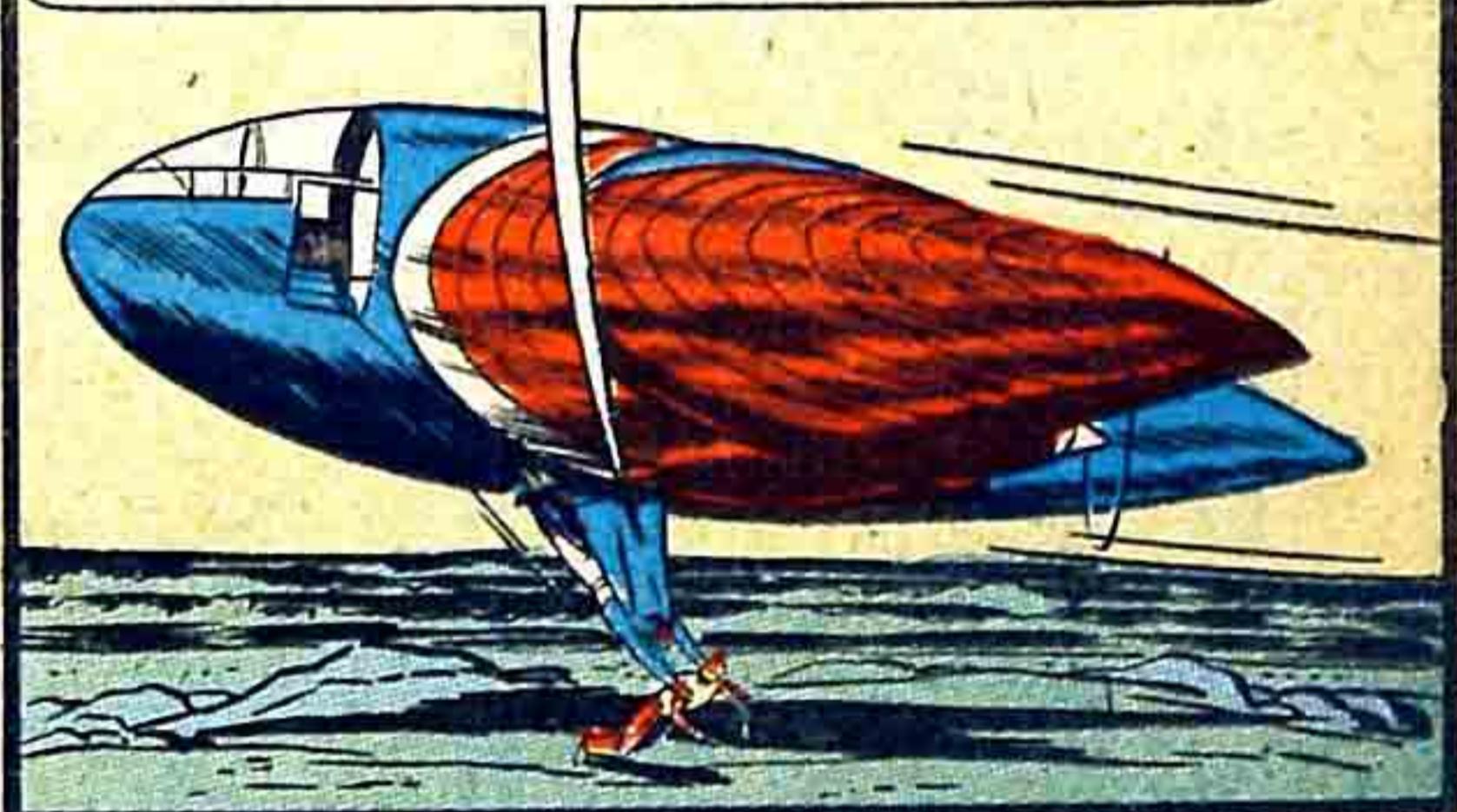


KNOWING SPEED IS ESSENTIAL, THE SKYMAN DIVES HIS PLANE ---

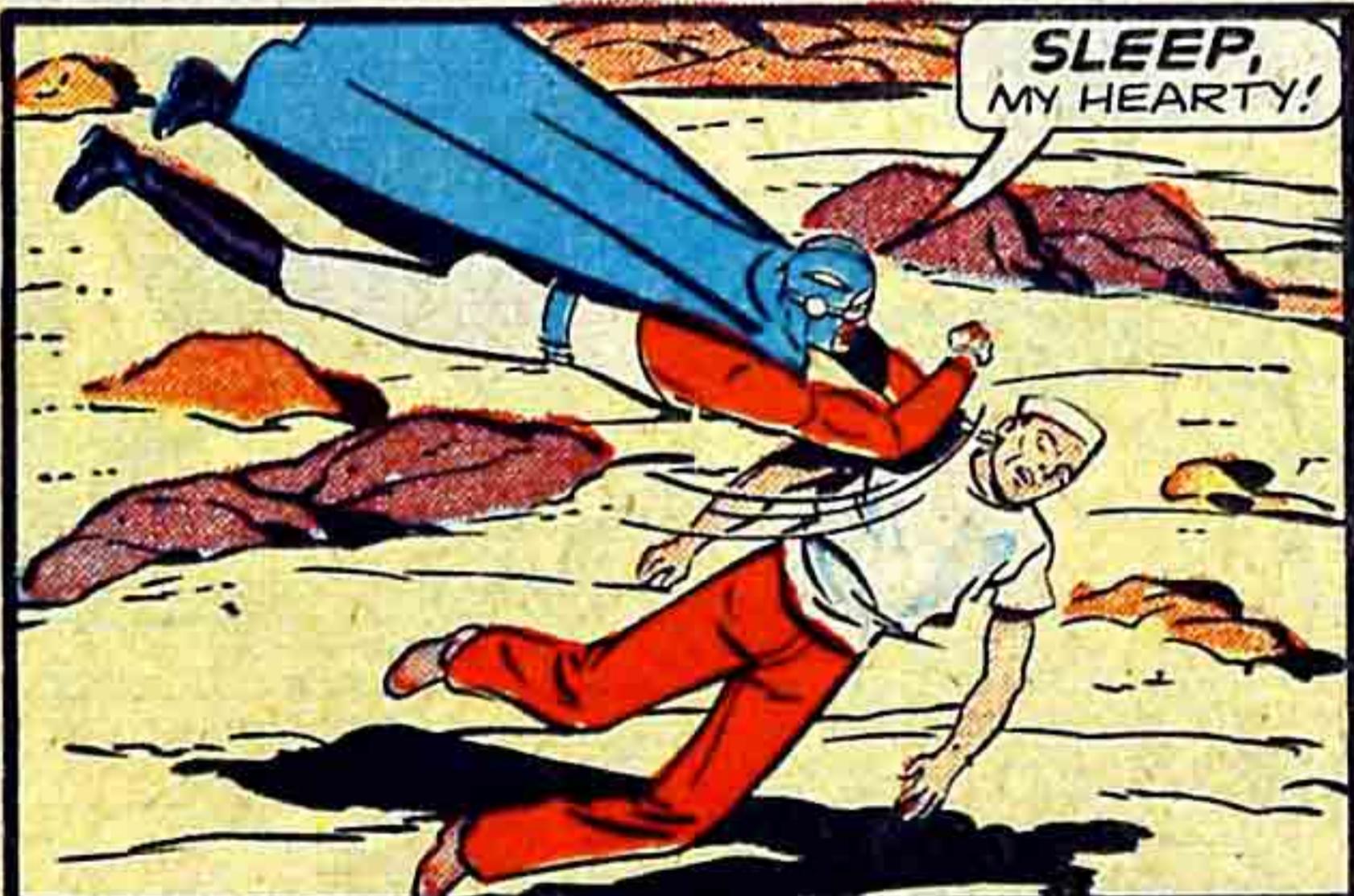
I'VE GOT TO HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE HE GETS INTO THE HOUSE!



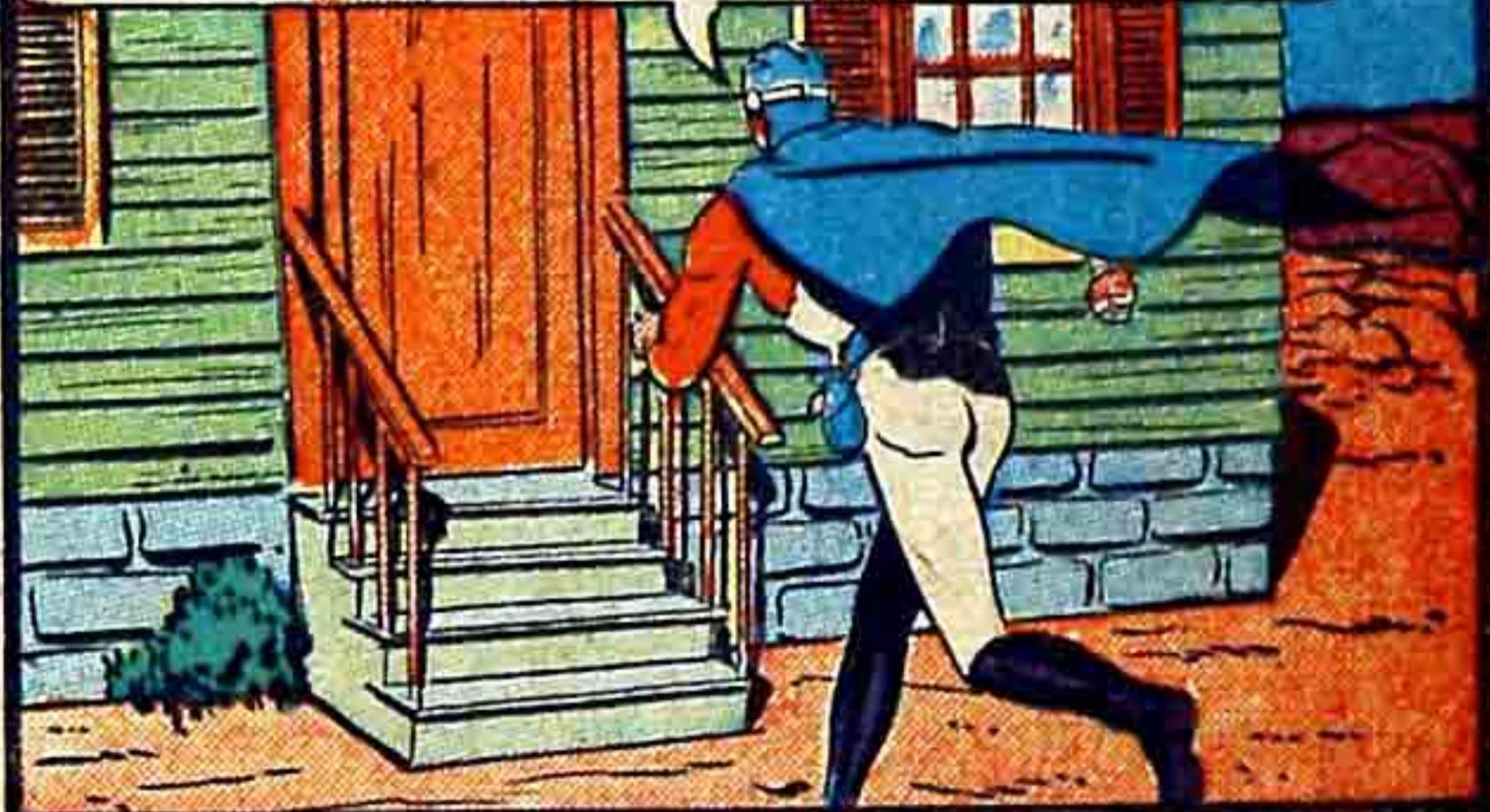
THE WING'LL KEEP DOING LOOPS UNTIL I NEED IT—AND I'LL HAVE THE SAILOR DOING THE SAME THING, IN A MINUTE!



SLEEP, MY HEARTY!



NOW THE SCOURGE DOESN'T KNOW I'M WITHIN MILES OF HIM! I HOPE HE'LL ENJOY THE SURPRISE I'VE ARRANGED!



YOU AGAIN!

SINCE WE'VE MET BEFORE, YOU KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT!



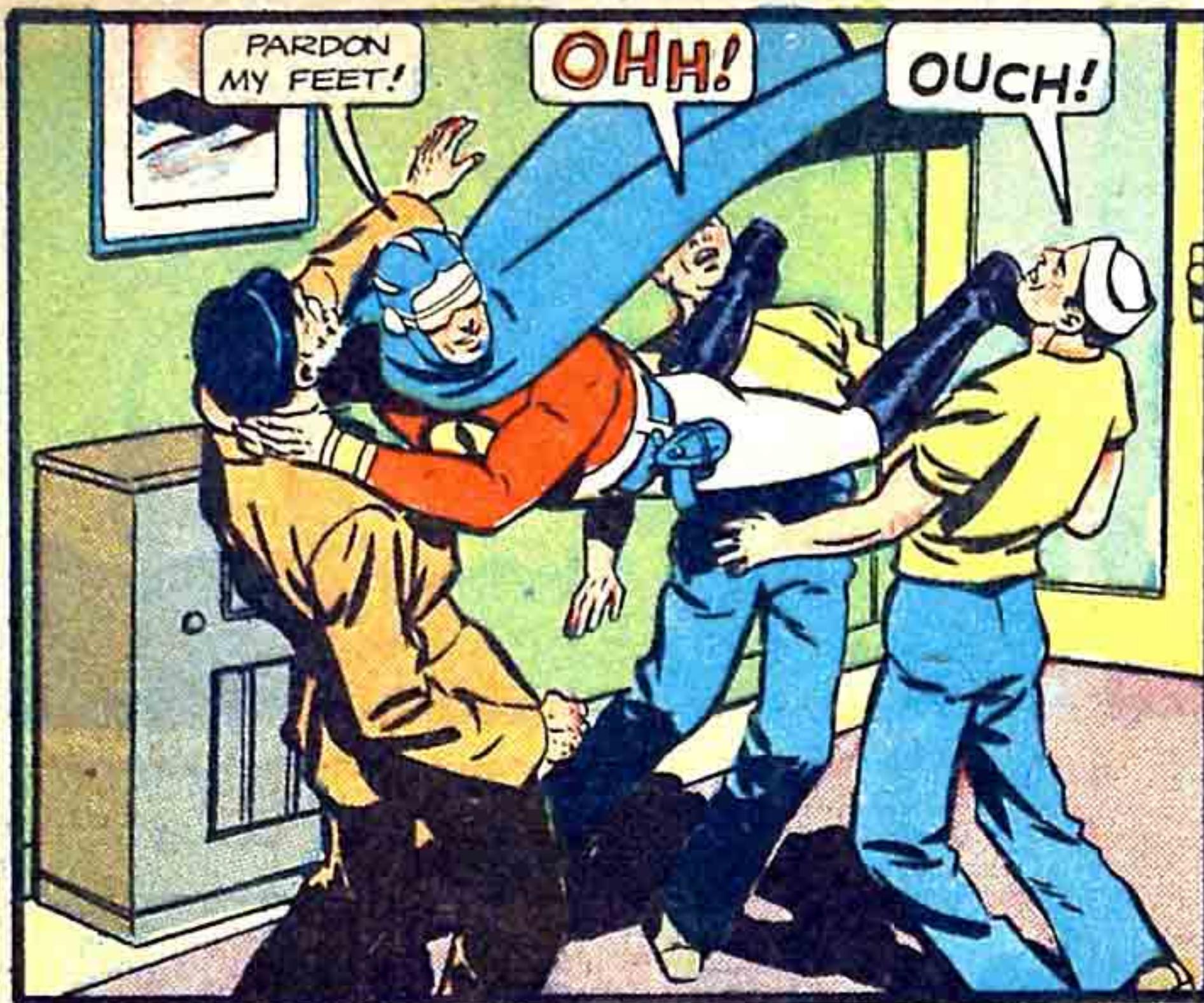
THE SKYMAN FLINGS HIMSELF RECKLESSLY ACROSS THE ROOM ---

GET HIM! DON'T LET HIM NEAR ME!

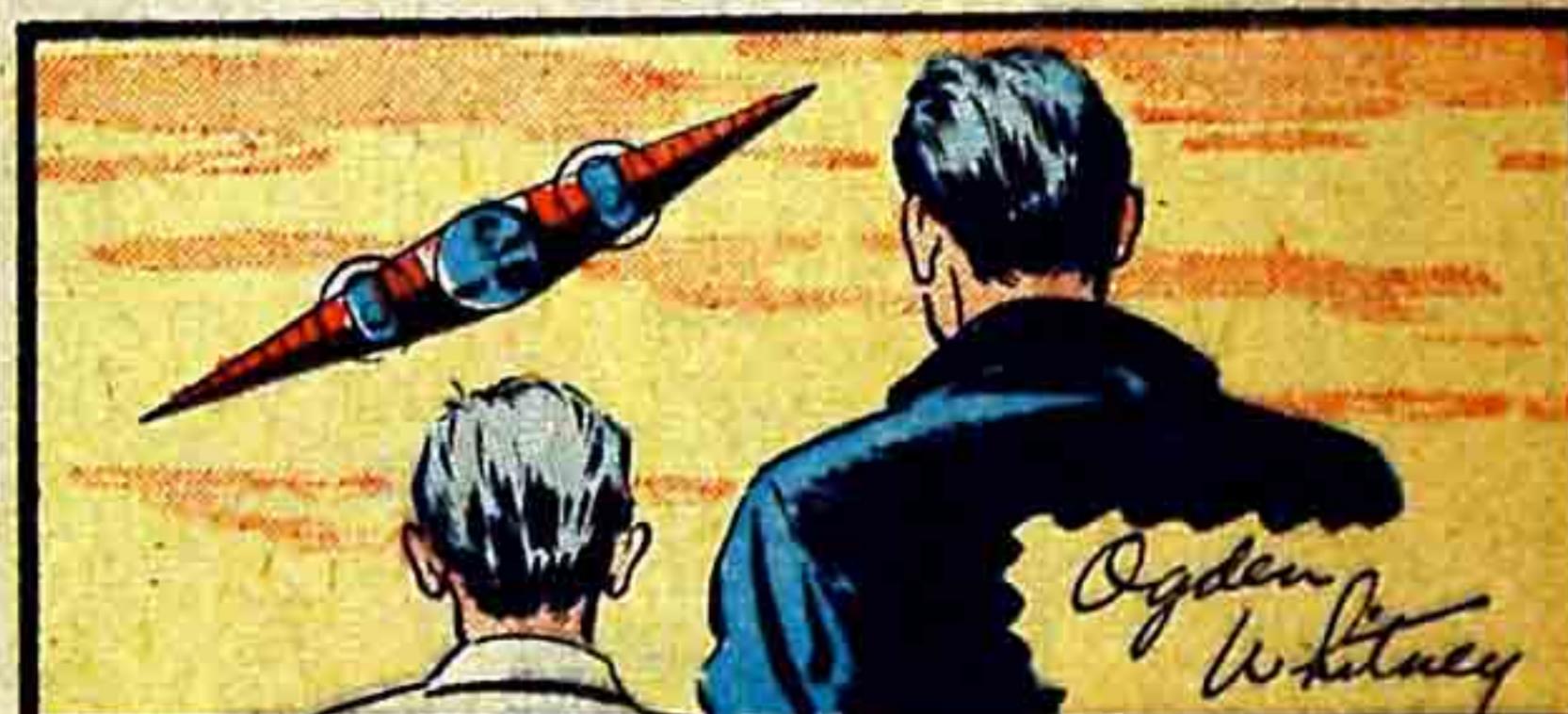
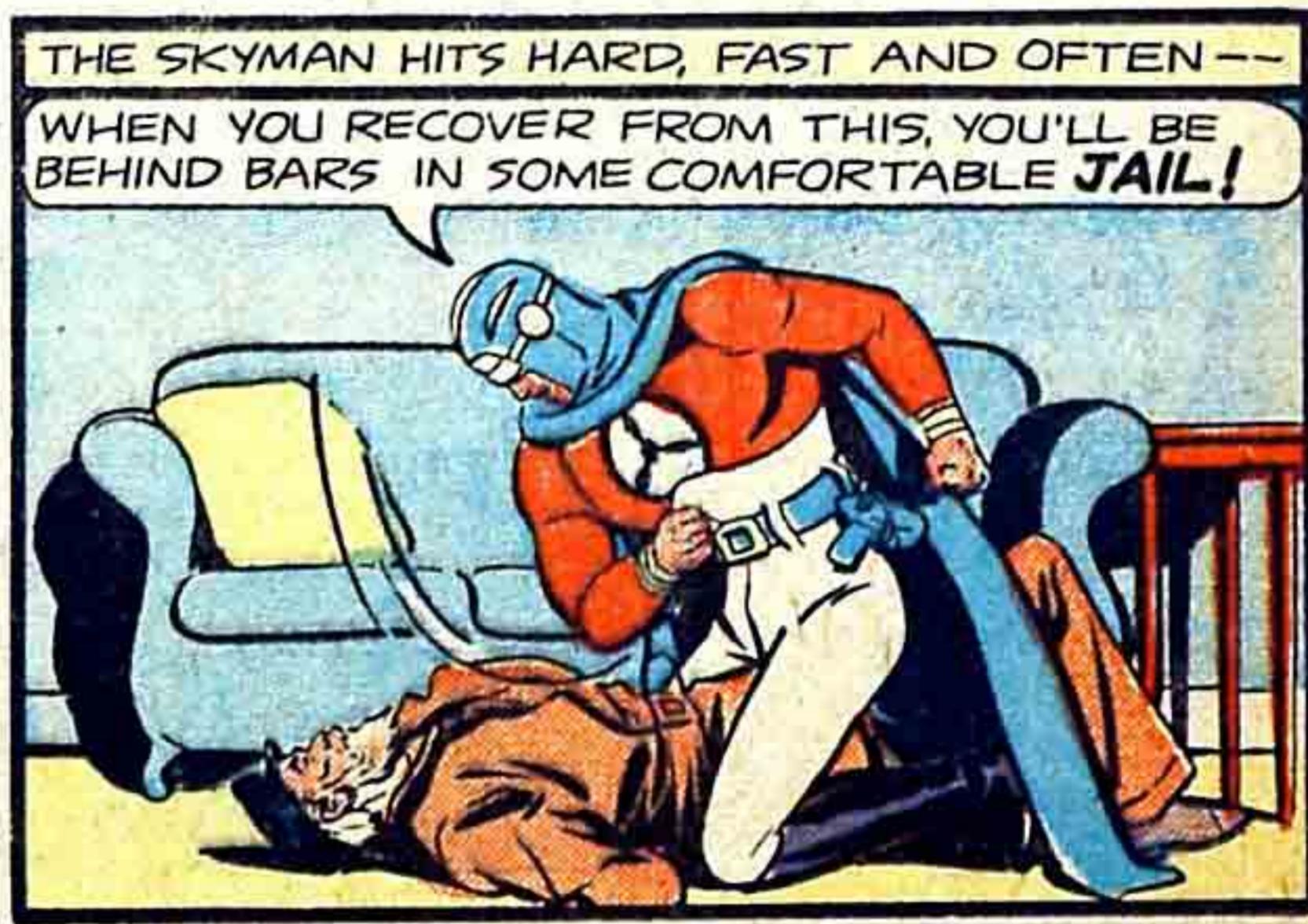
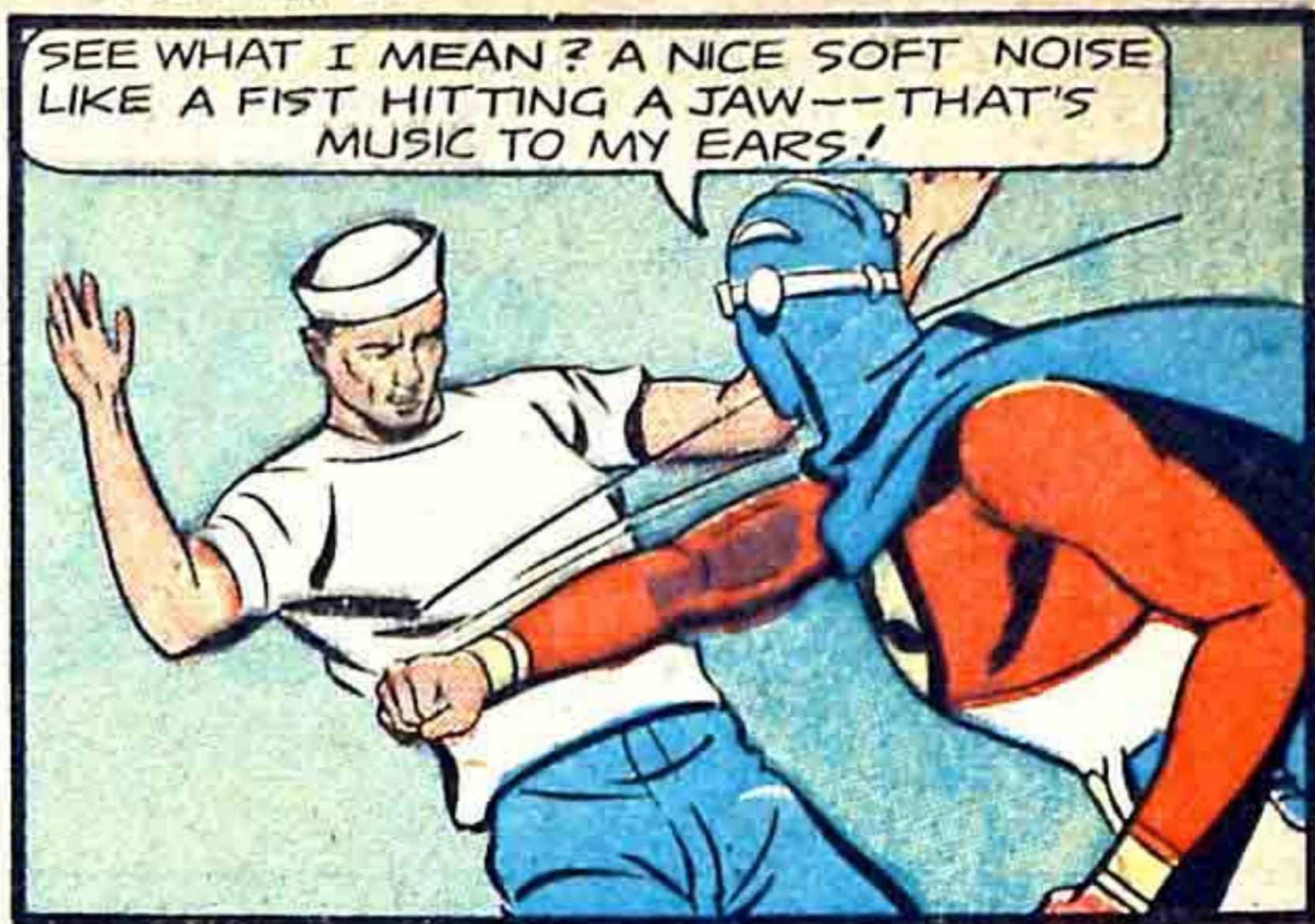
WE'LL STOP HIM!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

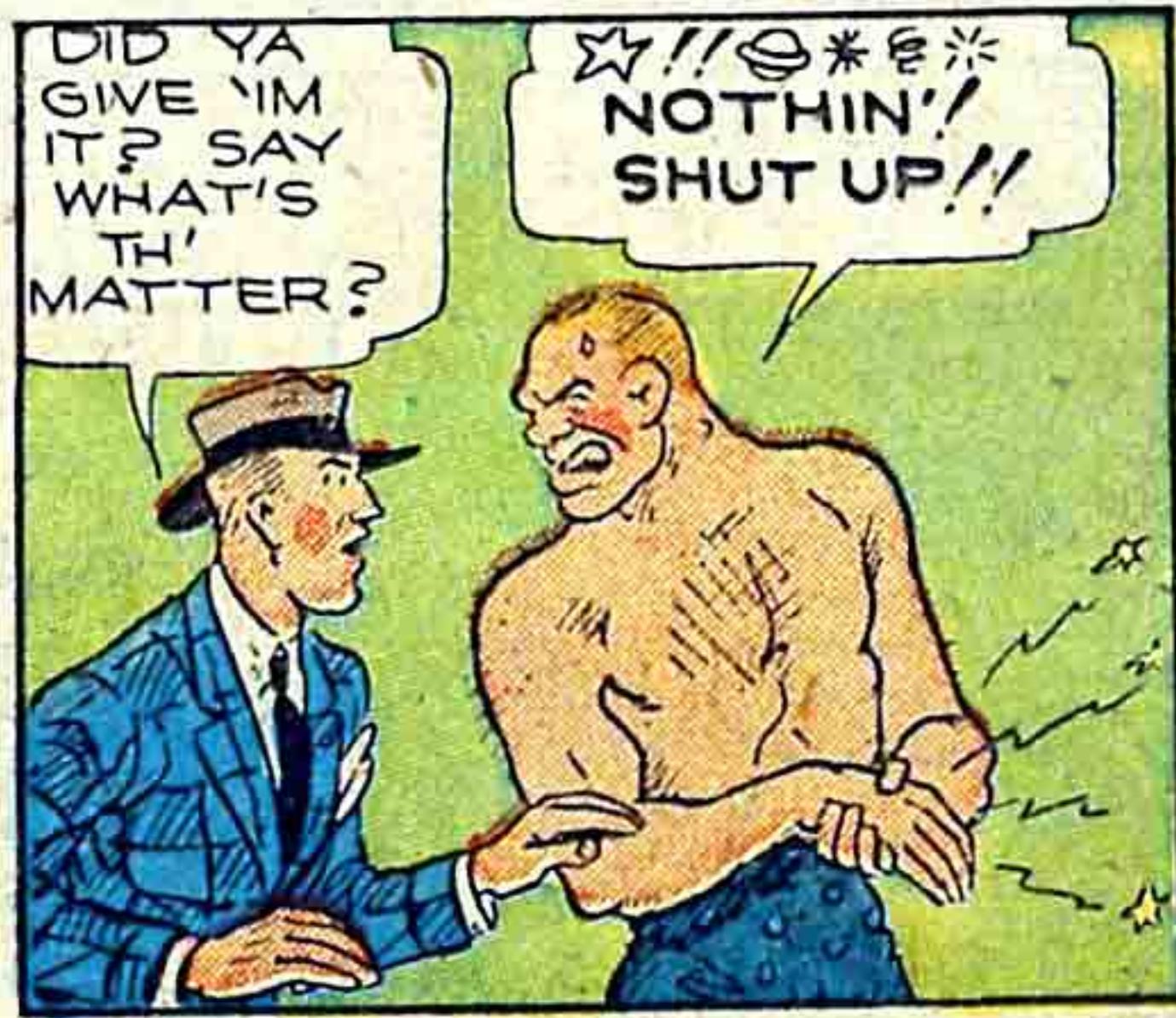
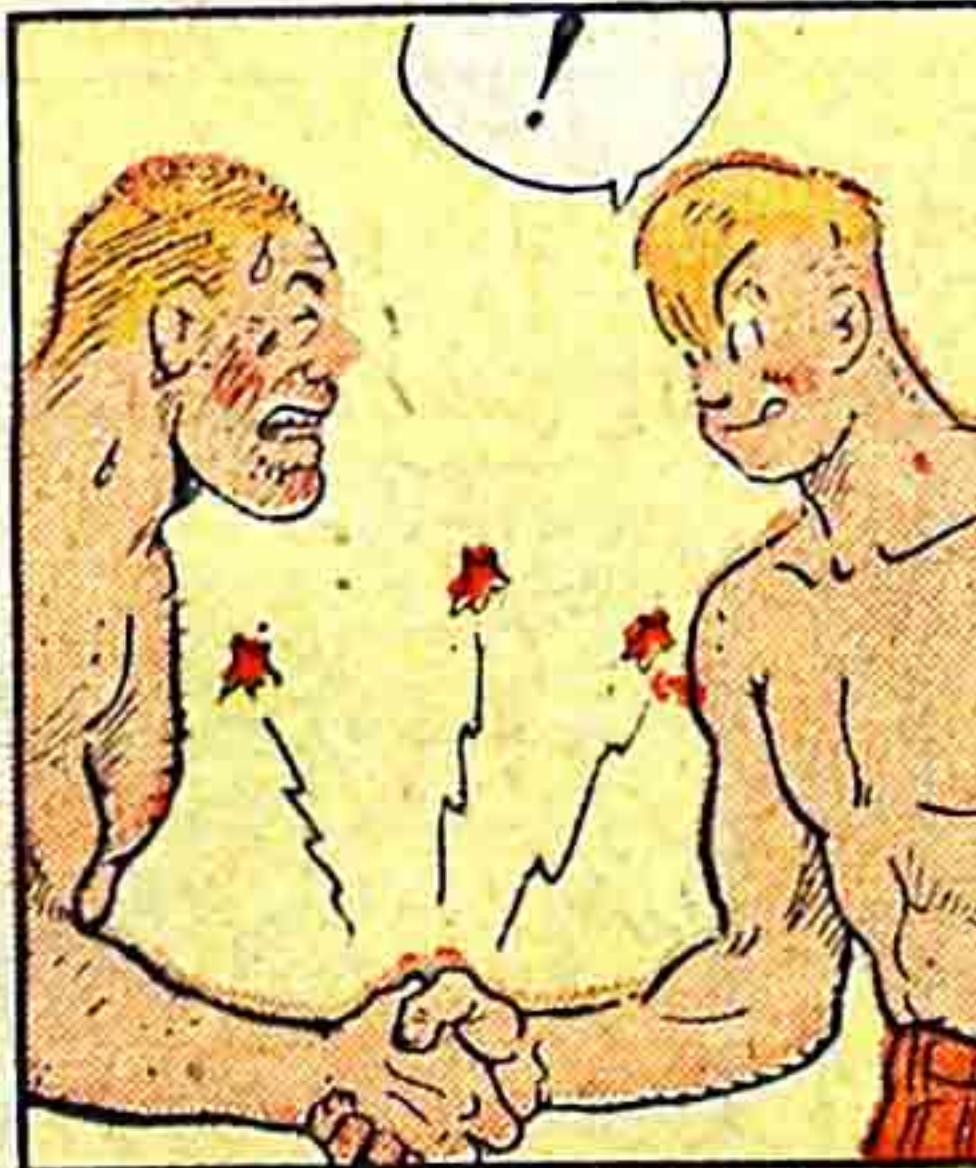
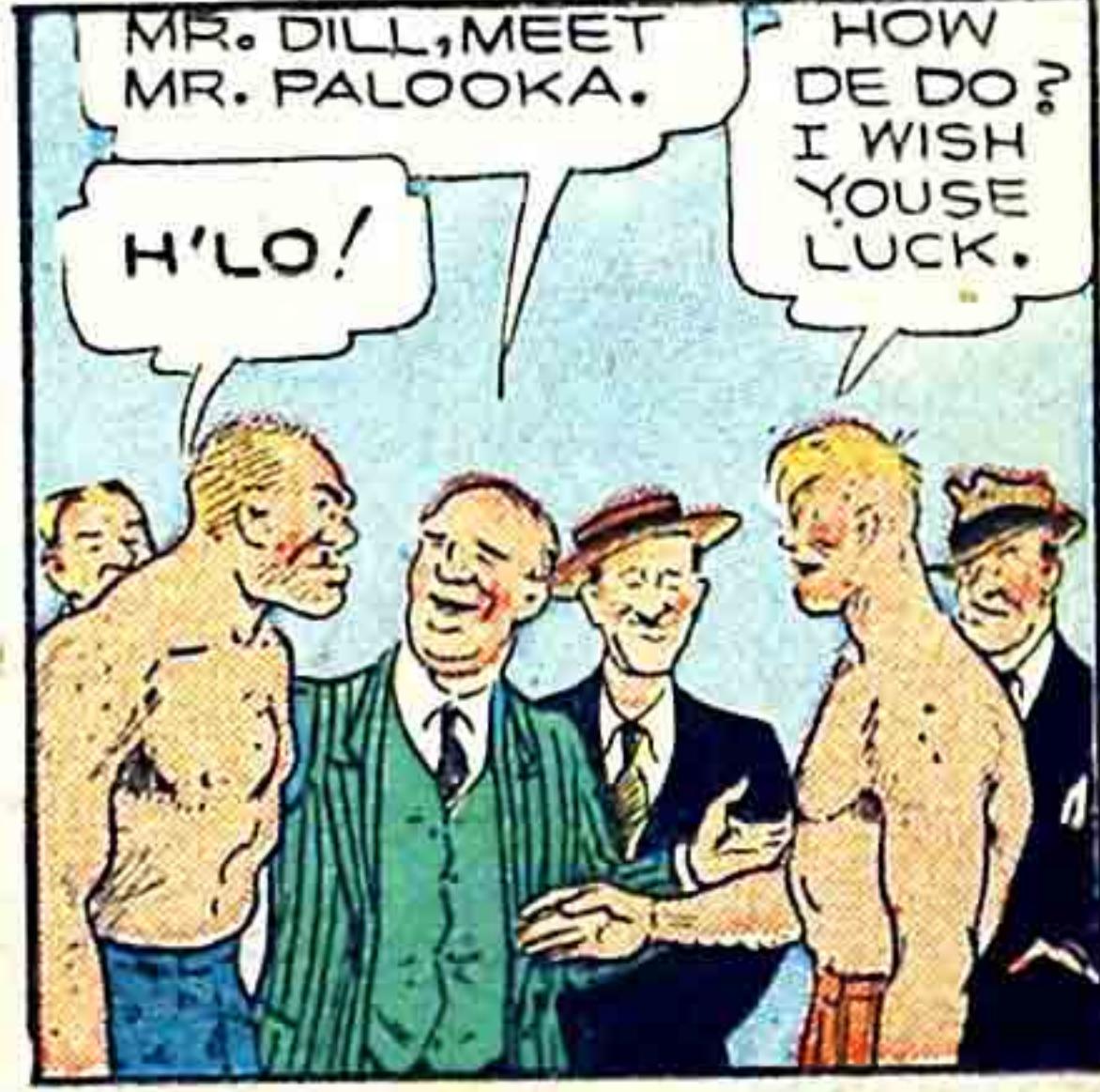
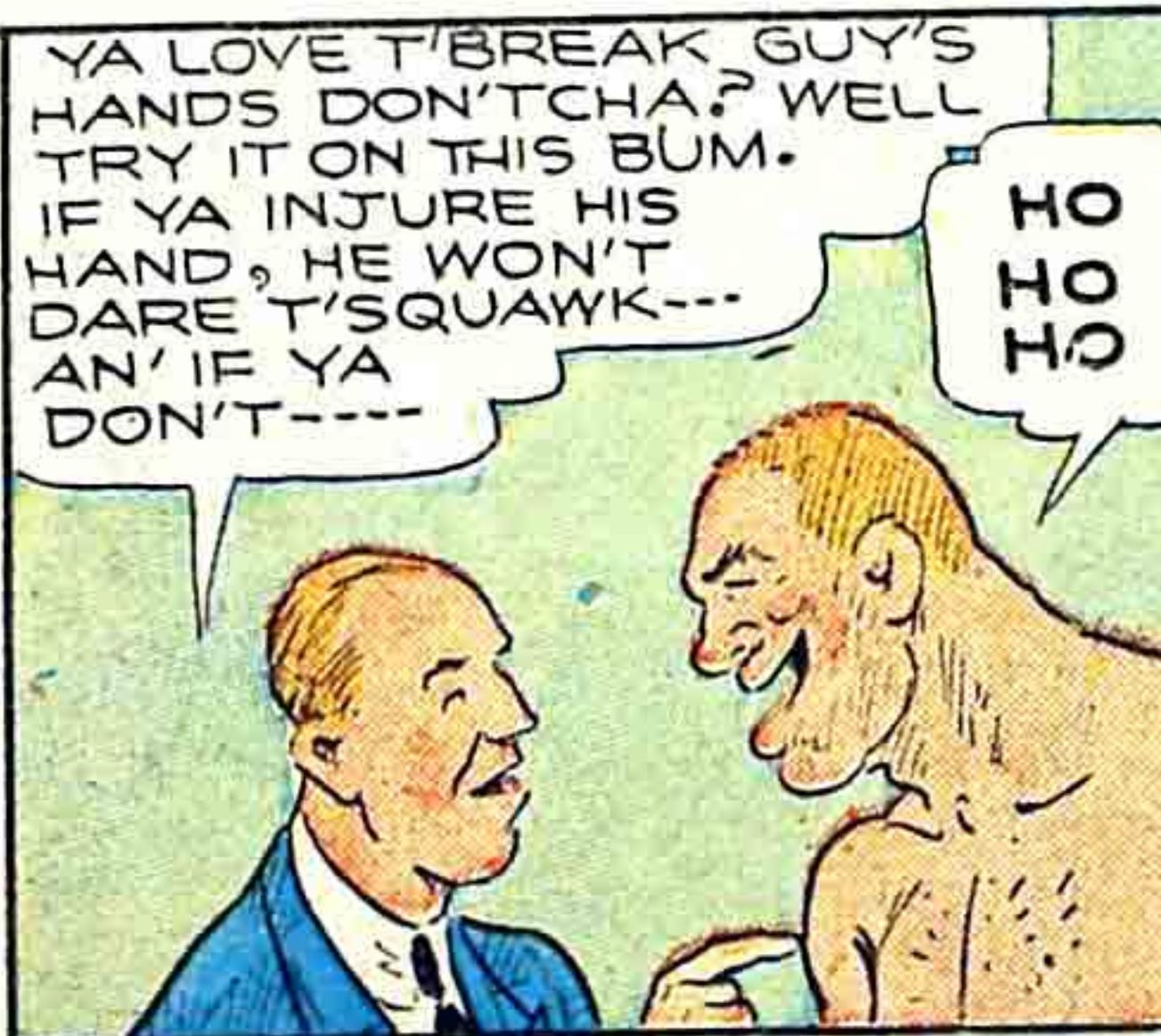


THE SKYMAN WILL BE FOUND
EVERY MONTH IN **BIG SHOT COMICS!**
AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO THRILLS
YOU WITH NEW AND STARTLING
ADVENTURES!

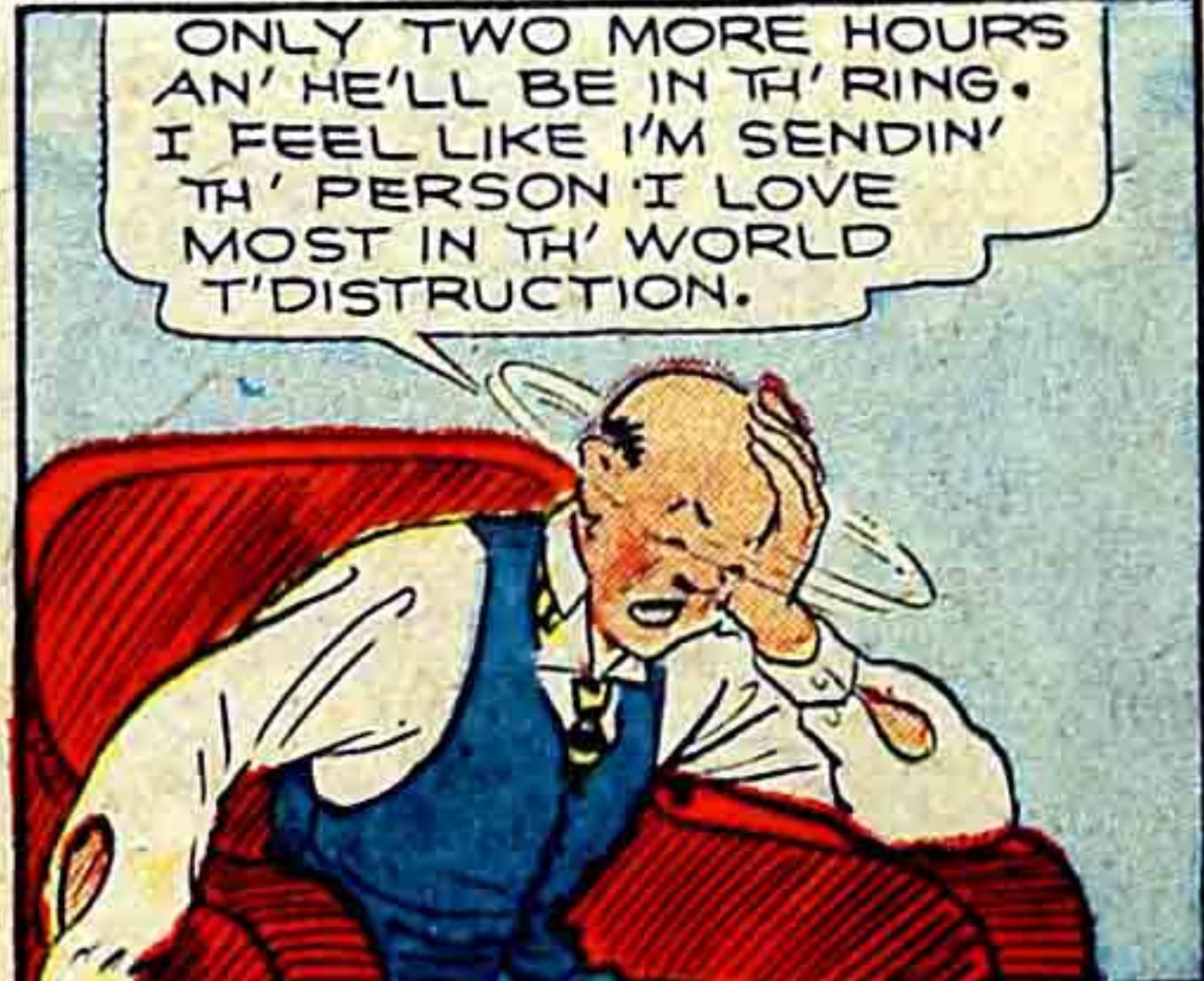
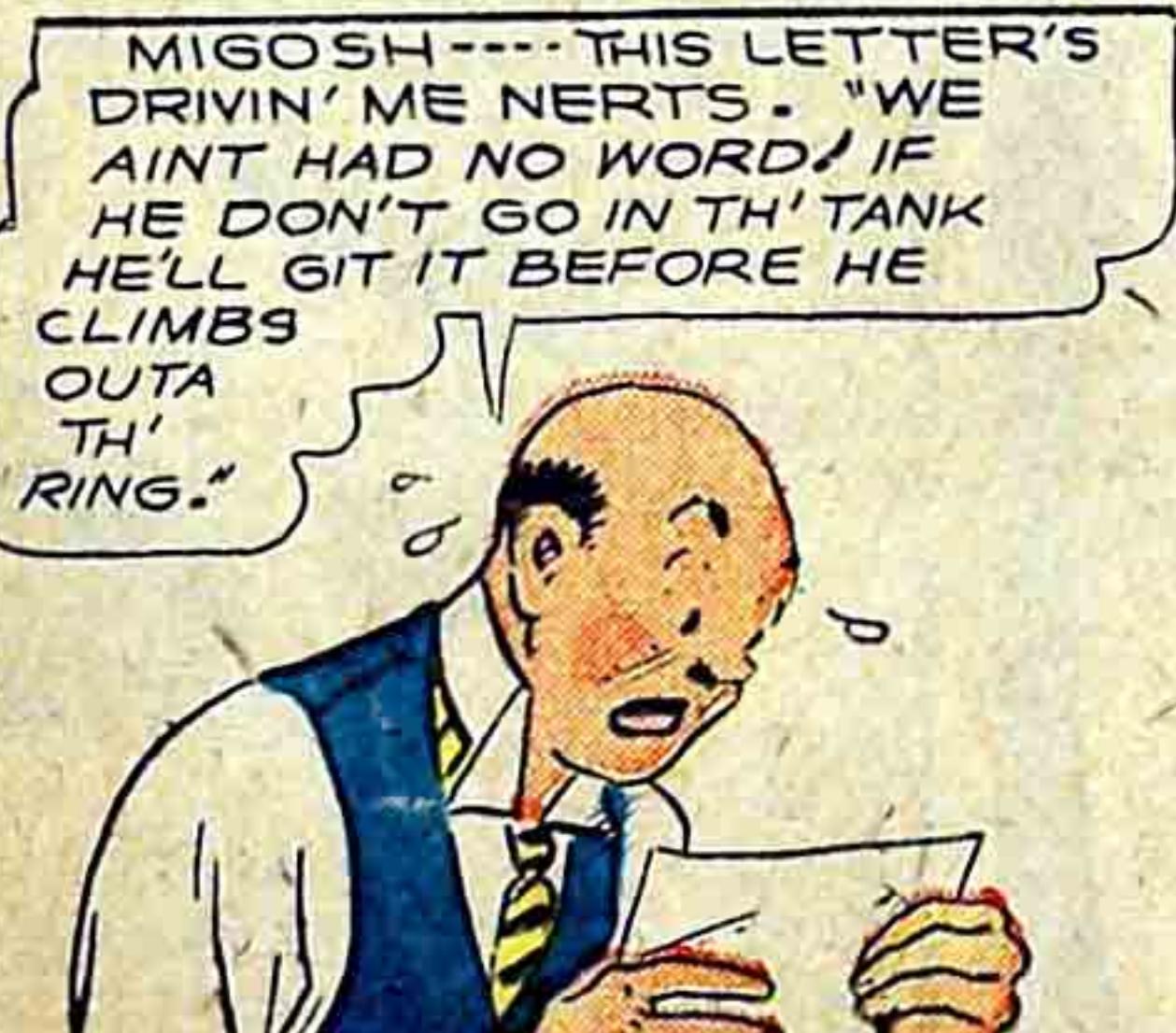
JOE PALOOKA

KNOBBY HAS RECEIVED LETTERS THREATENING JOE'S LIFE IF HE DOESN'T LOSE HIS FIGHT WITH DILL

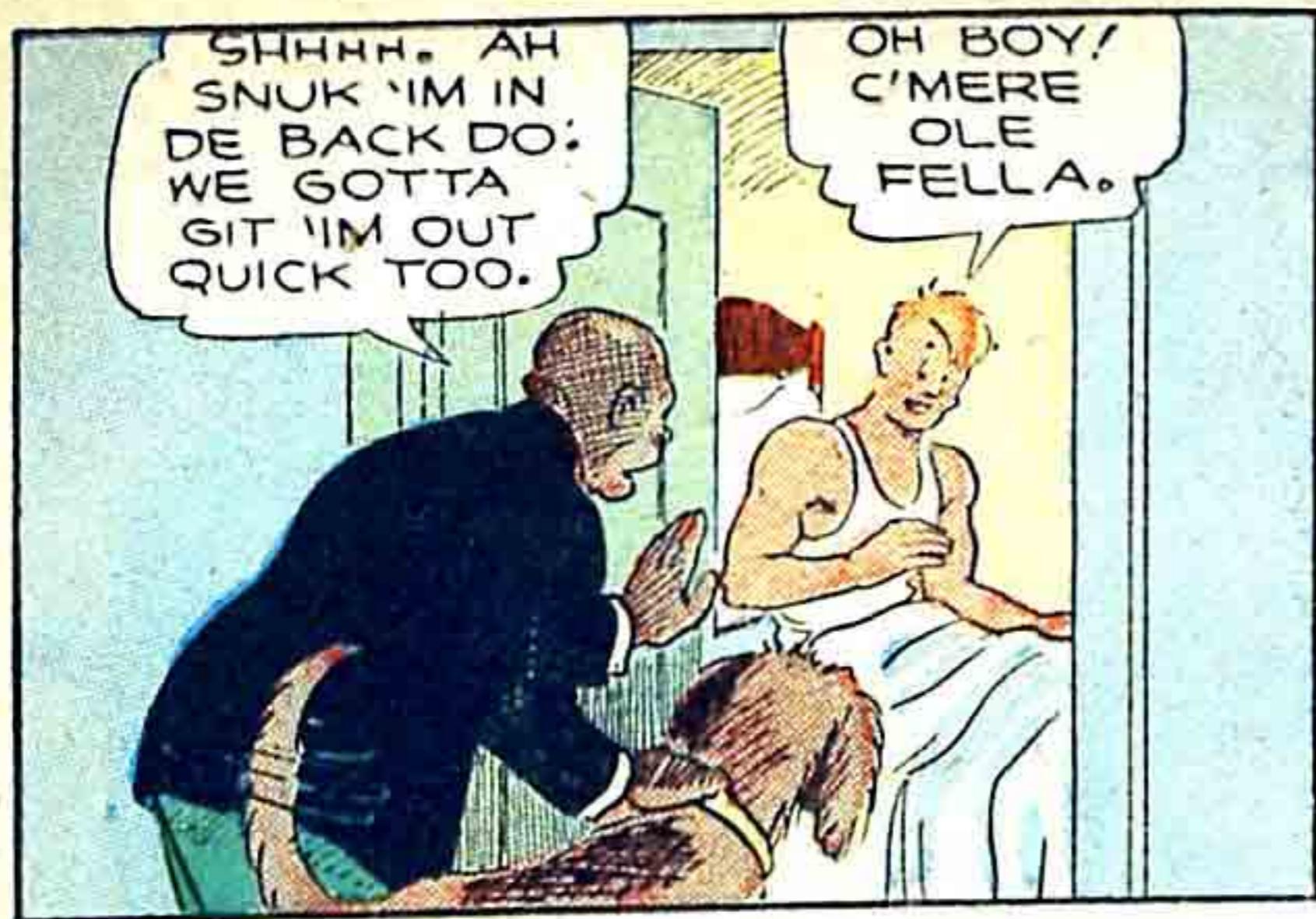
THE WEIGHING IN IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE AT THE OFFICE OF THE N.Y. STATE ATHLETIC COMMISSION.



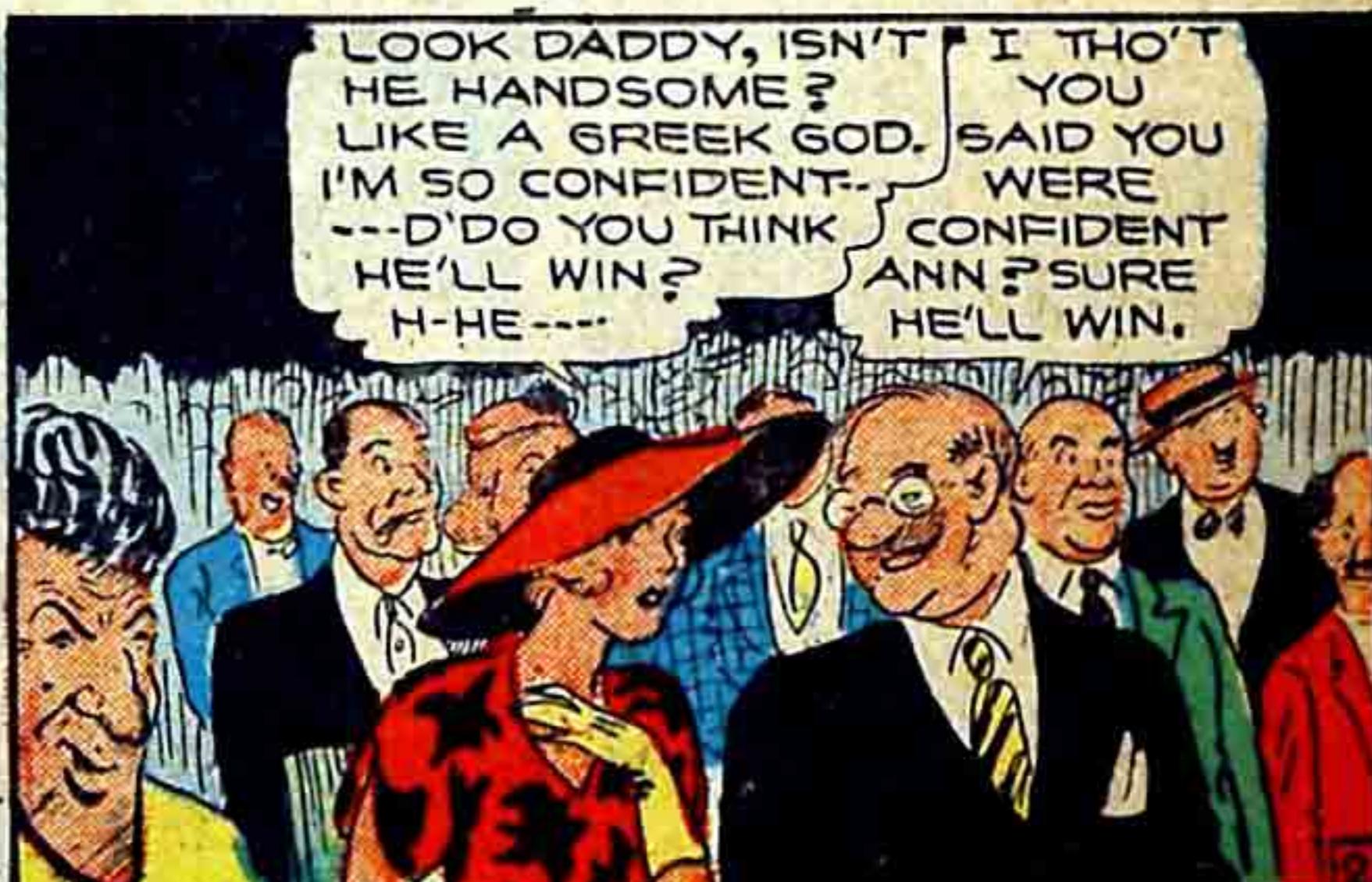
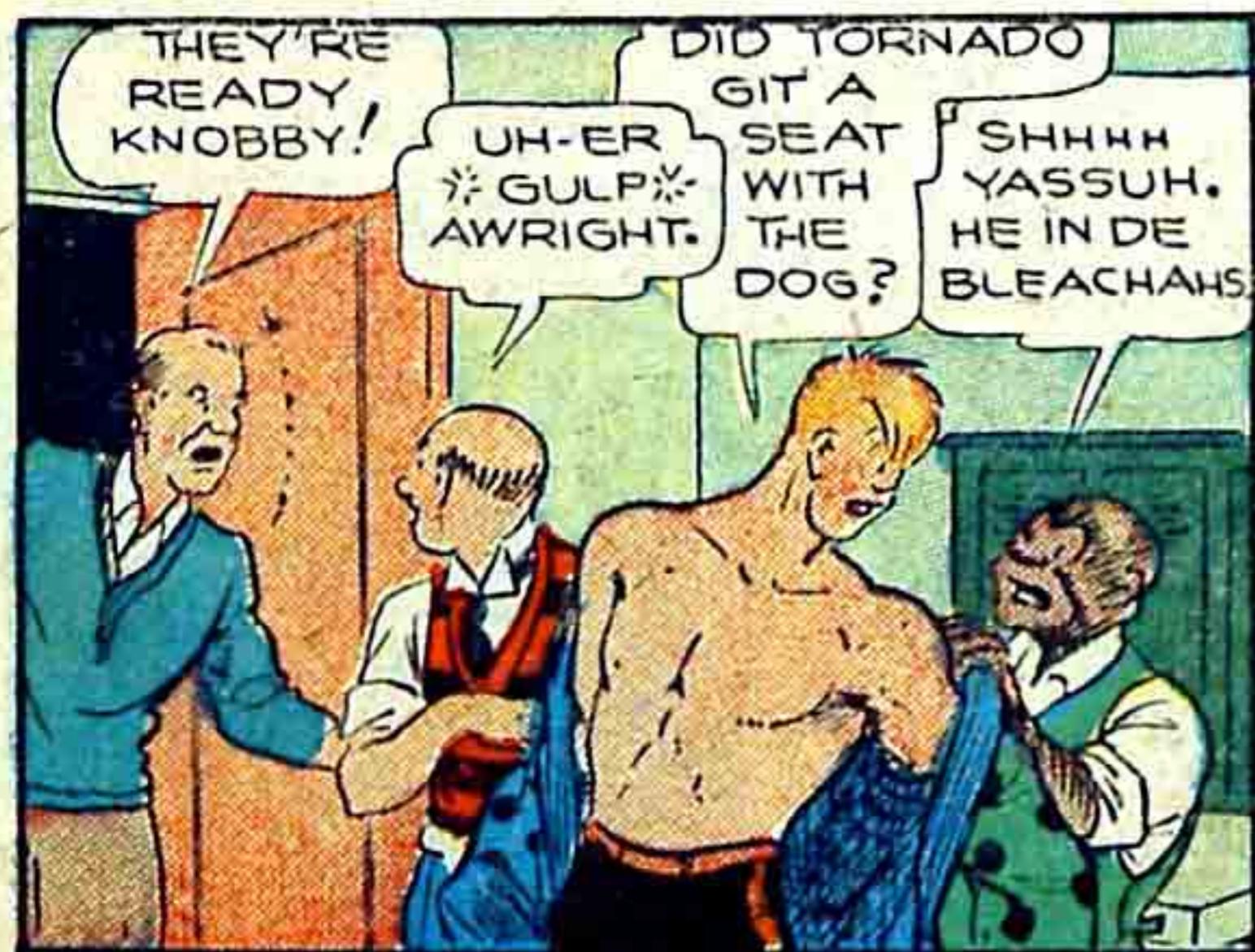
WITH SCREAMING SIRENS, AND SURROUNDED BY POLICE, JOE IS RUSHED BACK TO HIS HOTEL TO REST BEFORE THE FIGHT.



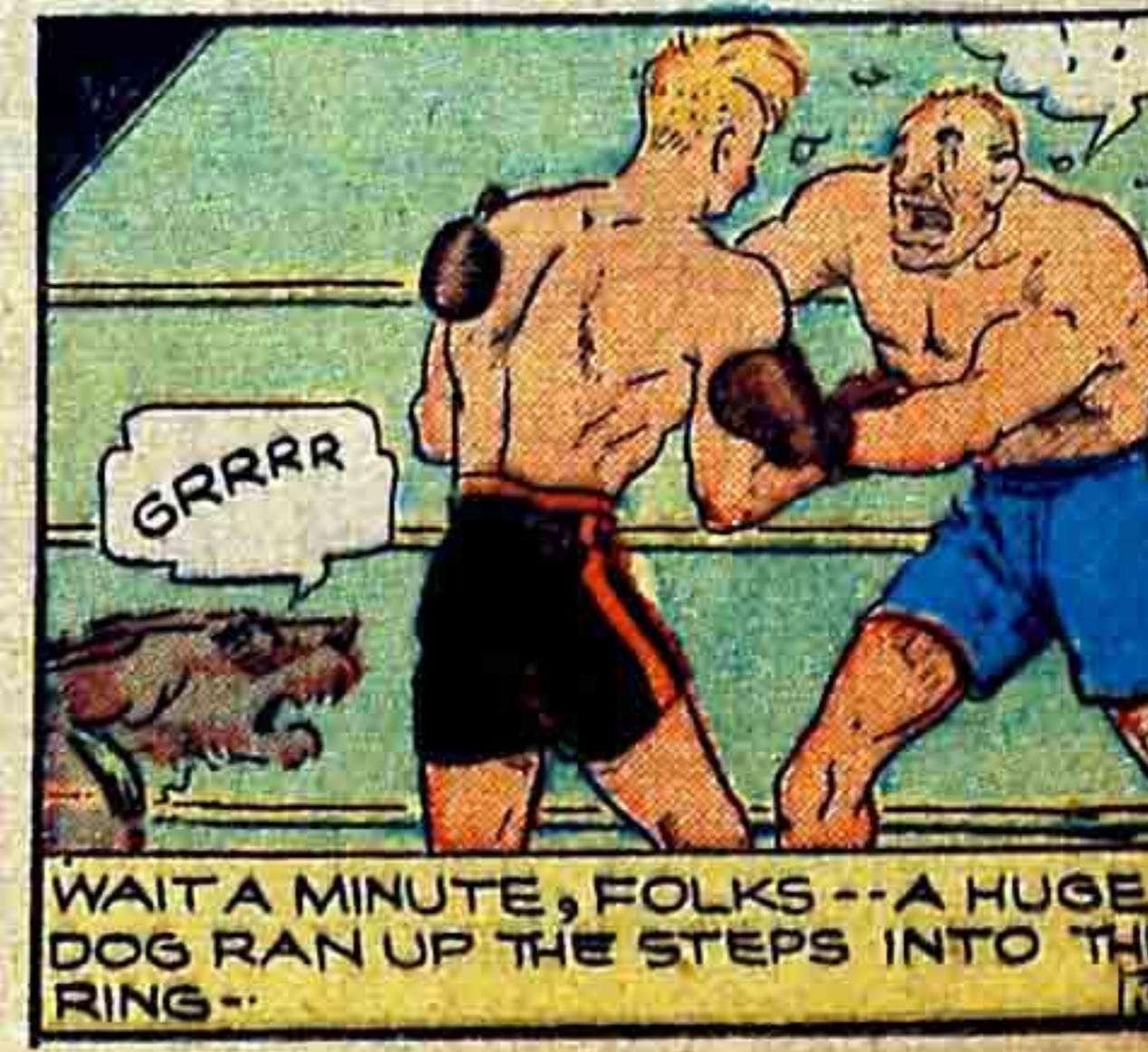
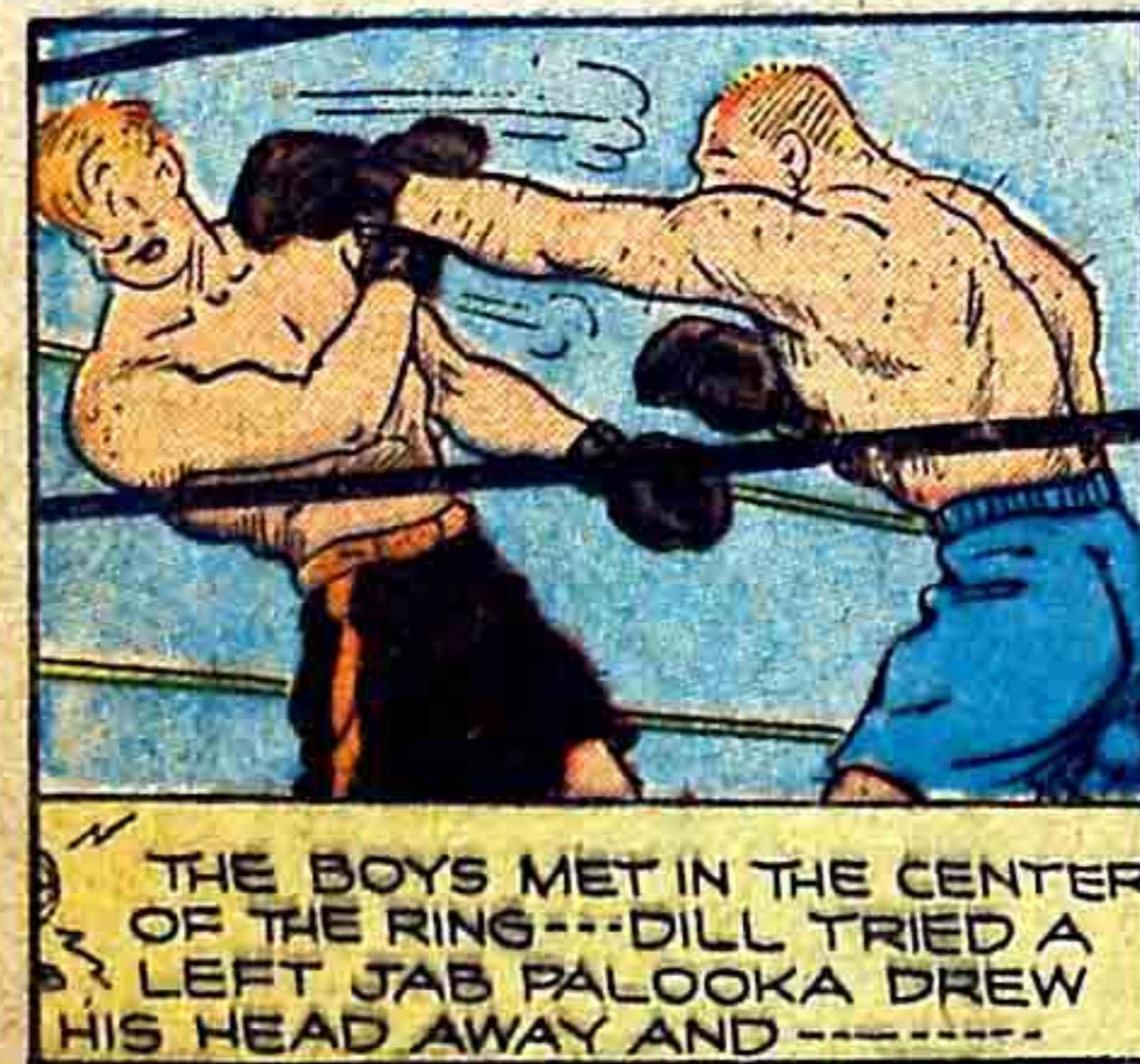
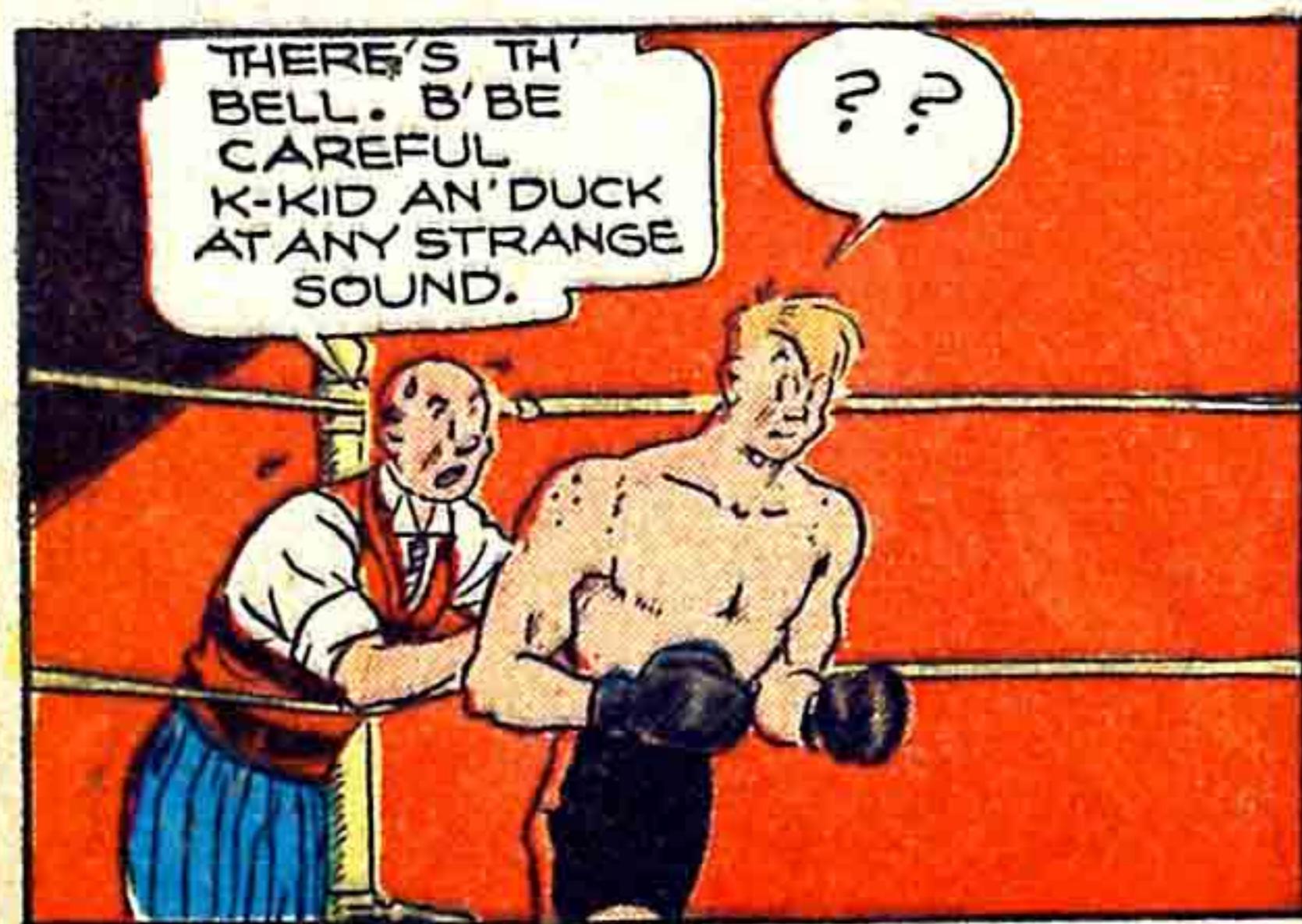
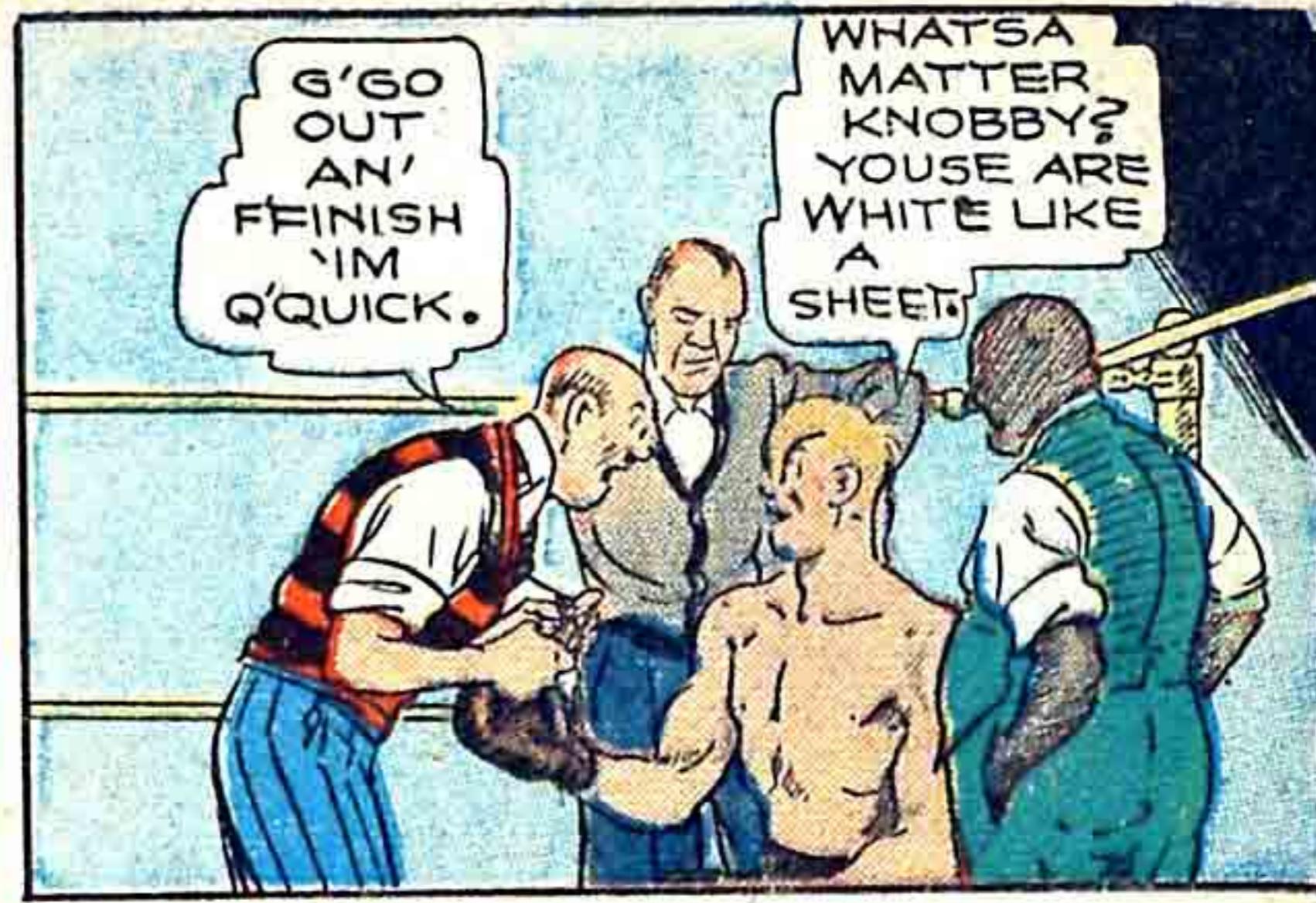
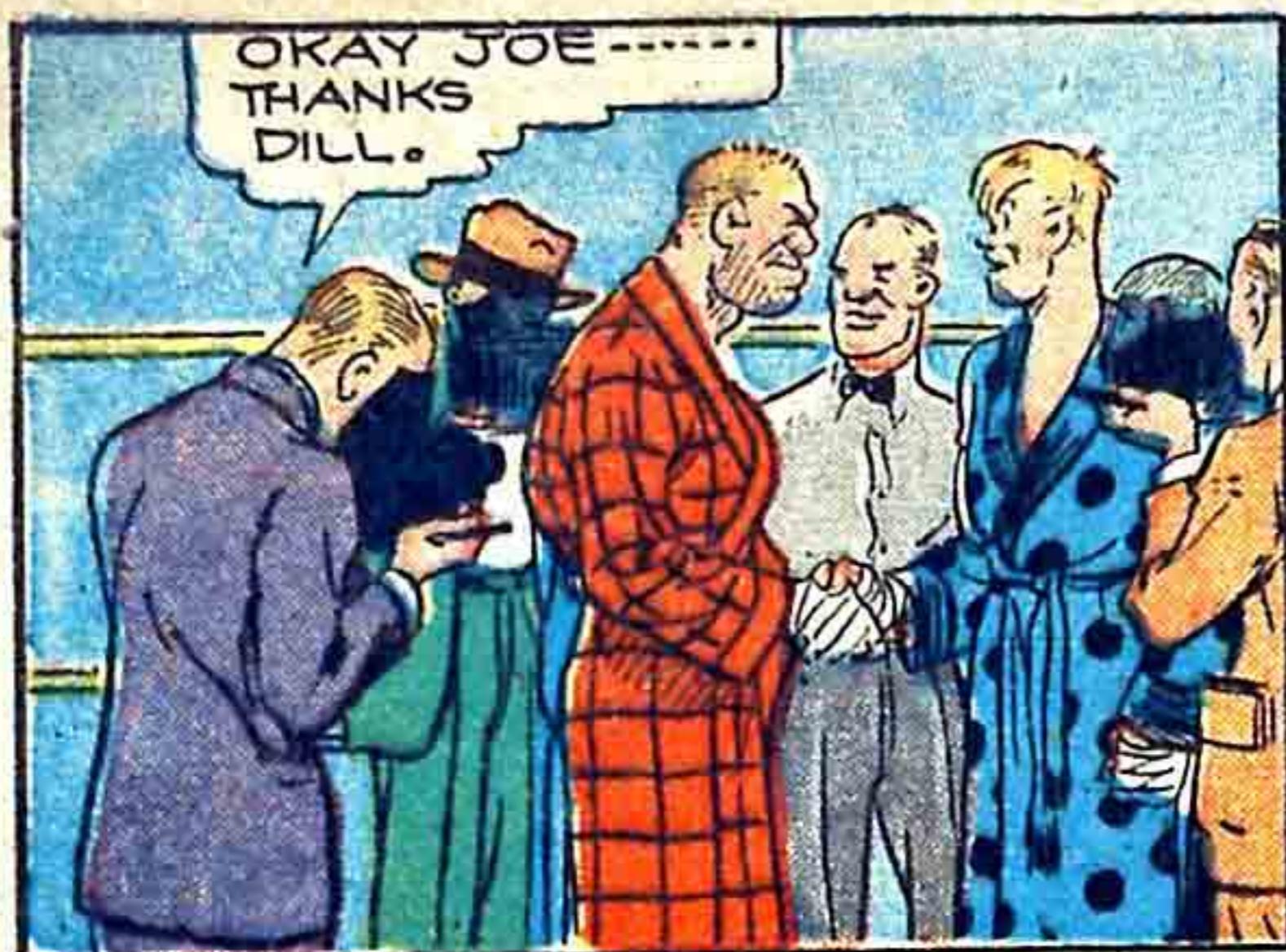
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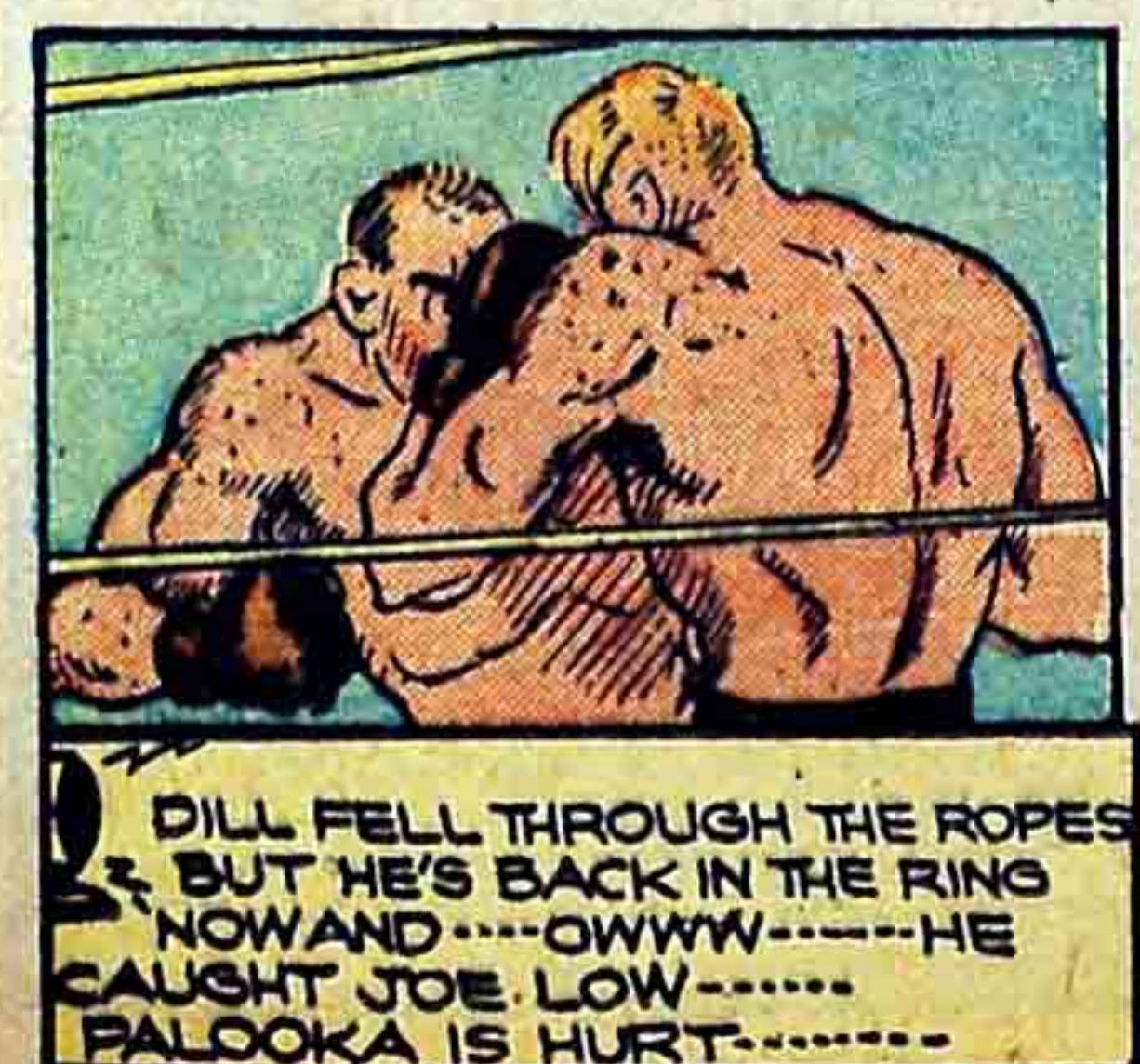
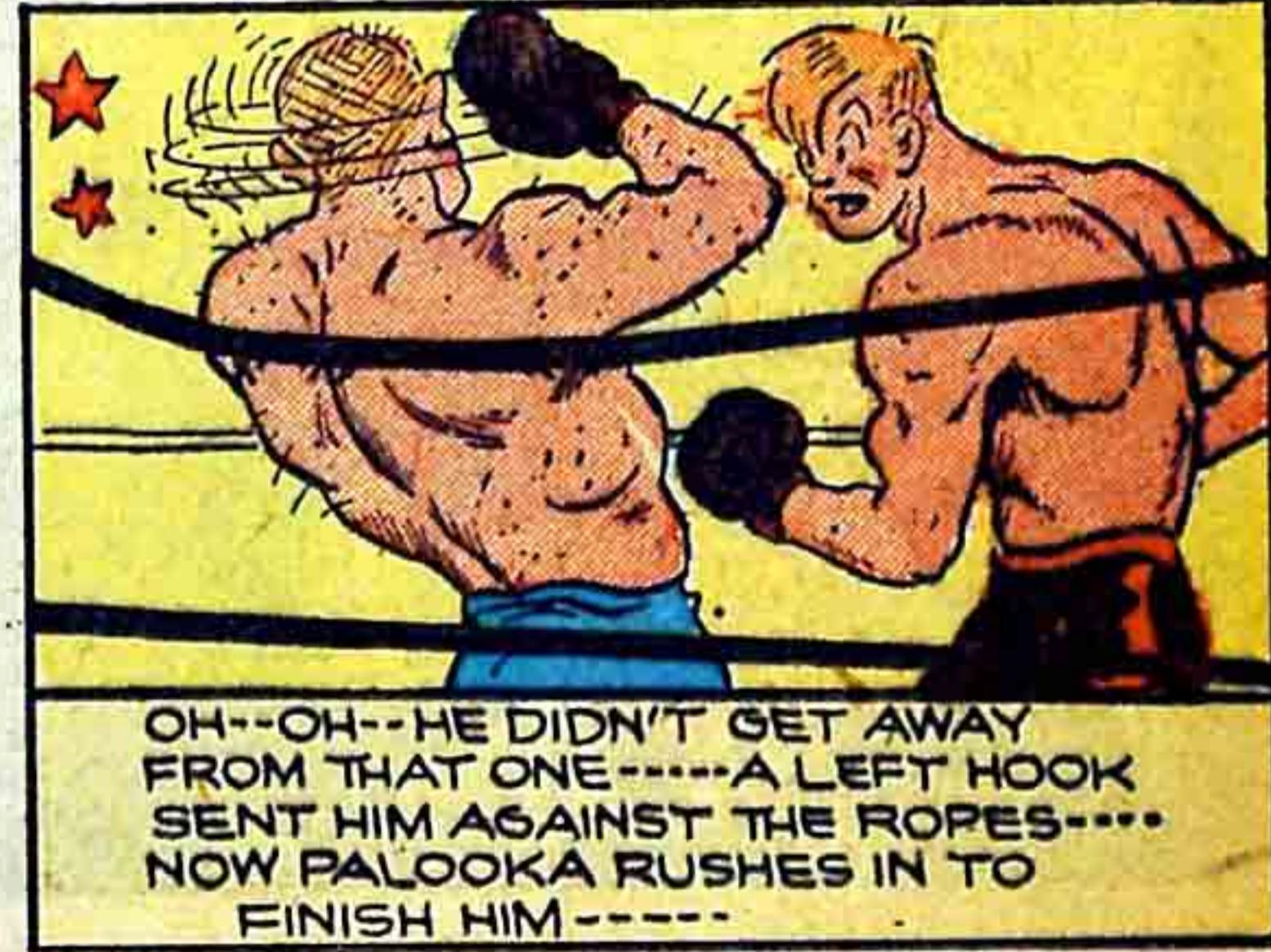
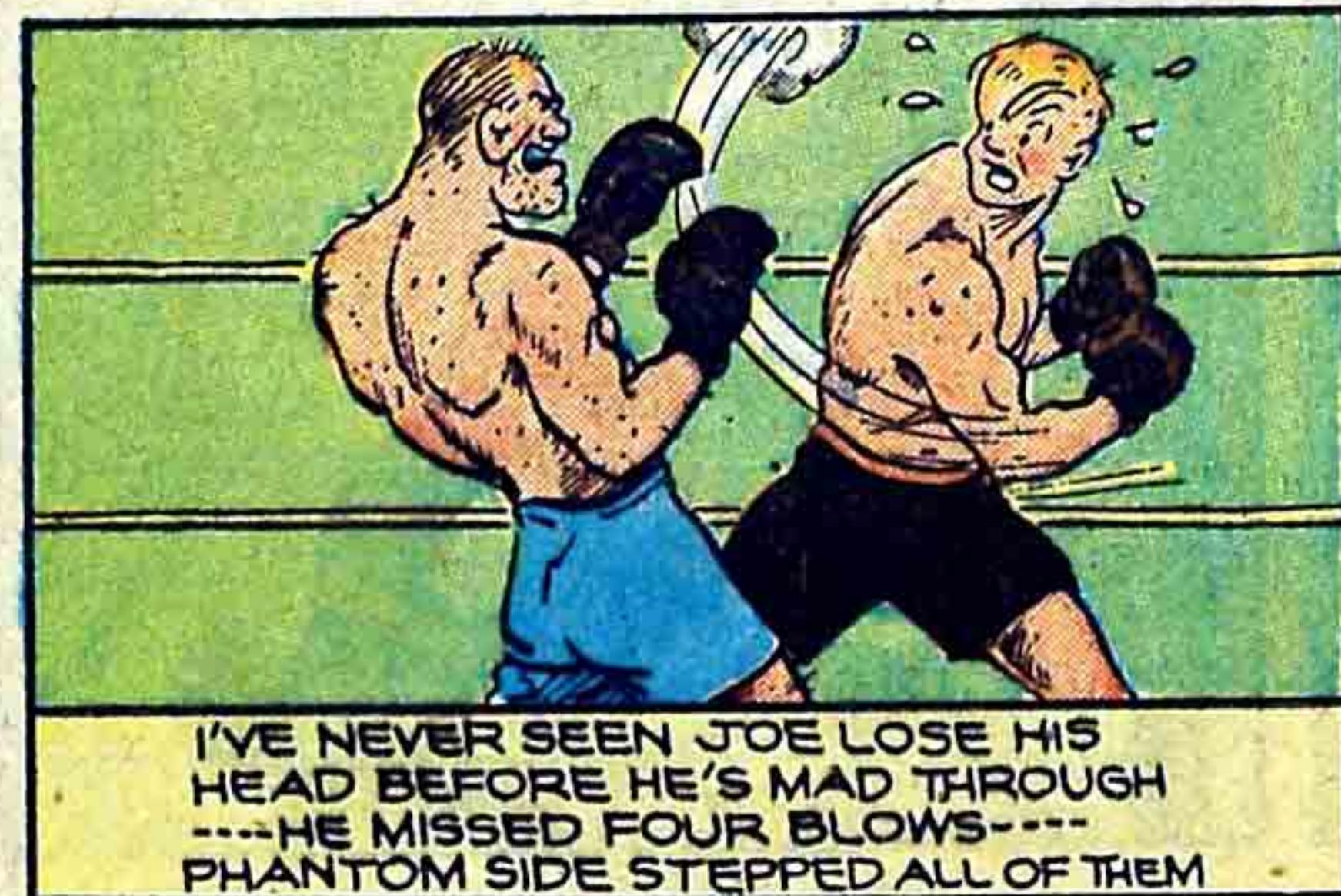
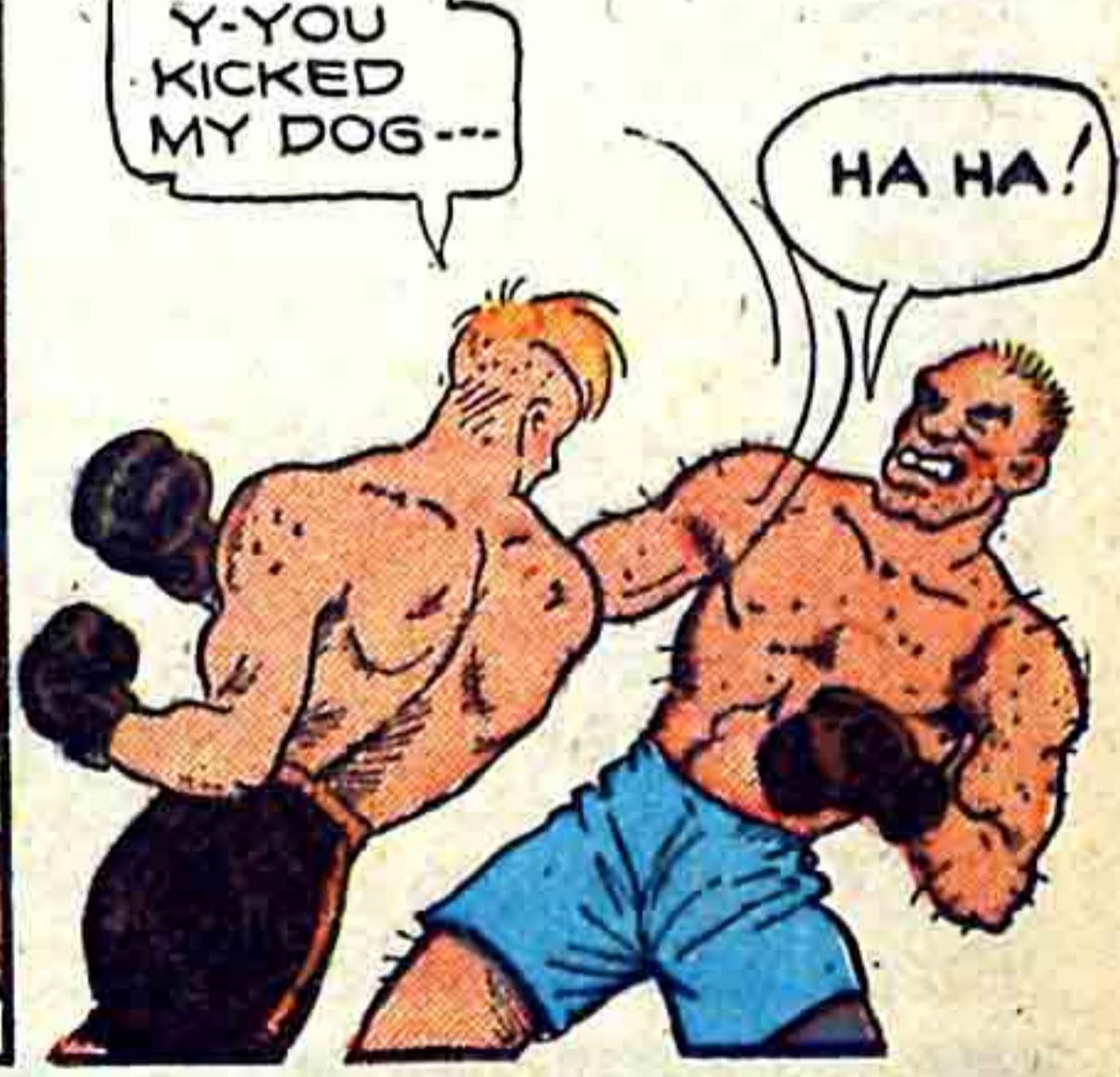
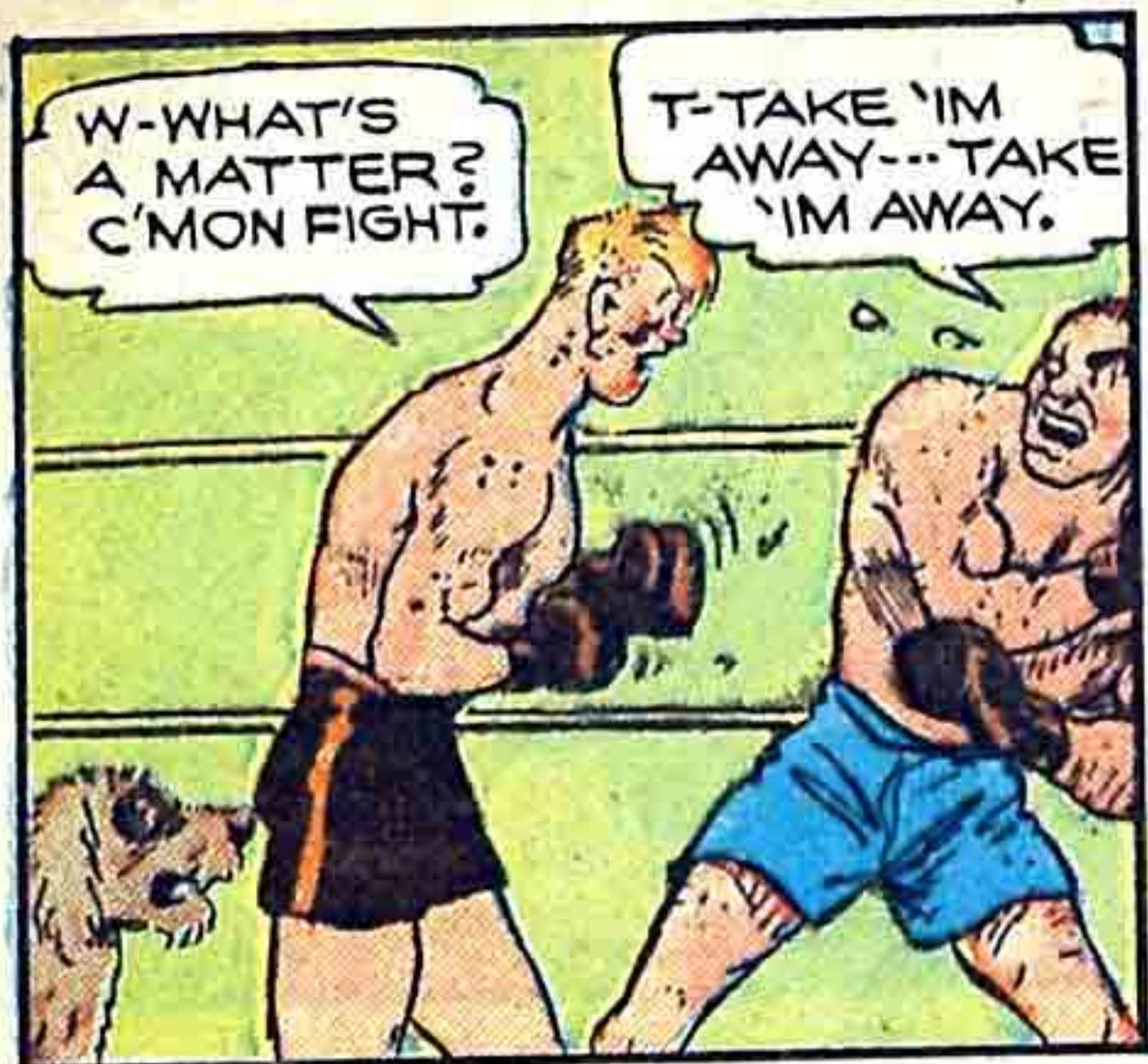
THERE'S A RECORD CROWD AT THE BOWL. IT'S A PERFECT SUMMER NIGHT AND SEVENTY-THOUSAND FANS SIT IMPATIENTLY WAITING FOR THE SEMI-FINAL TO END AND THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY TO START. SINISTER FIGURES SIT IN STRATEGIC POINTS. THERE'S SOUP'S HENCHMEN, G-MEN AND SCORES OF POLICE ALL ON THE ALERT. ALL WATCHING FOR A FALSE MOVE THAT MAY BETRAY THE "MAN WITH THE GUN!"



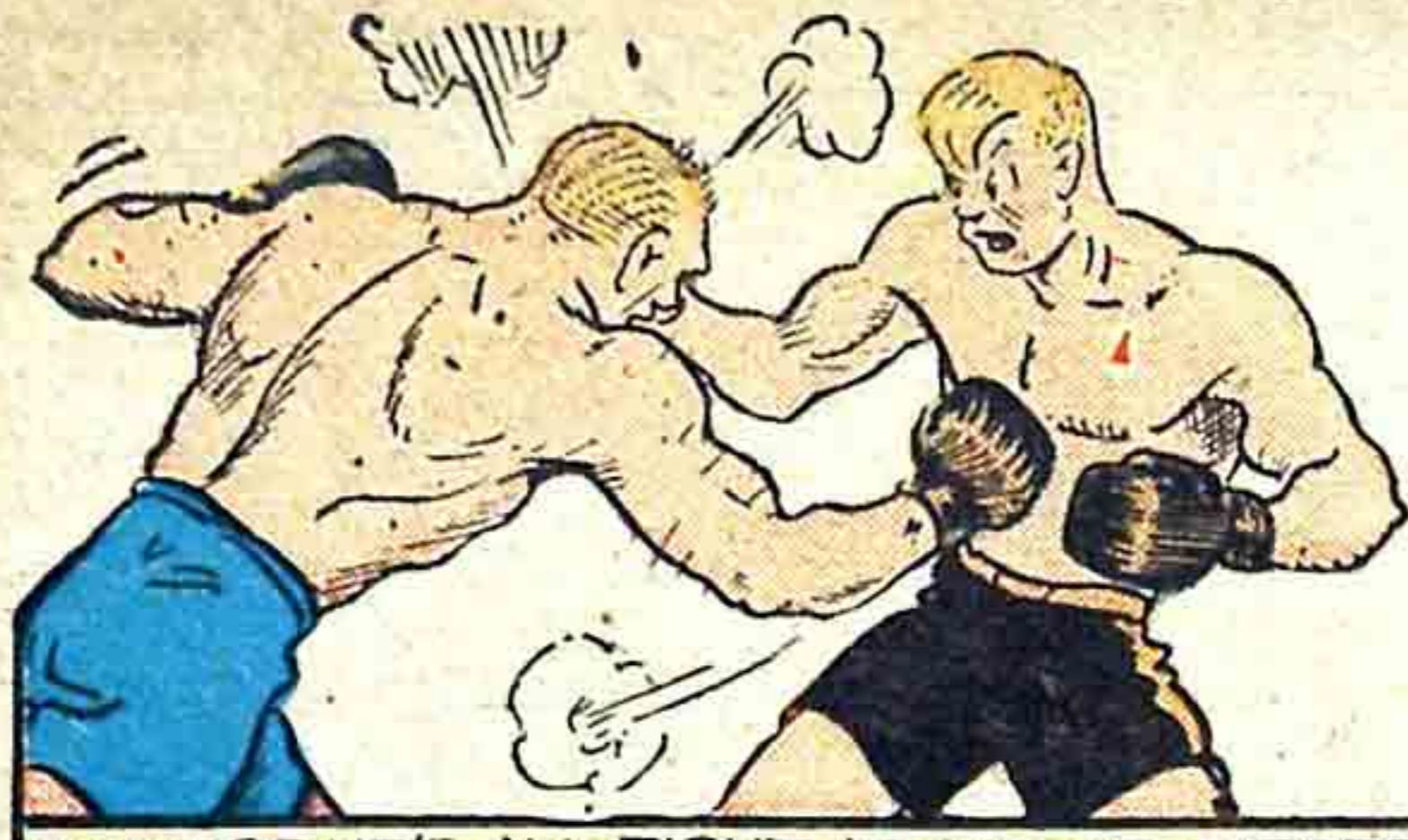
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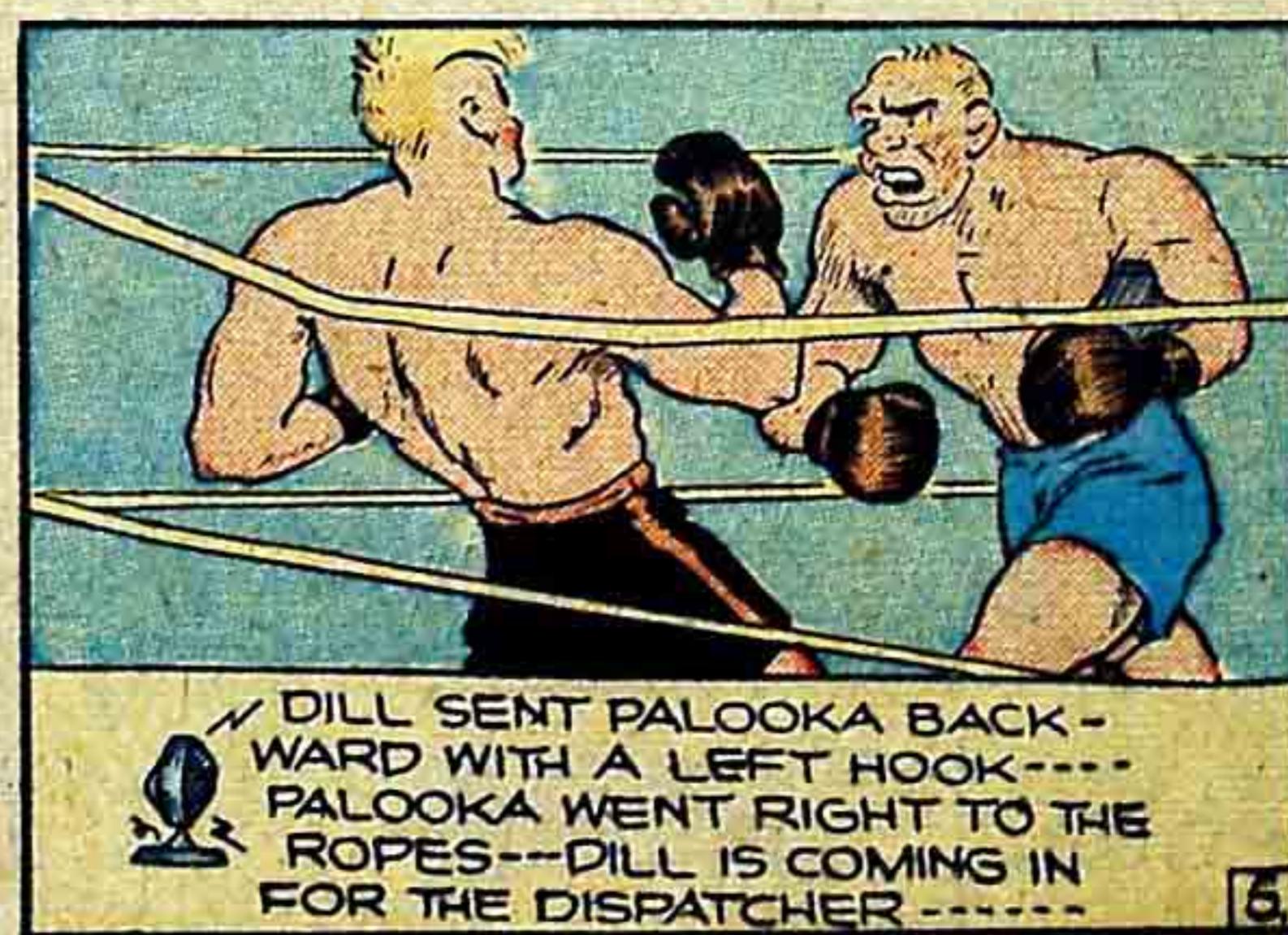
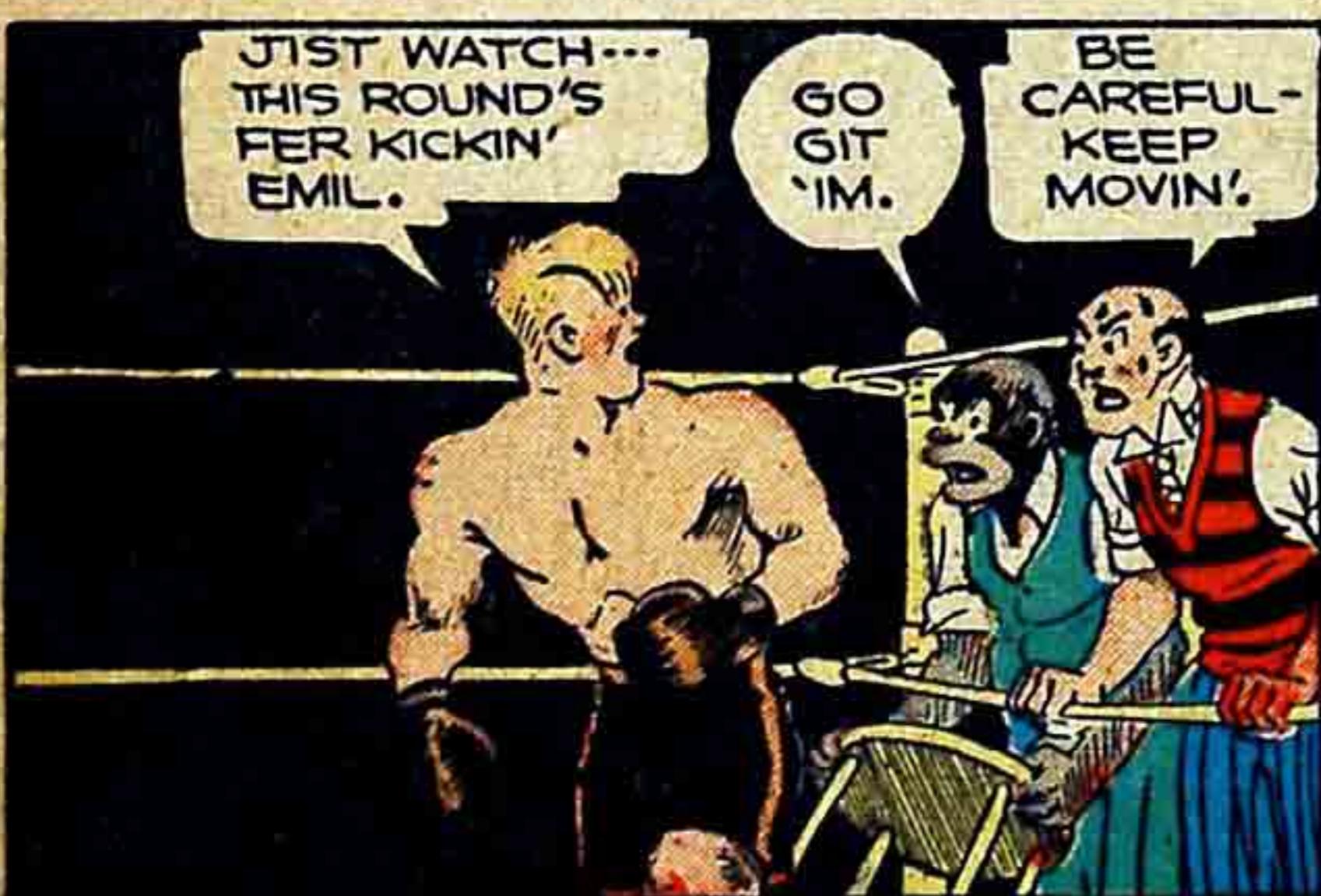
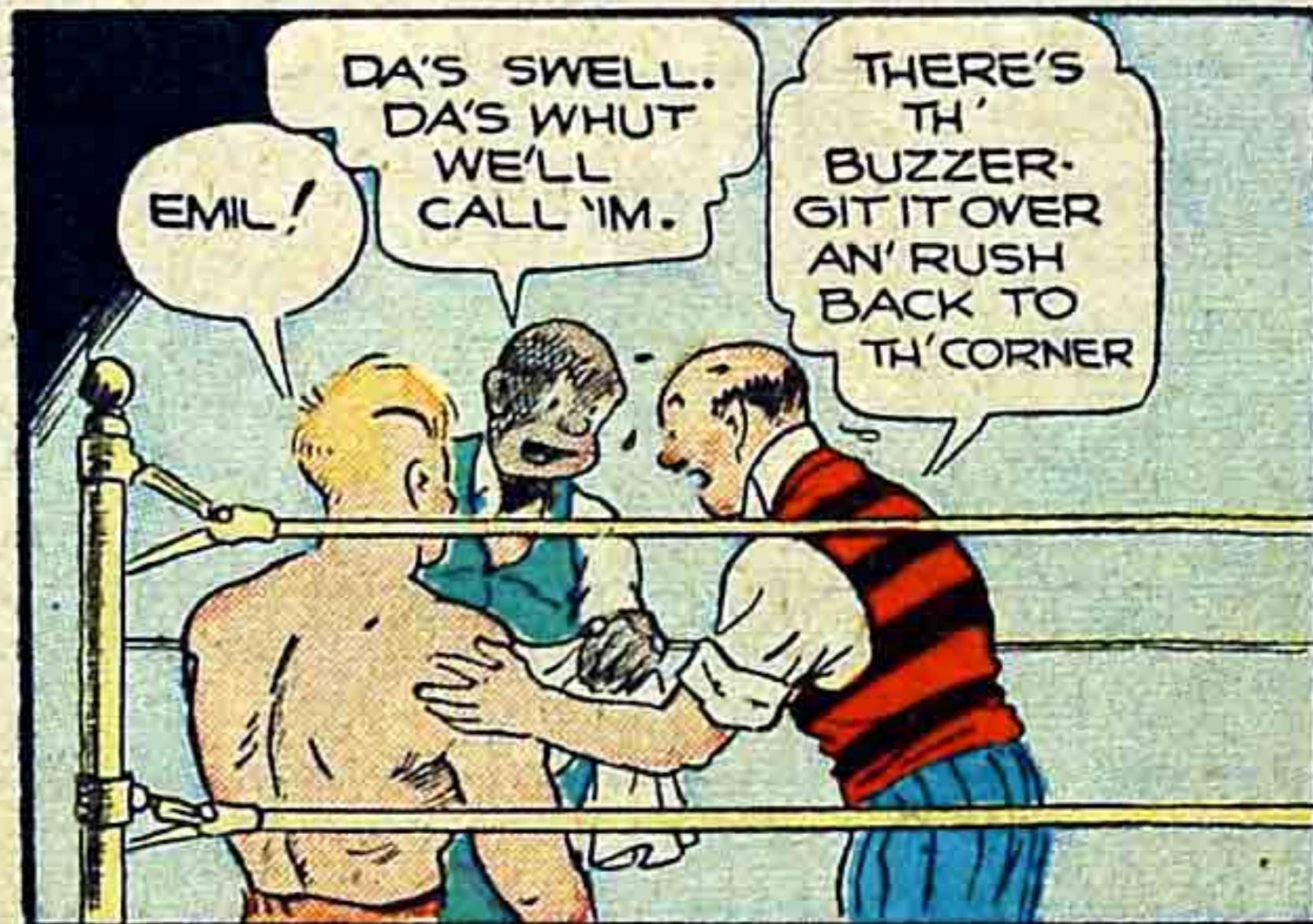
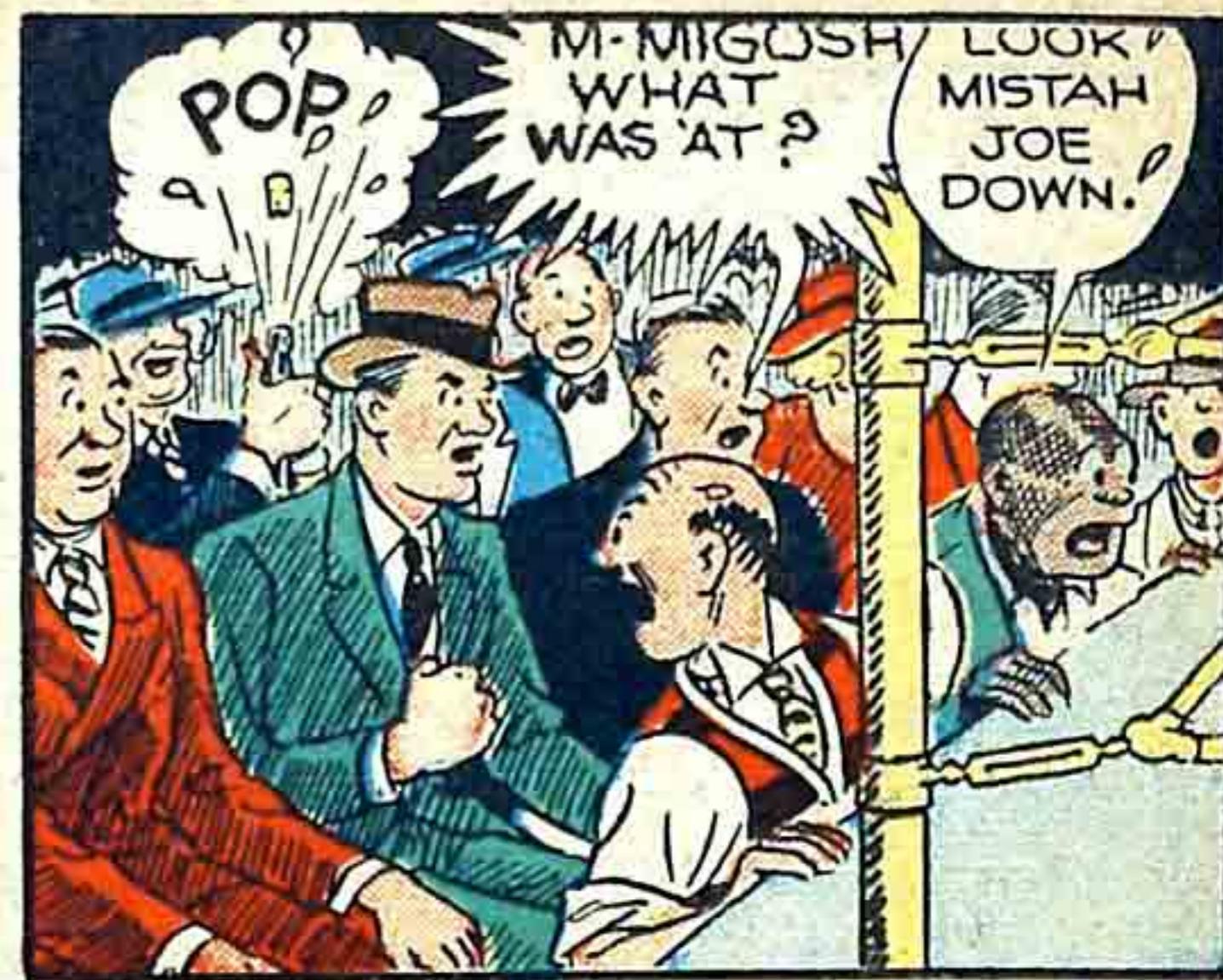
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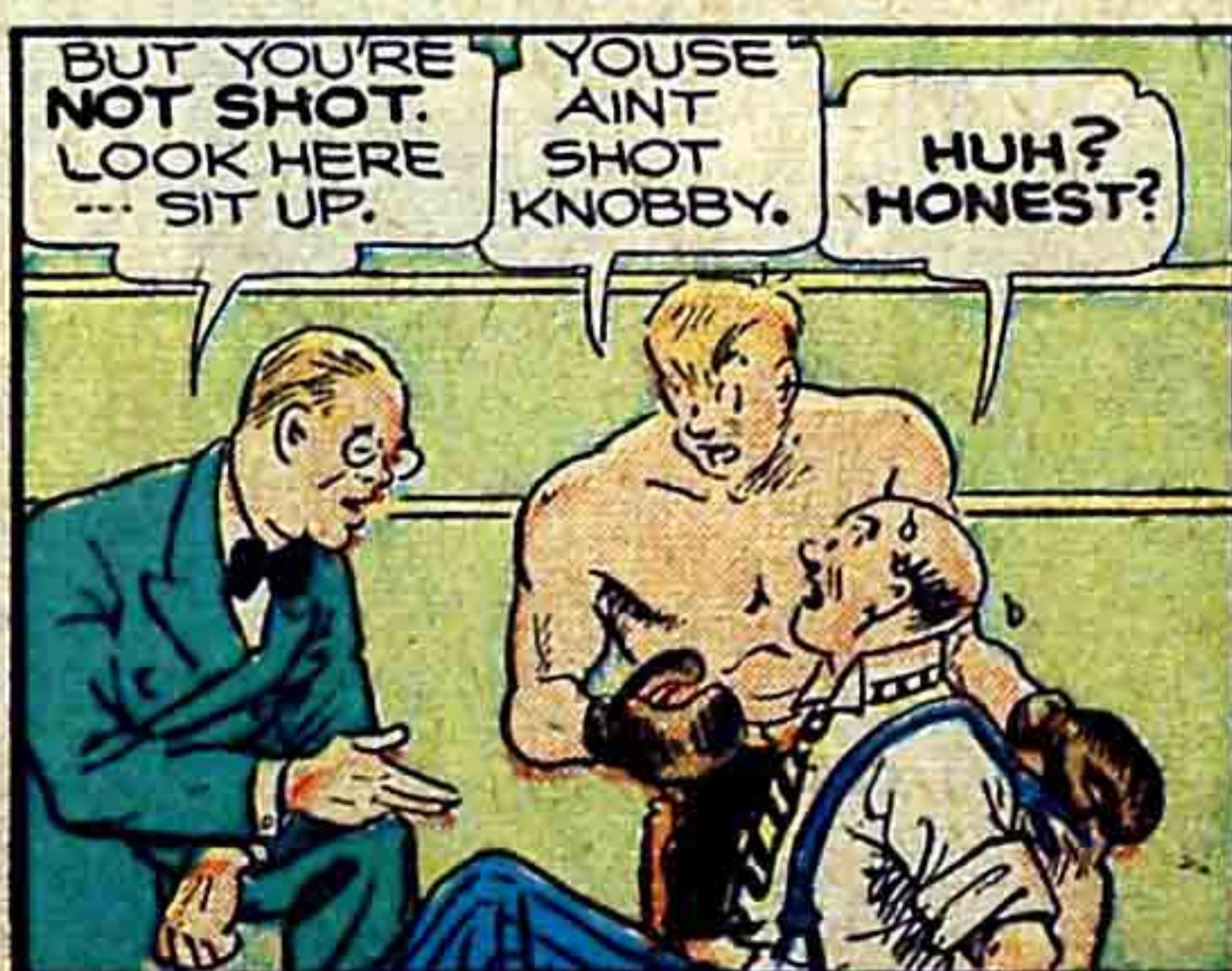
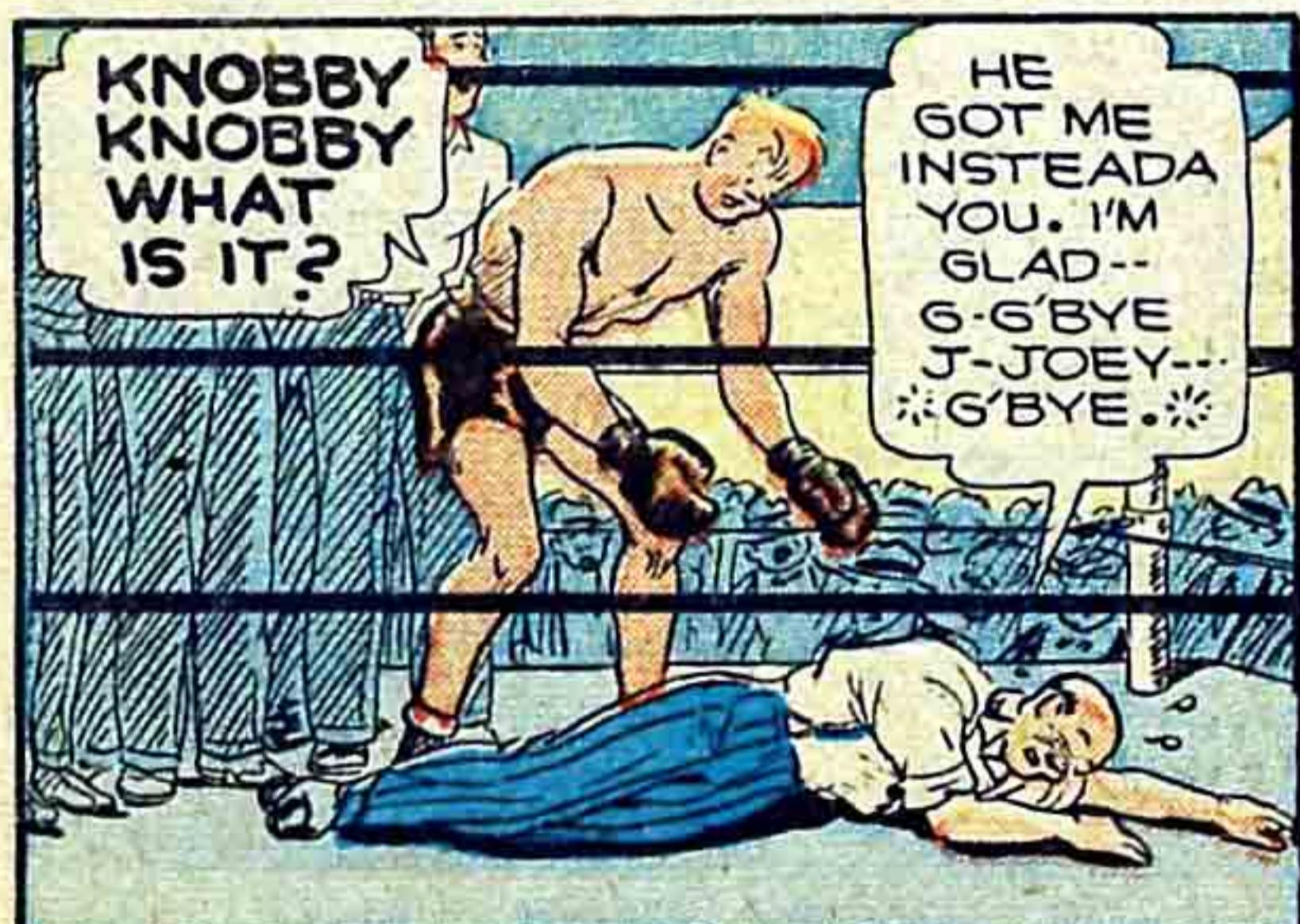
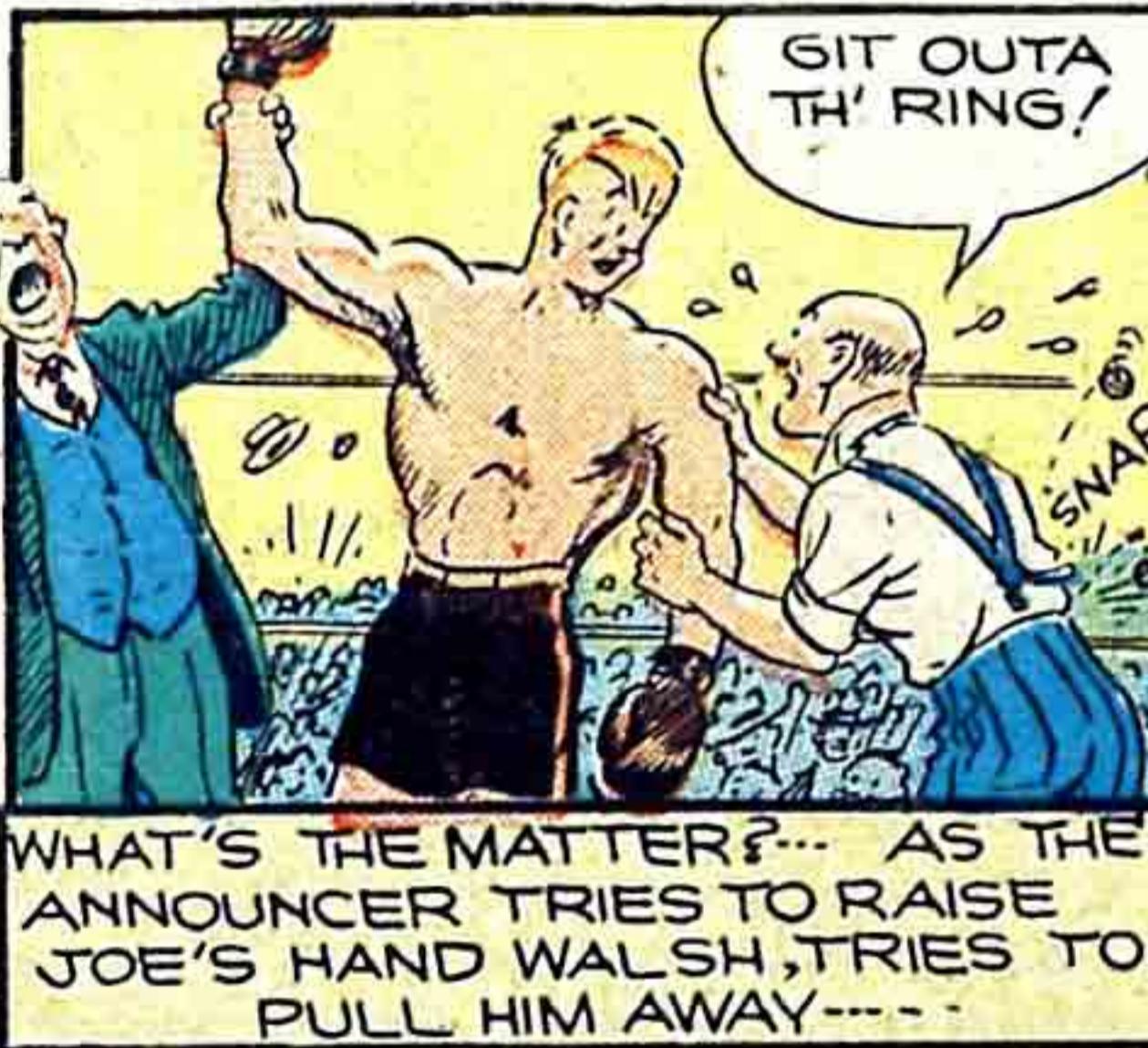
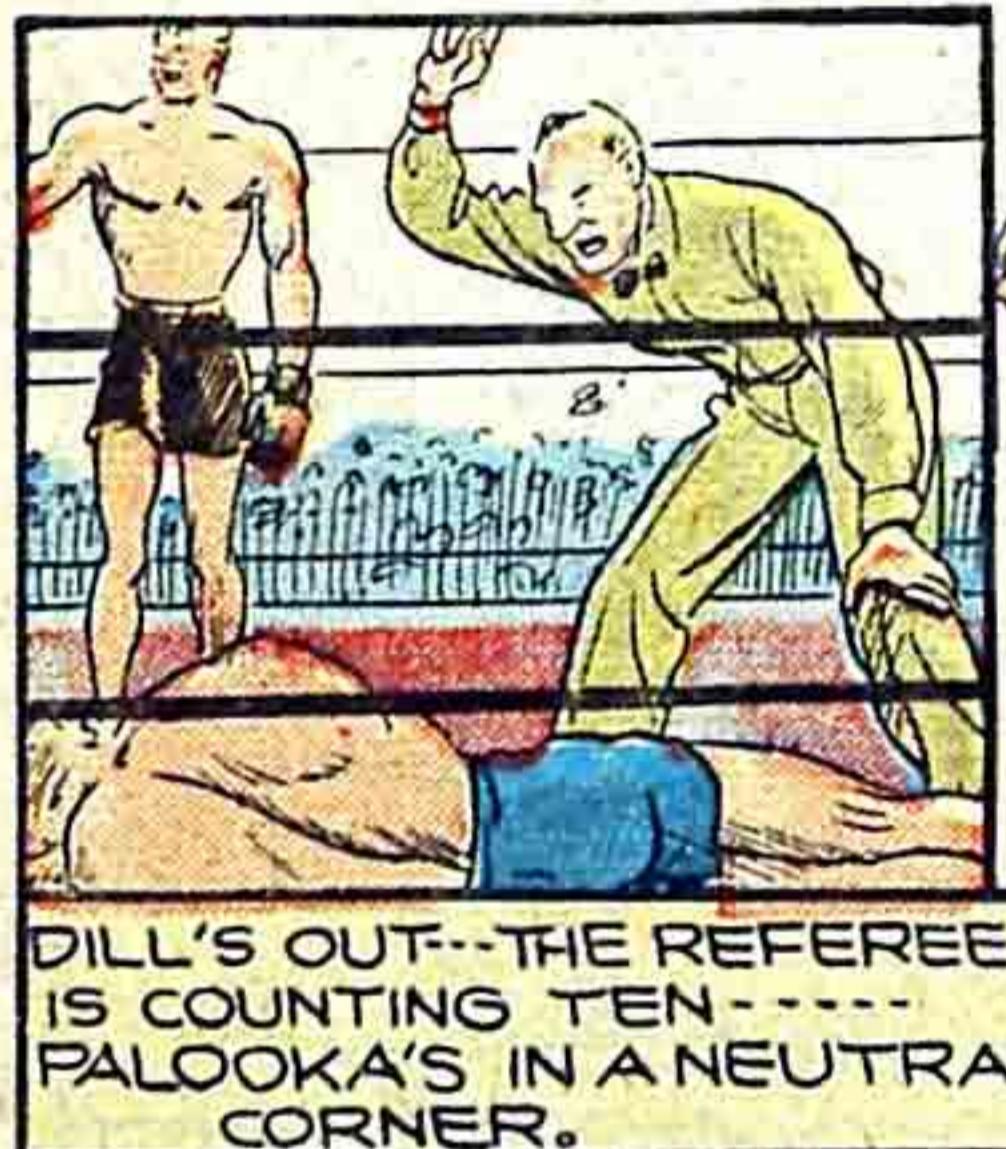
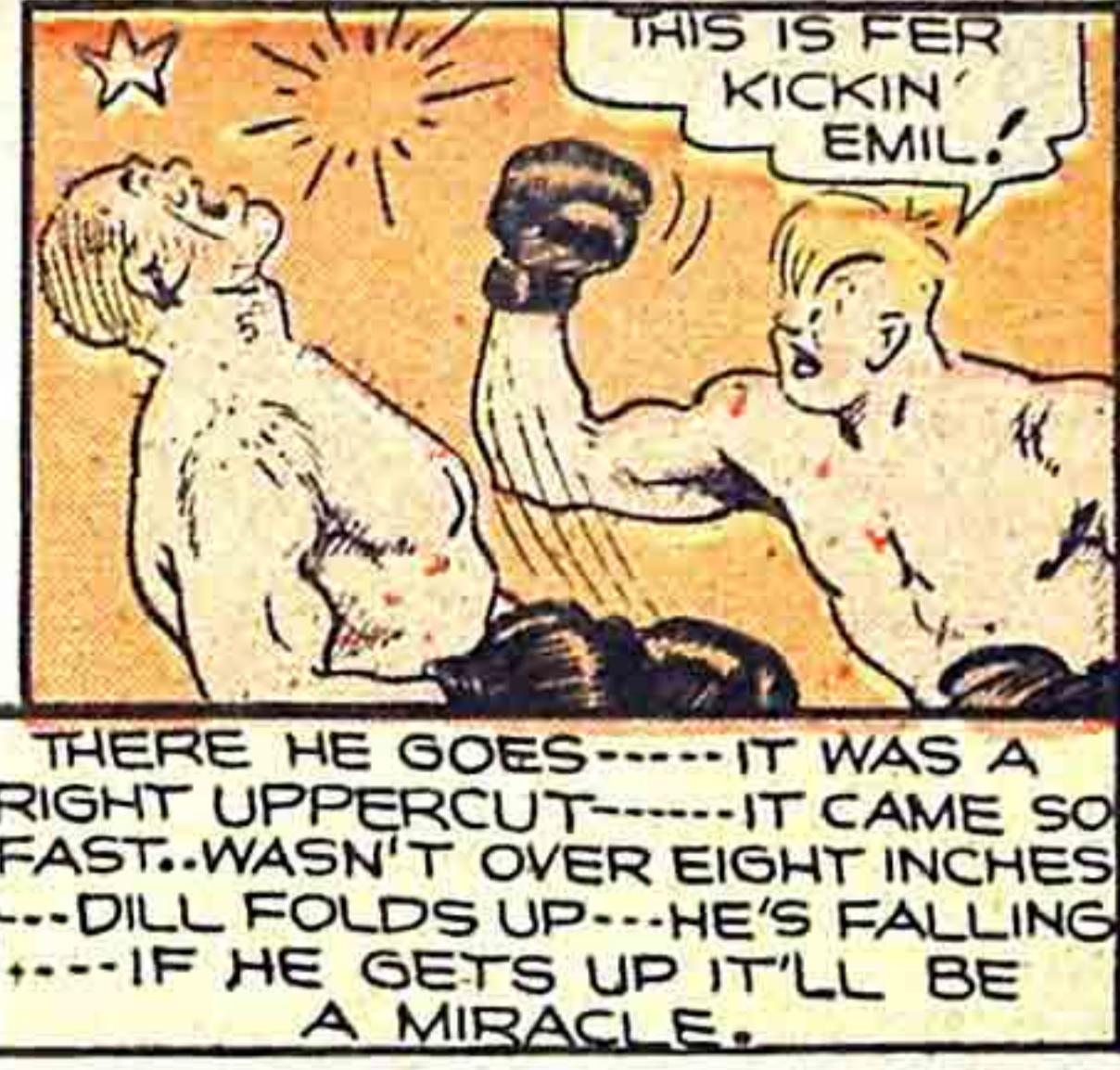
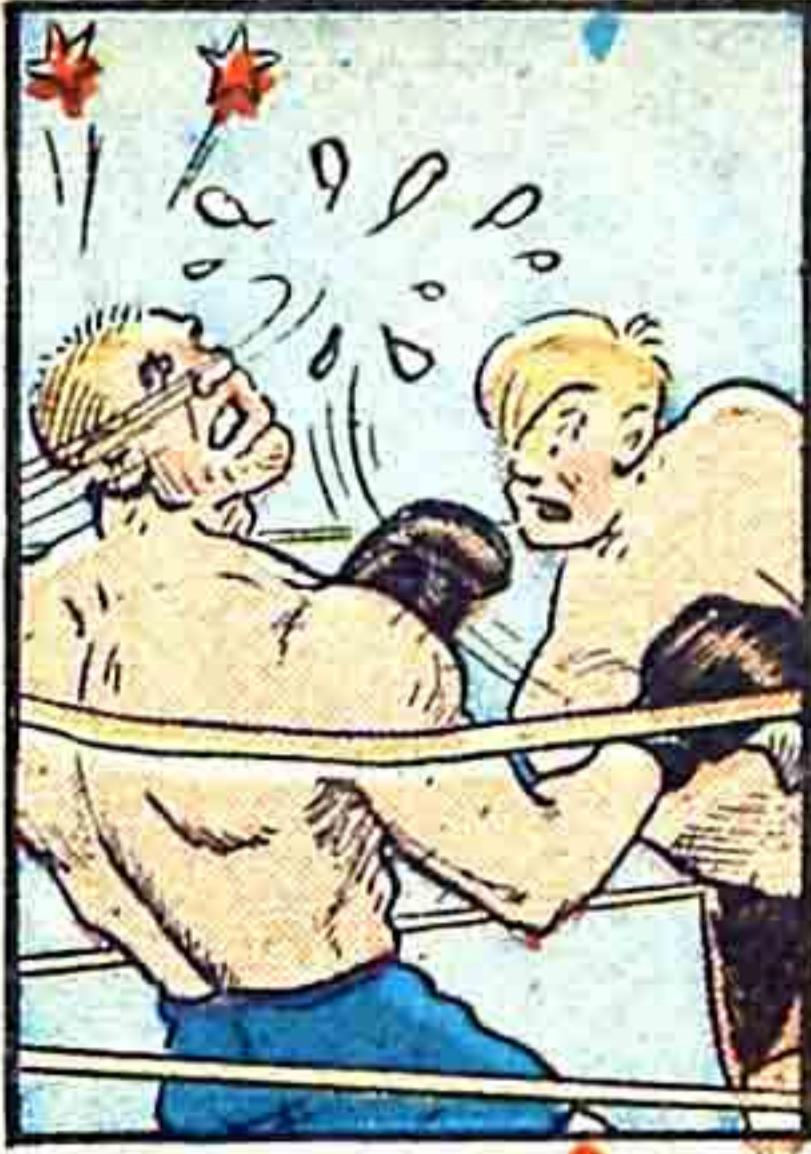
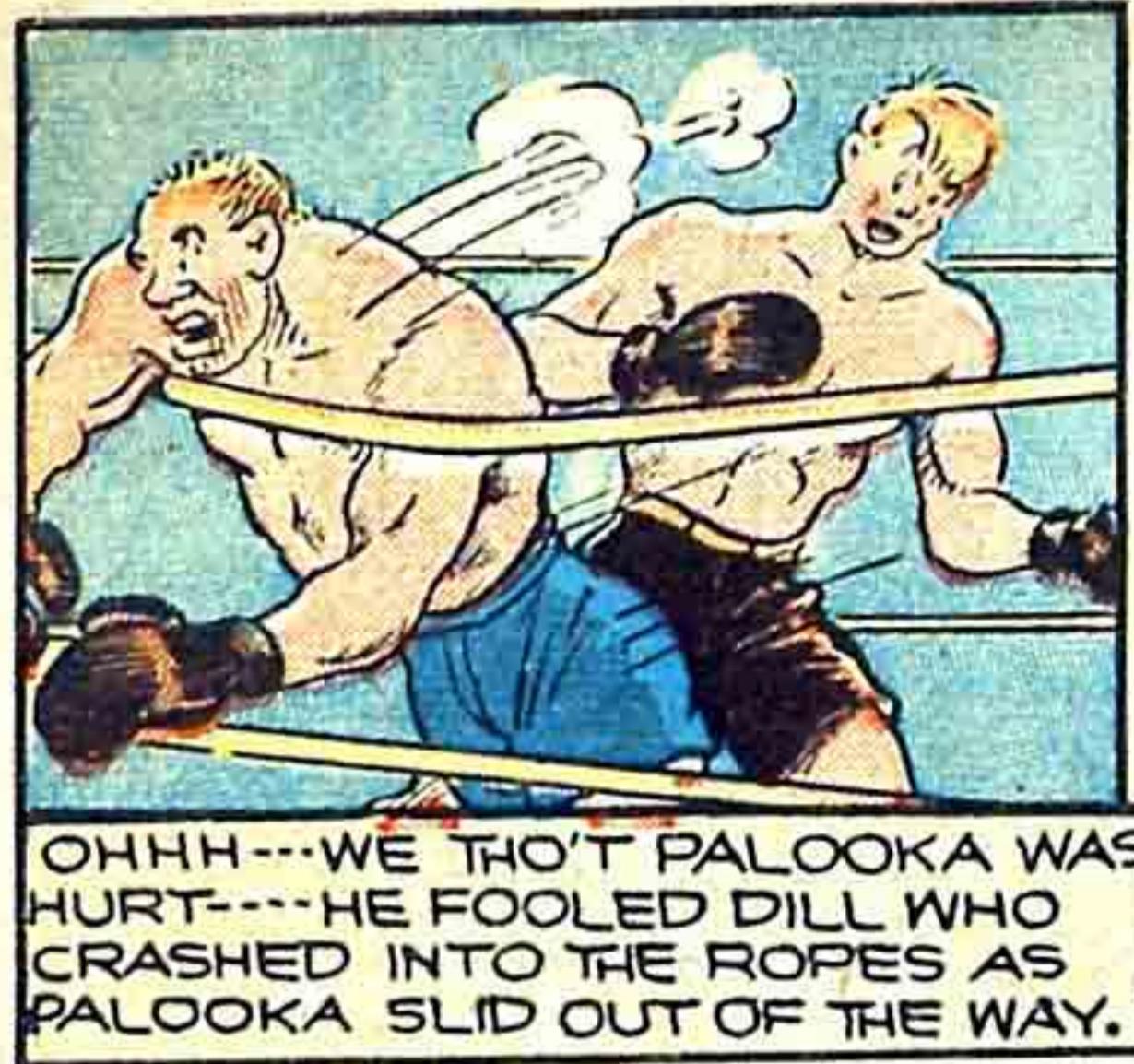


I GUESS HE'S ALL RIGHT AGAIN---HE JABBED DILL WITH A STRAIGHT LEFT TO THE FACE---- NOW THEY'RE SLUGGING--- I THINK DILL IS SLIGHTLY STRONGER THAN PALOOKA.



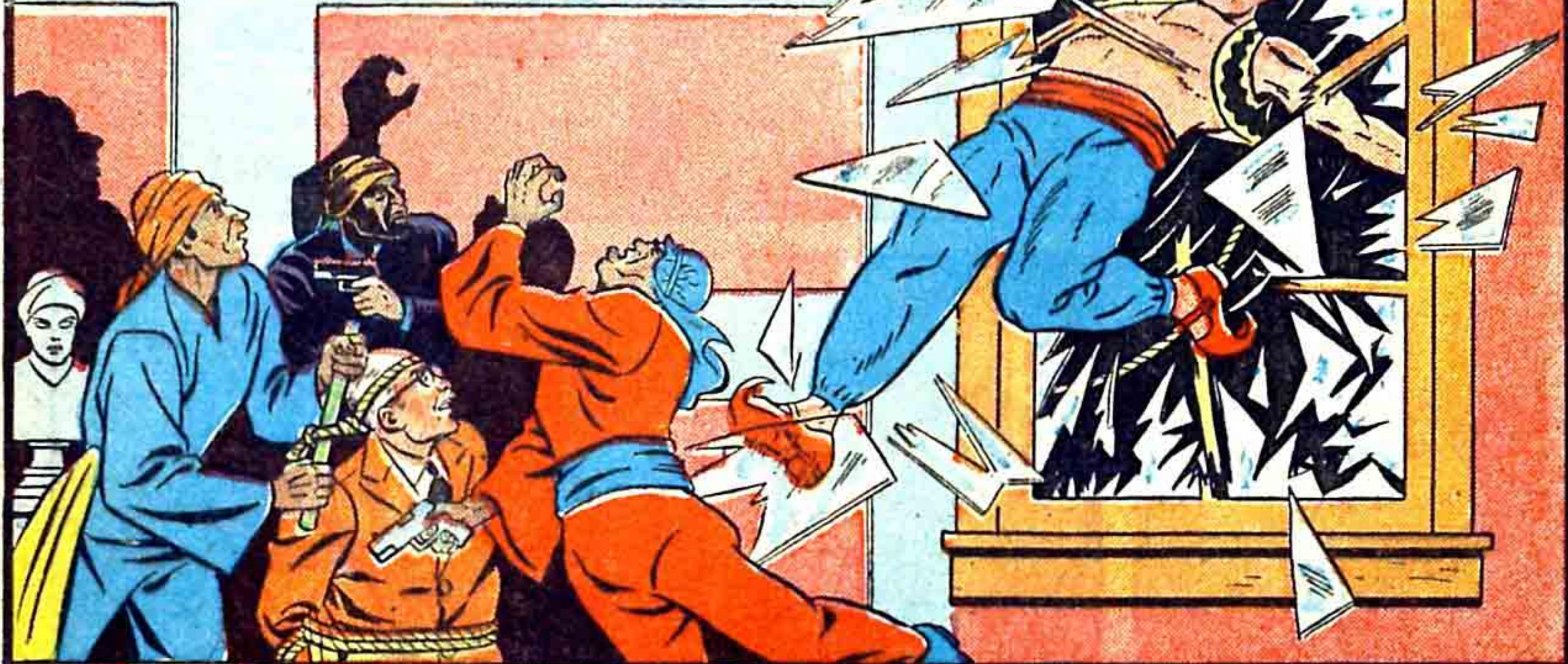
DILL SENT PALOOKA BACK-
WARD WITH A LEFT HOOK---
PALOOKA WENT RIGHT TO THE
ROPESS--DILL IS COMING IN
FOR THE DISPATCHER -----

BIG SHOT COMICS



RAJA

THE ARABIAN KNIGHT!

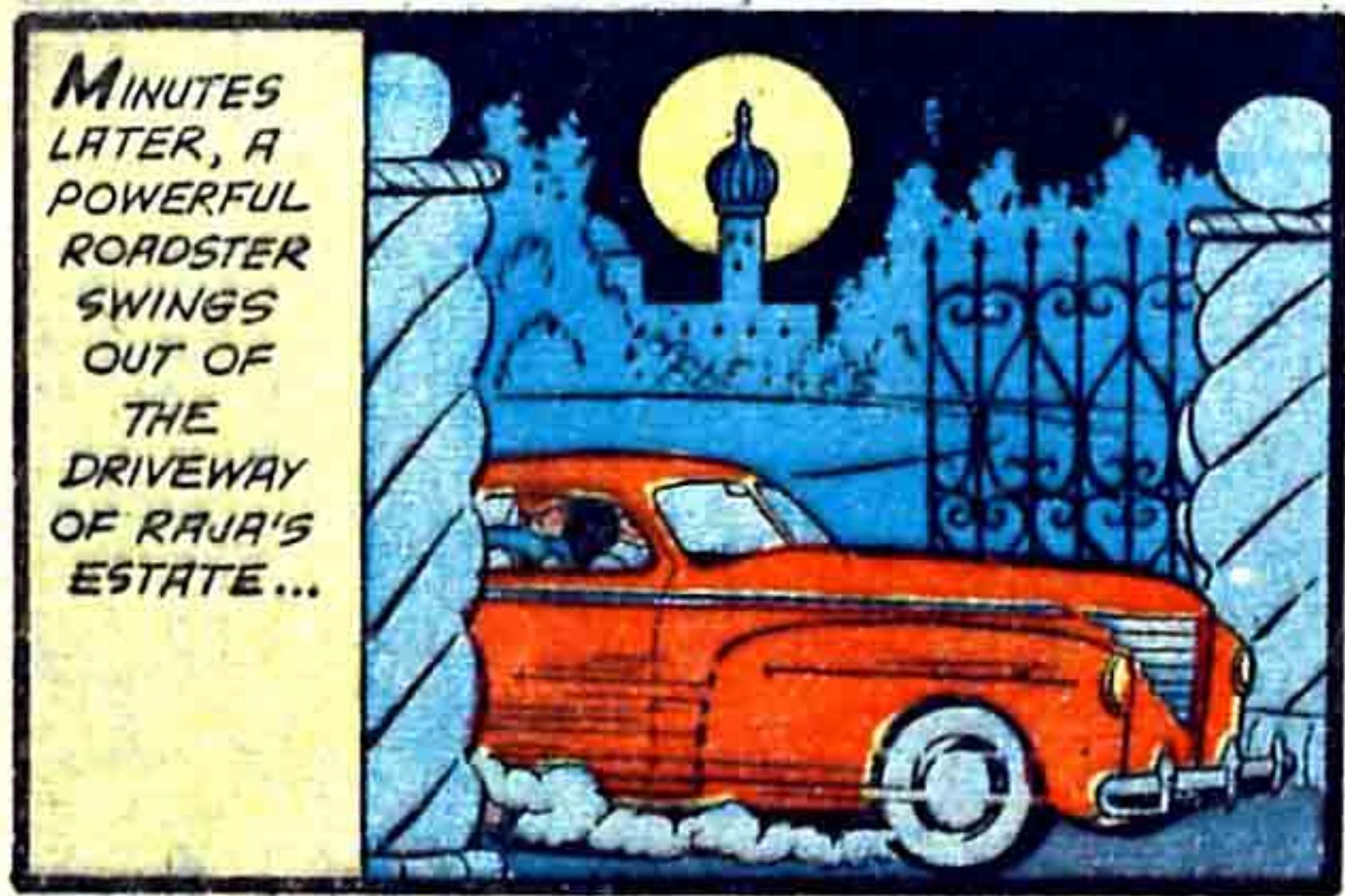


NIMBLE AS A CIRCUS ACROBAT... SHARP AS AN UNSHEATHED SCIMITAR... SUCH IS RAJA,
THE ARABIAN KNIGHT.... PRINCE, SCHOLAR, ADVENTURER, A FEARLESS FOE OF EVIL.

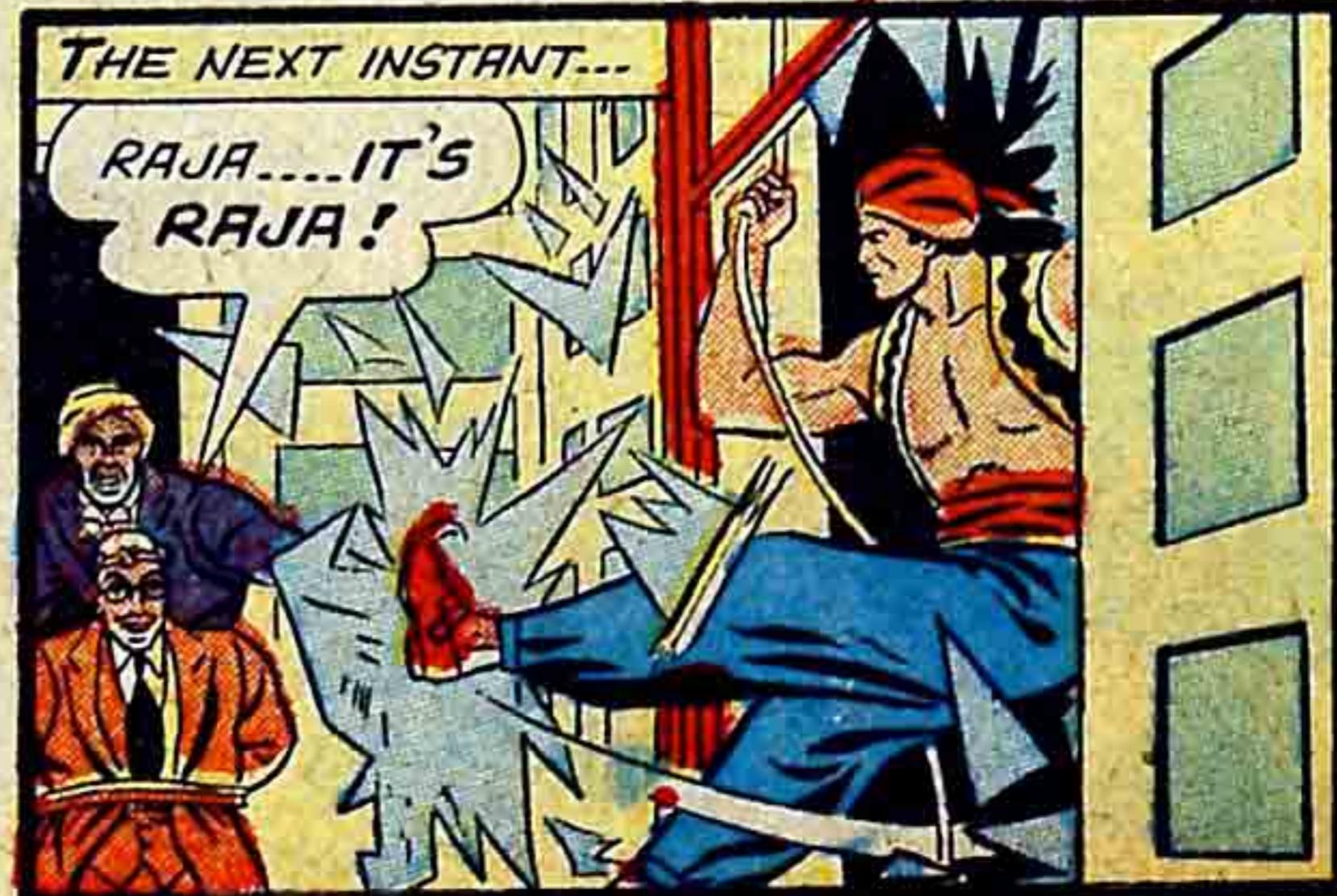
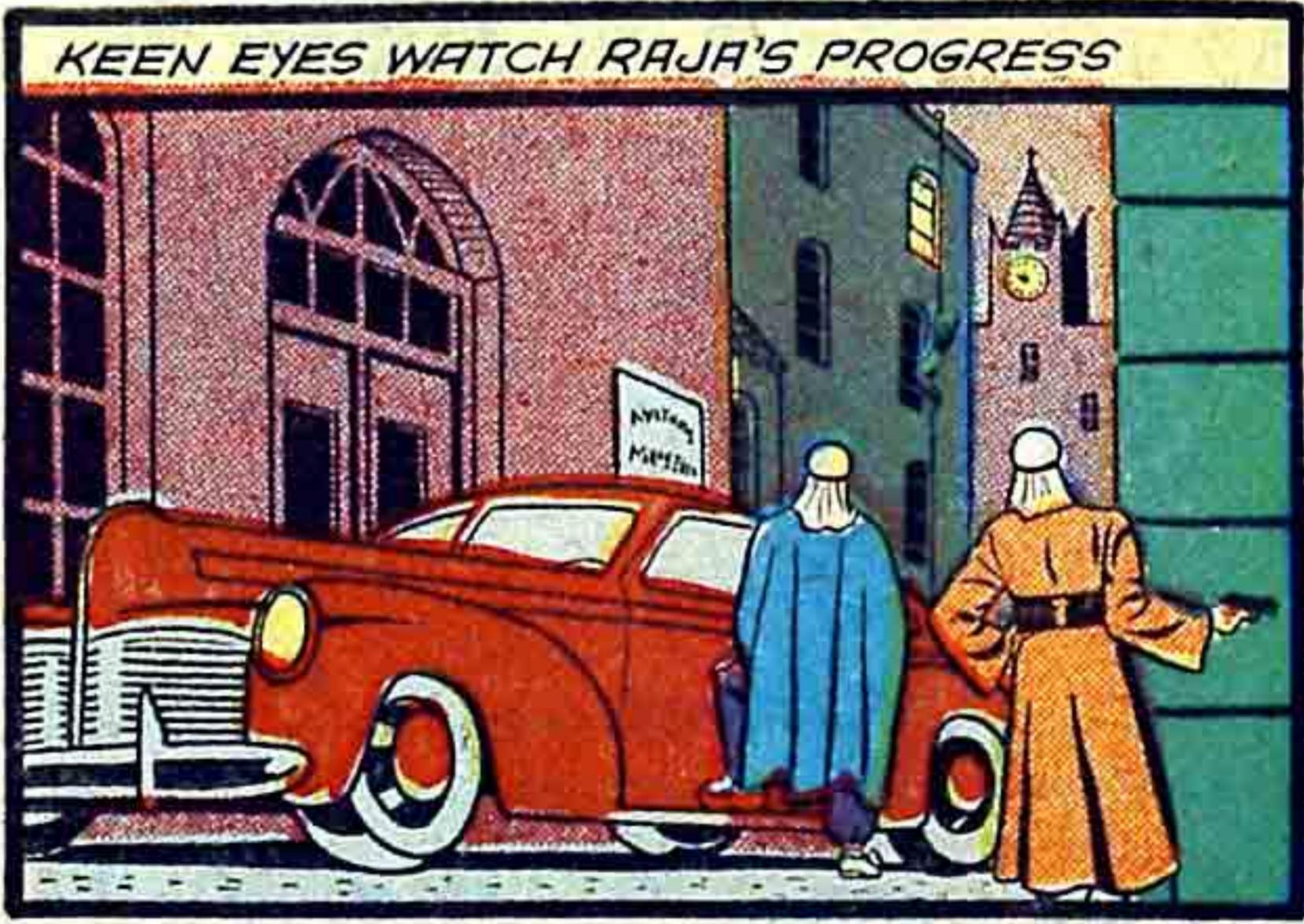
EVIL
EYES
PEER
THROUGH
THE
COTTAGE
WINDOWS
OF
DOCTOR
HERWOOD,
HEAD
OF THE
NATIONAL
MUSEUM.
3



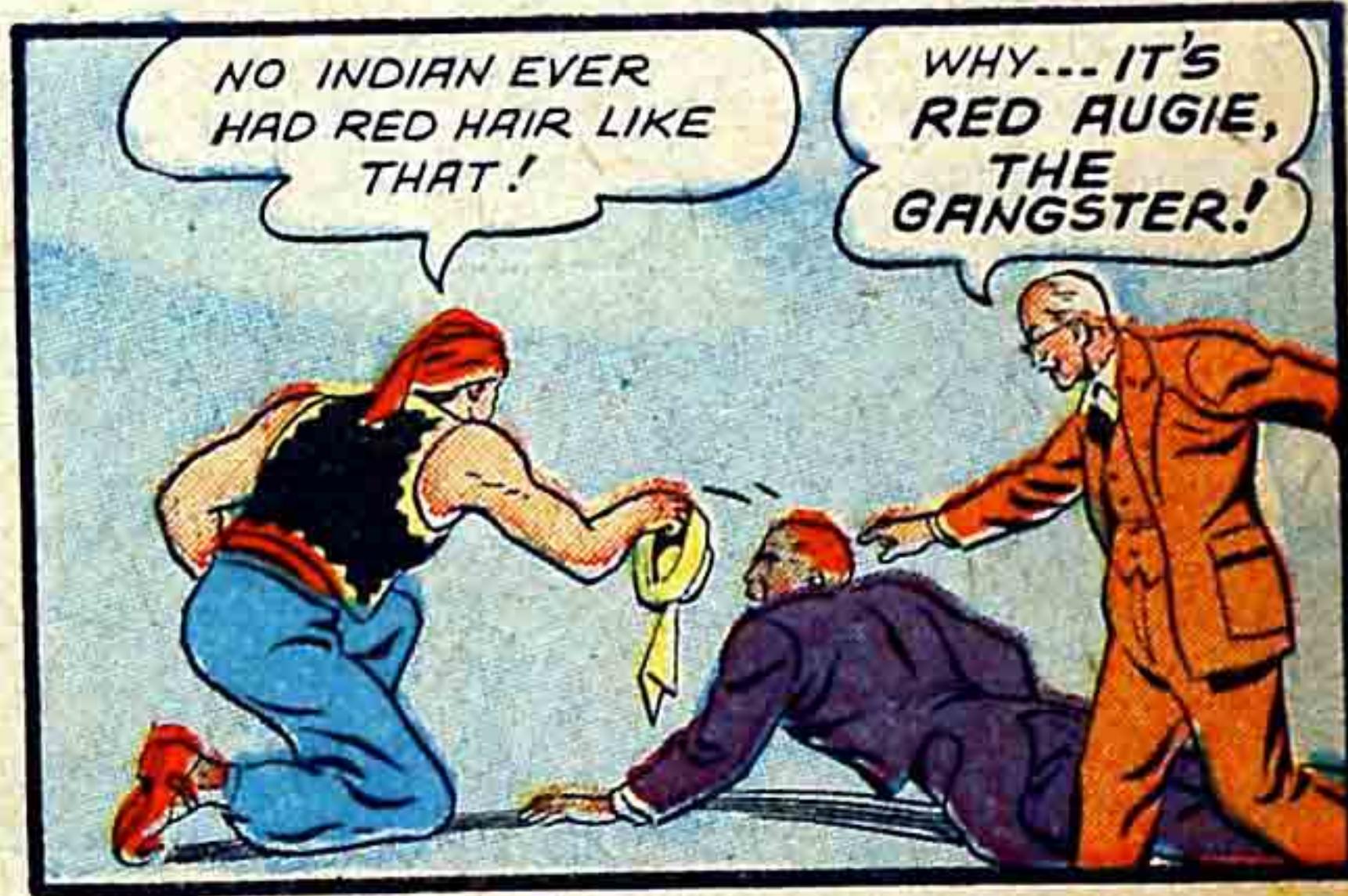
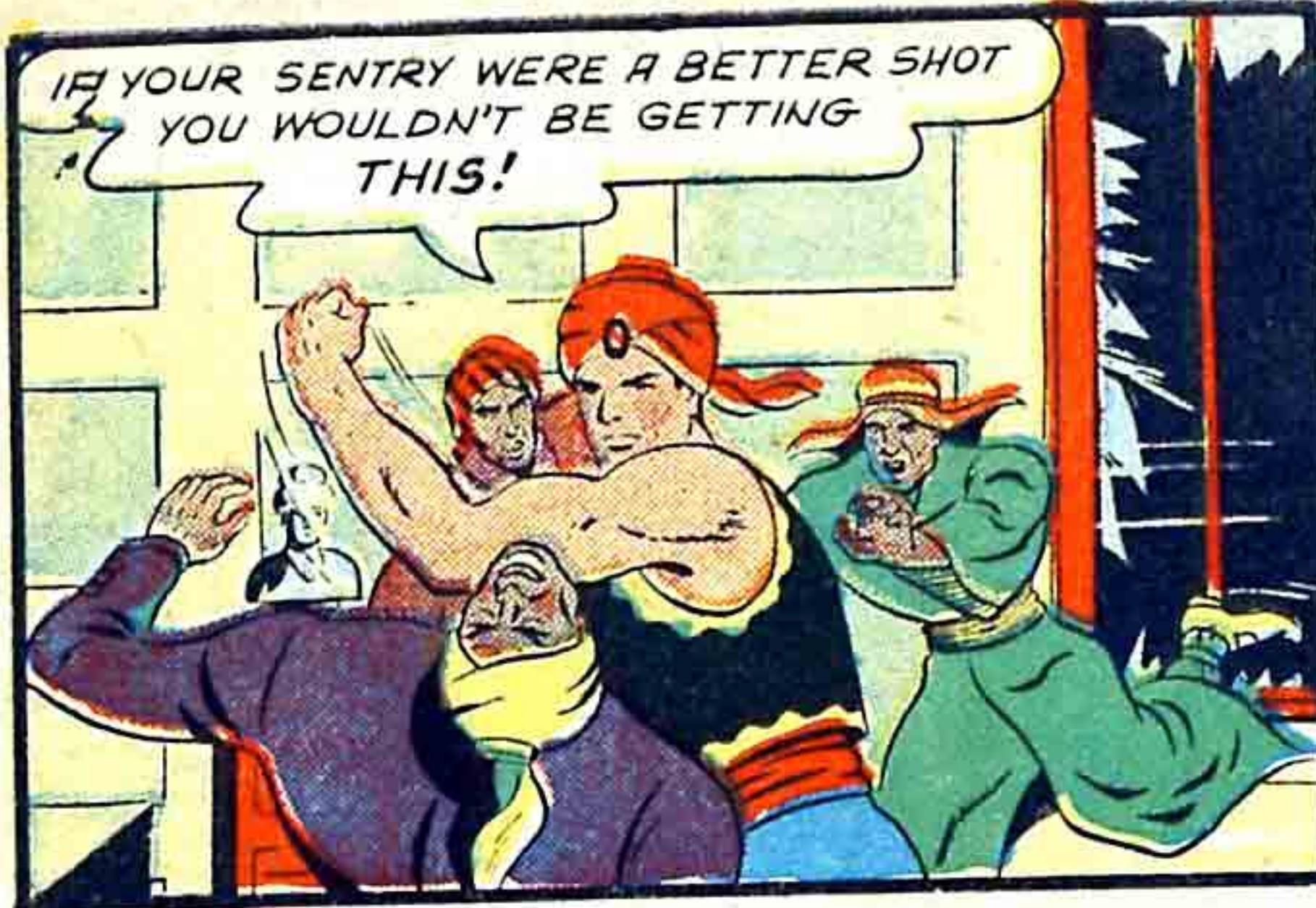
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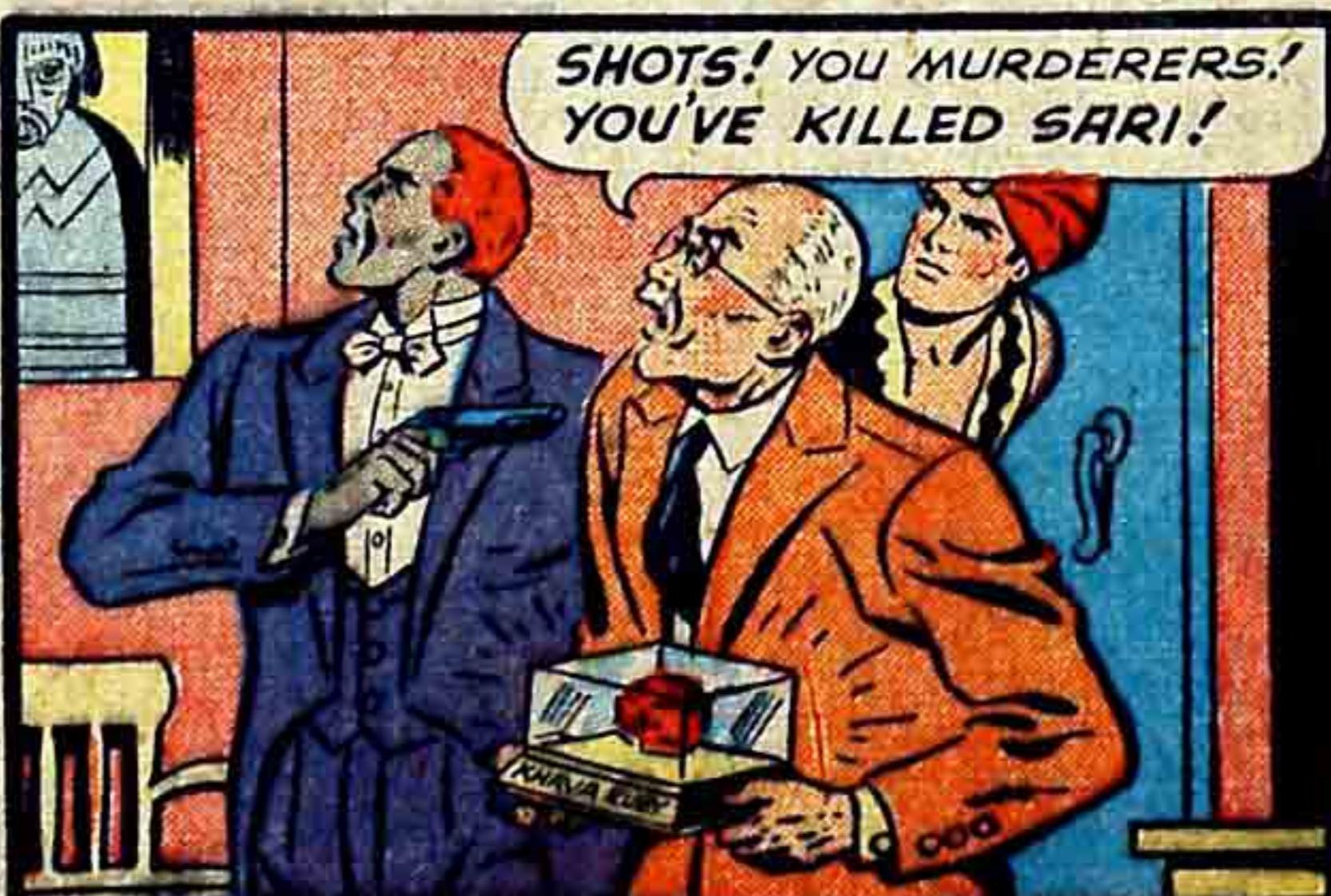
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



STAY BACK IF YOU DON'T WANT A BULLET BETWEEN THE EYES! NOW, DOCTOR HERWOOD, DO WE GET THE RUBY?



BIG SHOT COMICS

RAJA ACTS SWIFTLY! BEFORE THE THUGS CAN INTERFERE, THE ARABIAN KNIGHT SHOVES DR. HERWOOD BACK INTO THE VAULT AND SHUTS THE DOOR.

SORRY, DOCTOR, BUT YOU'LL BE SAFER IN THERE!

NOW... DO YOU BOYS STAY AND FIGHT... OR RUN AWAY WHILE YOU'RE STILL ABLE TO RUN?

WE'LL STAY, TOUGH GUY!

COUNT ME IN ON THIS!

PUNCHY!

TRY TO SHOOT MY PAL IN THE BACK, WILL YOU?

OW!

BLESS YOU, CHUM!

AW... HERE COME THE COPS. NOW WE GOTTA QUIT FIGHTING!

I NEVER WAS SO GLAD TO SEE A COP IN MY LIFE... WHEW!

WHY THE MASQUERADE, TALKIN'?

I AIN'T TALKIN'!

RUGIE AND HIS GANG PLANNED TO STEAL THE KHAVA RUBY... AND BLAME IT ON THE KHAVA DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS!

MY FATHER... IS HE SAFE? WHERE IS HE?

EASY, SARI. DOCTOR HERWOOD IS ALL RIGHT! I SHUT HIM IN THE VAULT SO HE WOULDN'T STOP ANY BULLETS!

---IN THE VAULT?

YES, HE'S SAFE WITH THE KHAVA RUBY. WE'LL HAVE HIM OUT AS SOON AS WE CONTACT ONE OF THE MUSEUM DIRECTORS.

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF NOBODY BUT DR. HERWOOD KNOWS THE COMBINATION?

THE END.

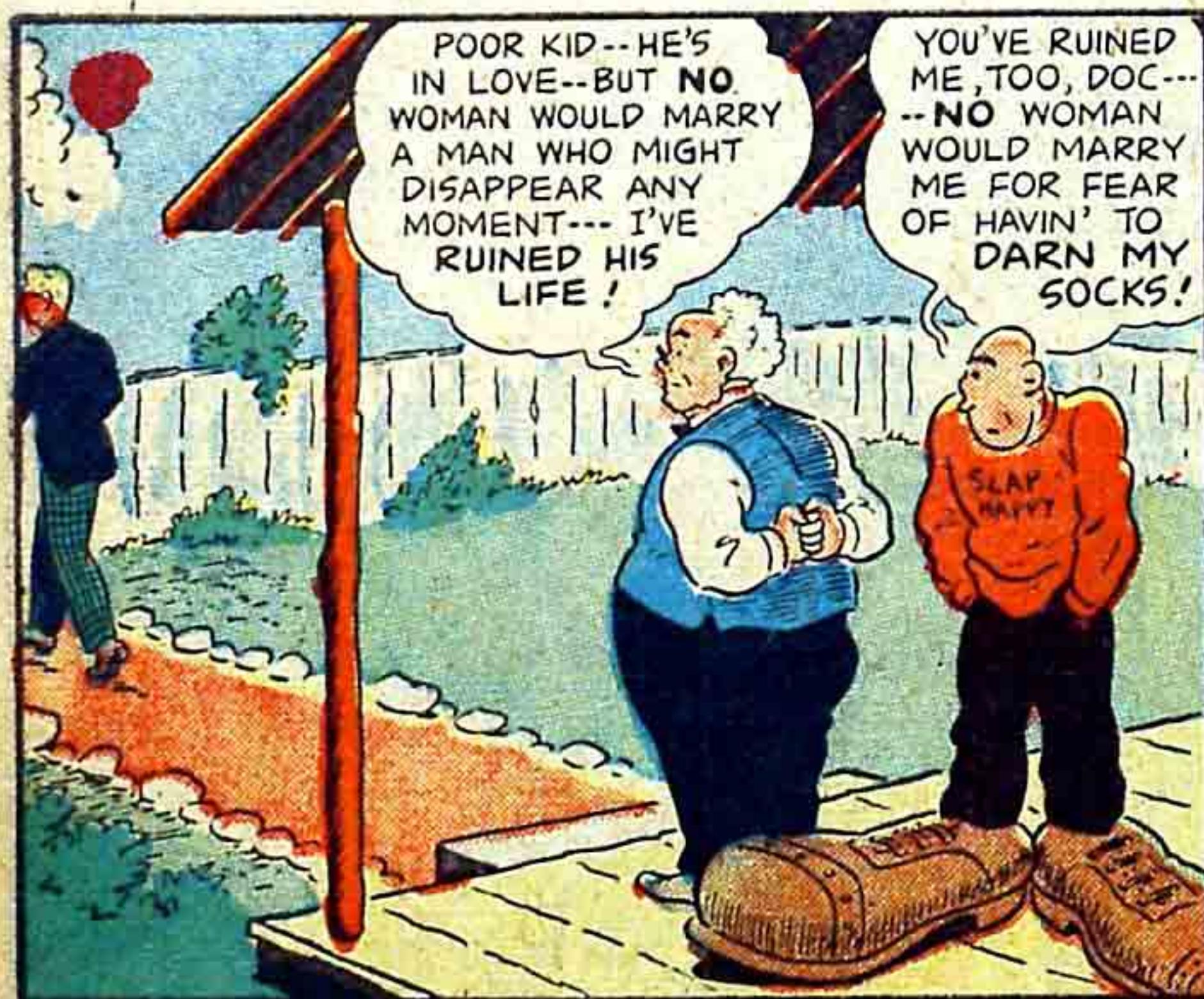
SPARKY WATTS

by BOODY
ROGERS

ABSOLUTELY THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN

WELL, SPARKY,
NOW THAT YOU
HAVE A FRESH
CHARGE OF
COSMIC ENERGY
WHAT'RE YOUR
PLANS?

I'LL GO BACK TO
BROOKVILLE AND
PLAY BASEBALL,
DOC--AND I'LL BE
NEAR HEDY--GEE,
SHE'S A SWELL
GIRL!



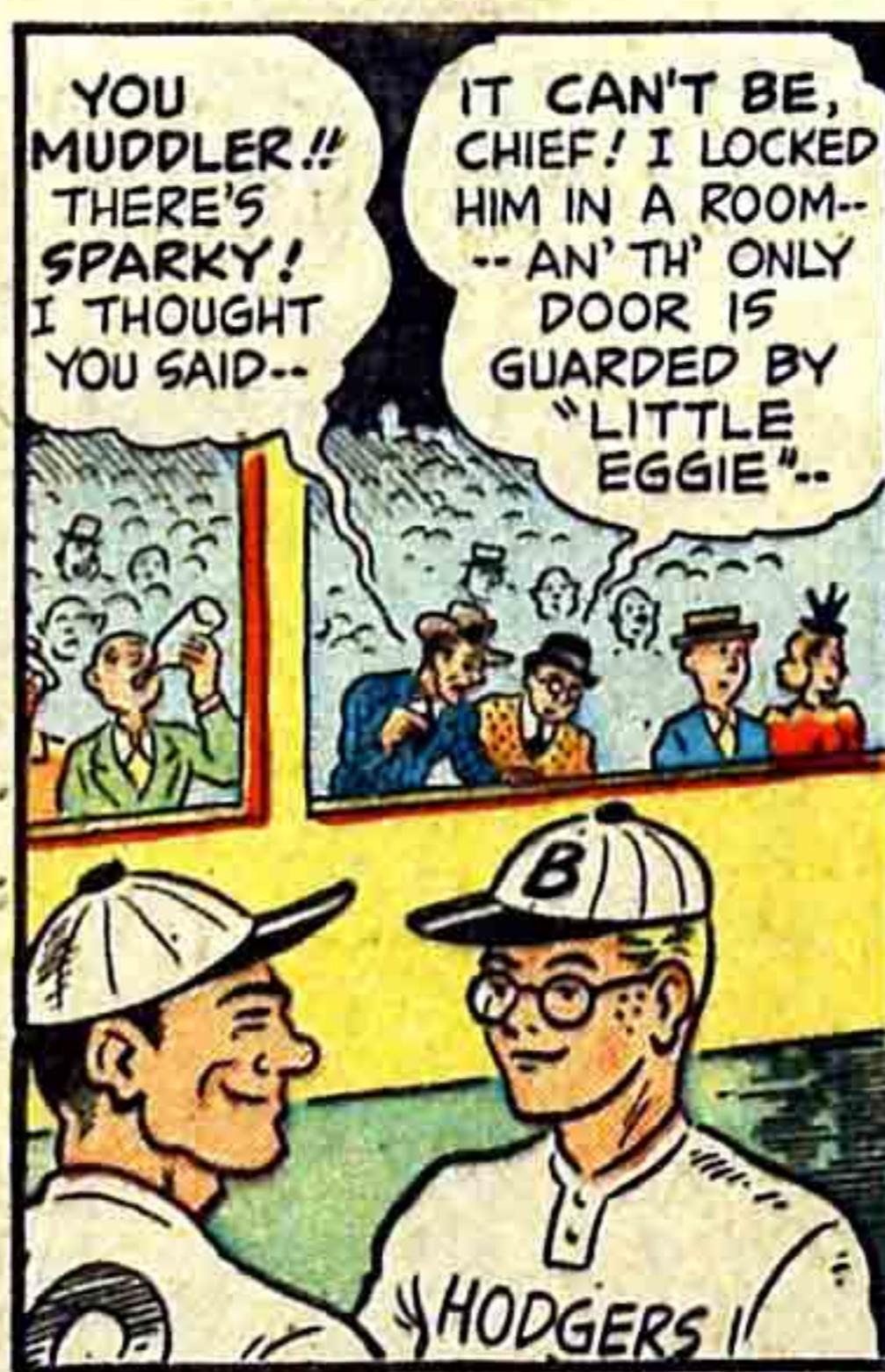
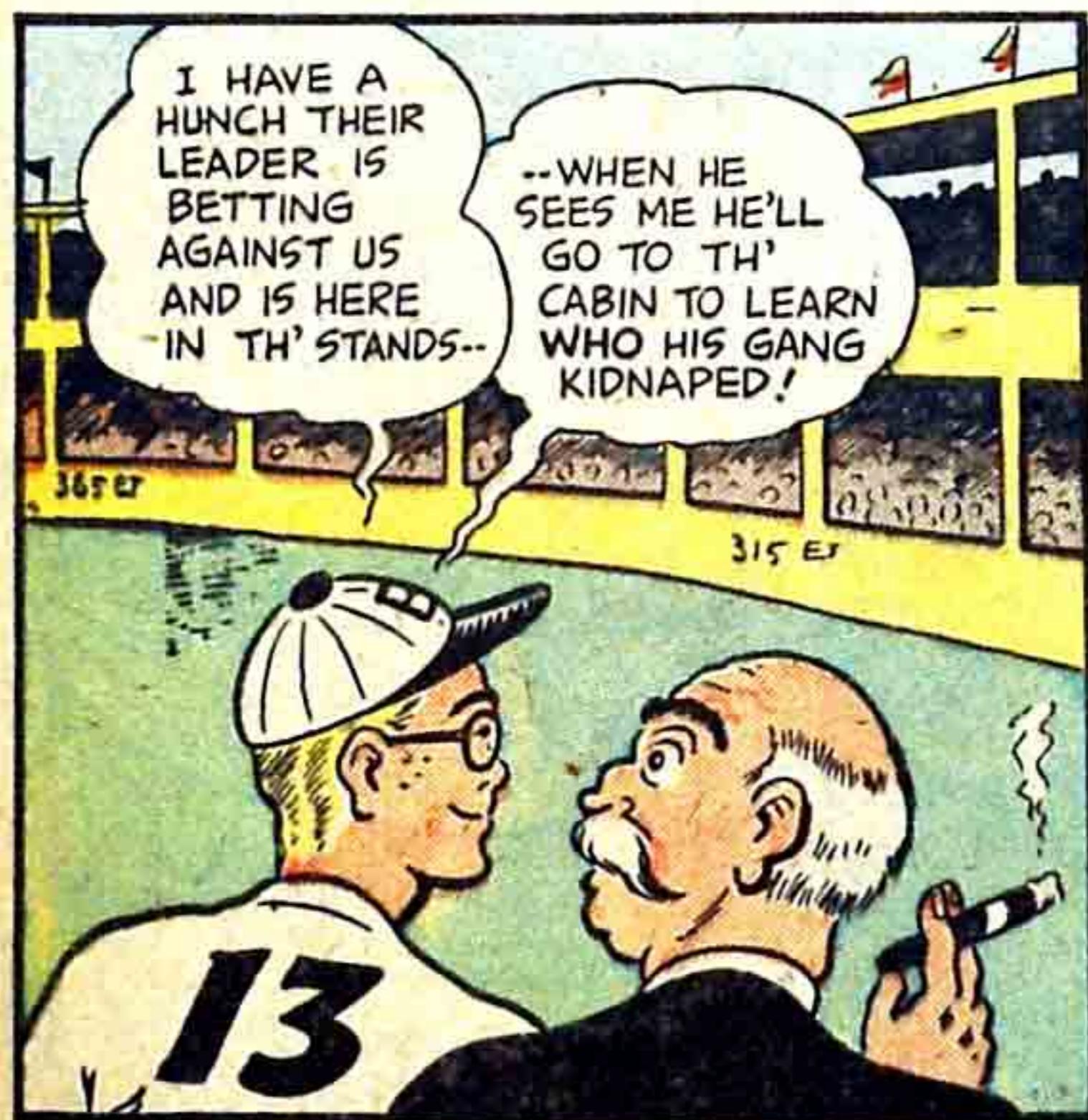
BIG SHOT COMICS



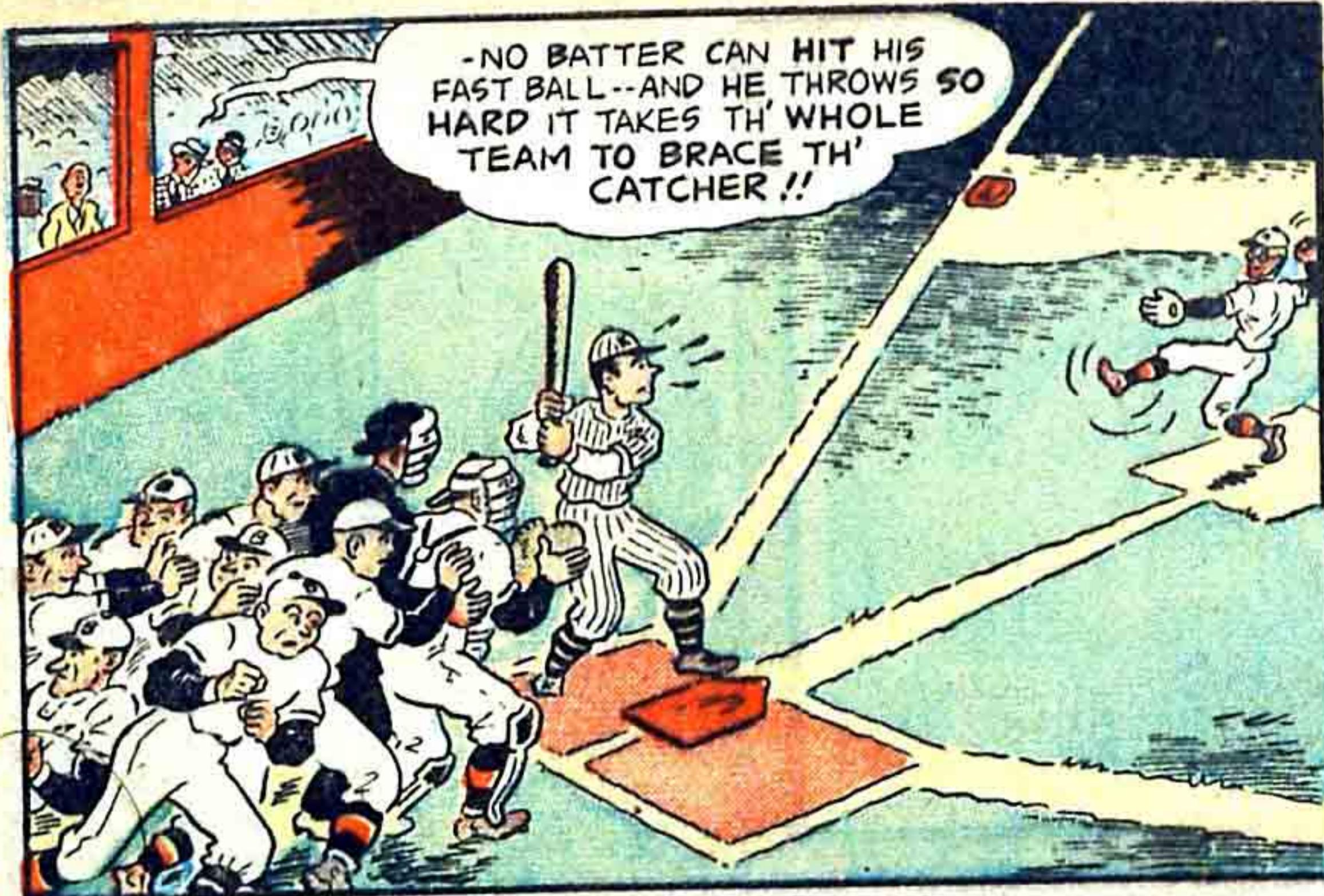
DOC STATIC PROMISED TO CHARGE ME WITH THE COSMIC RAYS, ALSO, WHEN HE LEARNS TO CONTROL THEM BETTER--



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



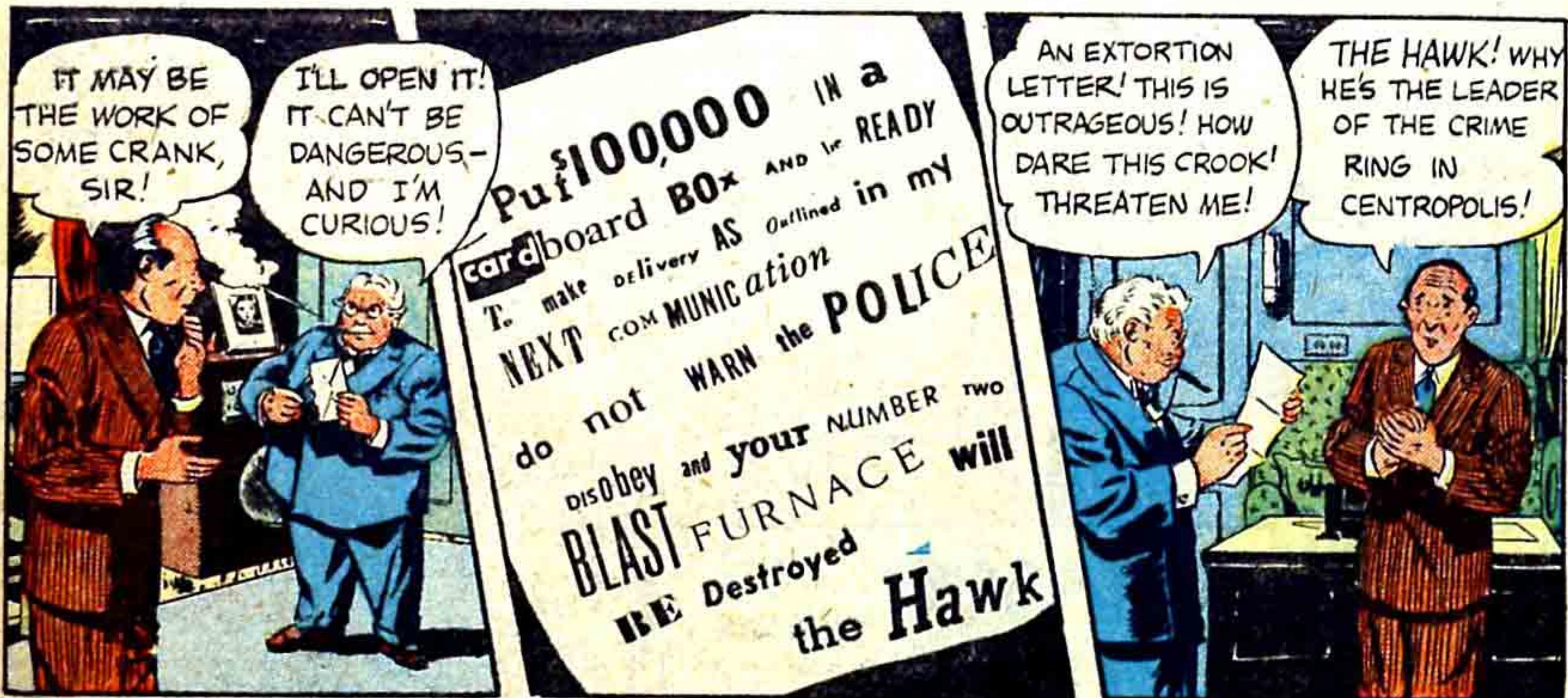
BIG SHOT COMICS

Charlie CHAN

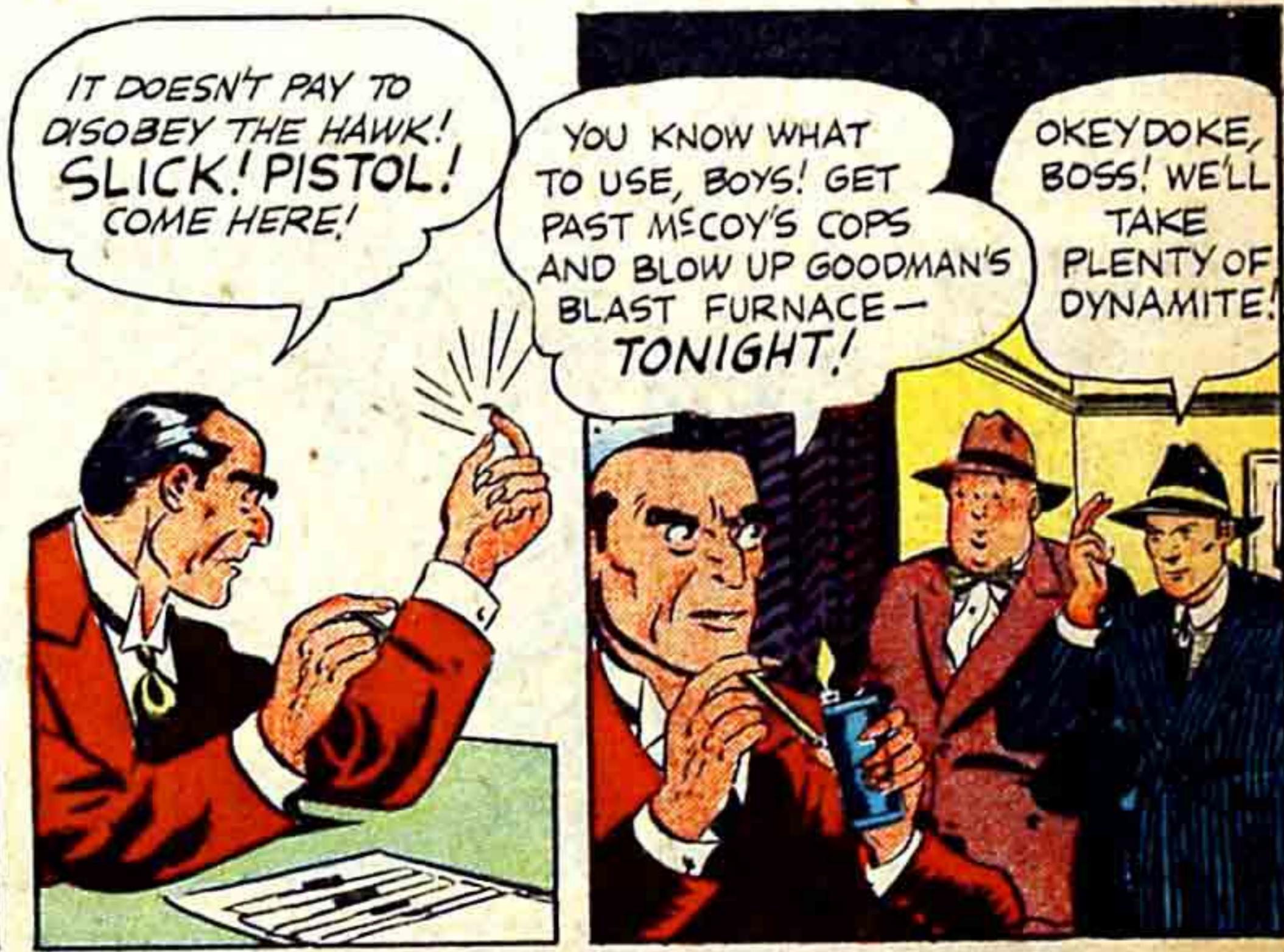
Alfred Andriola

A LETTER
ADDRESSED TO
YOU, SIR? VERY
MYSTERIOUS!

MYSTERIOUS IS RIGHT!
THE ADDRESS IS MADE
UP OF NEWSPAPER
TYPE!



BIG SHOT COMICS



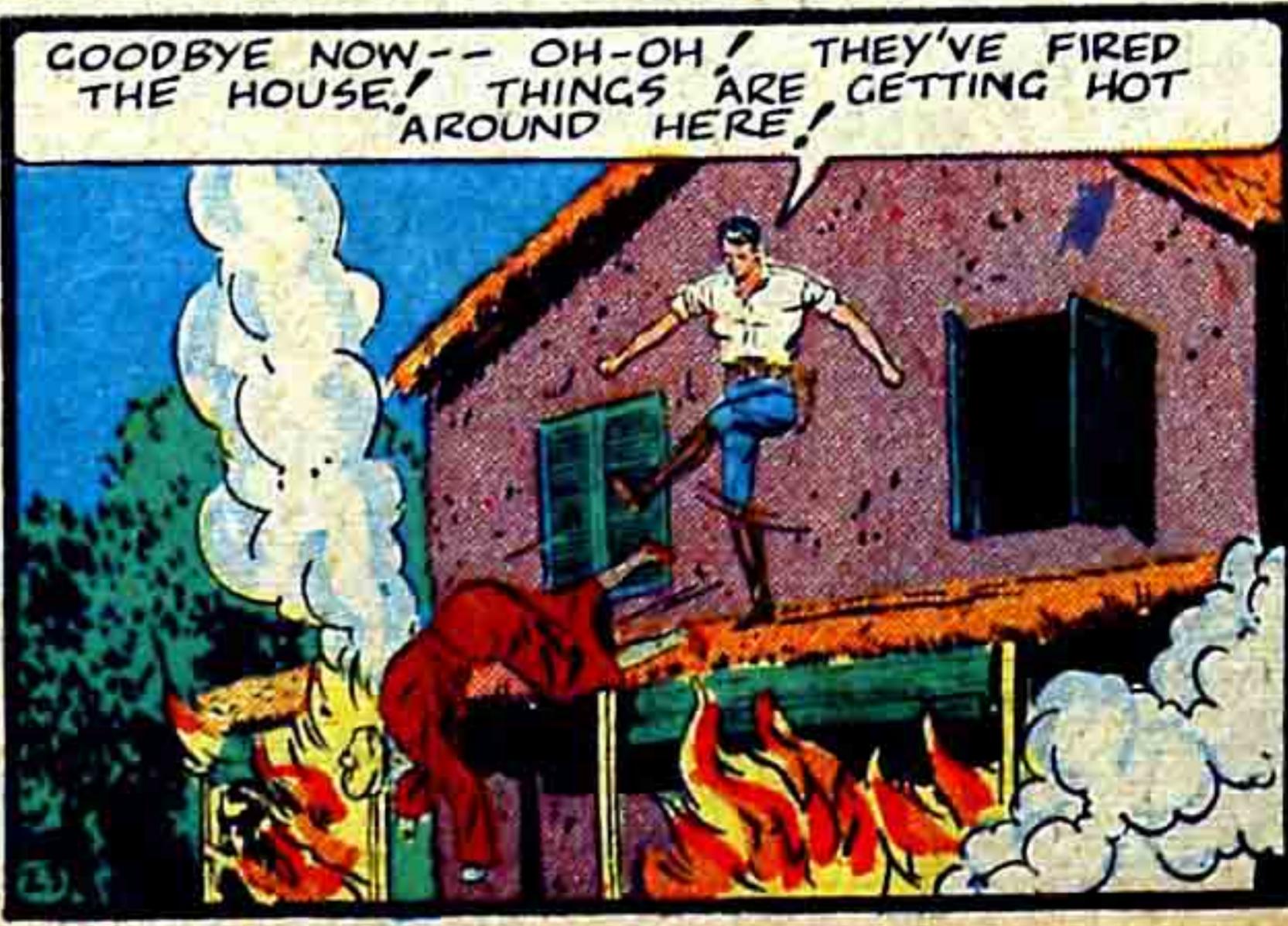
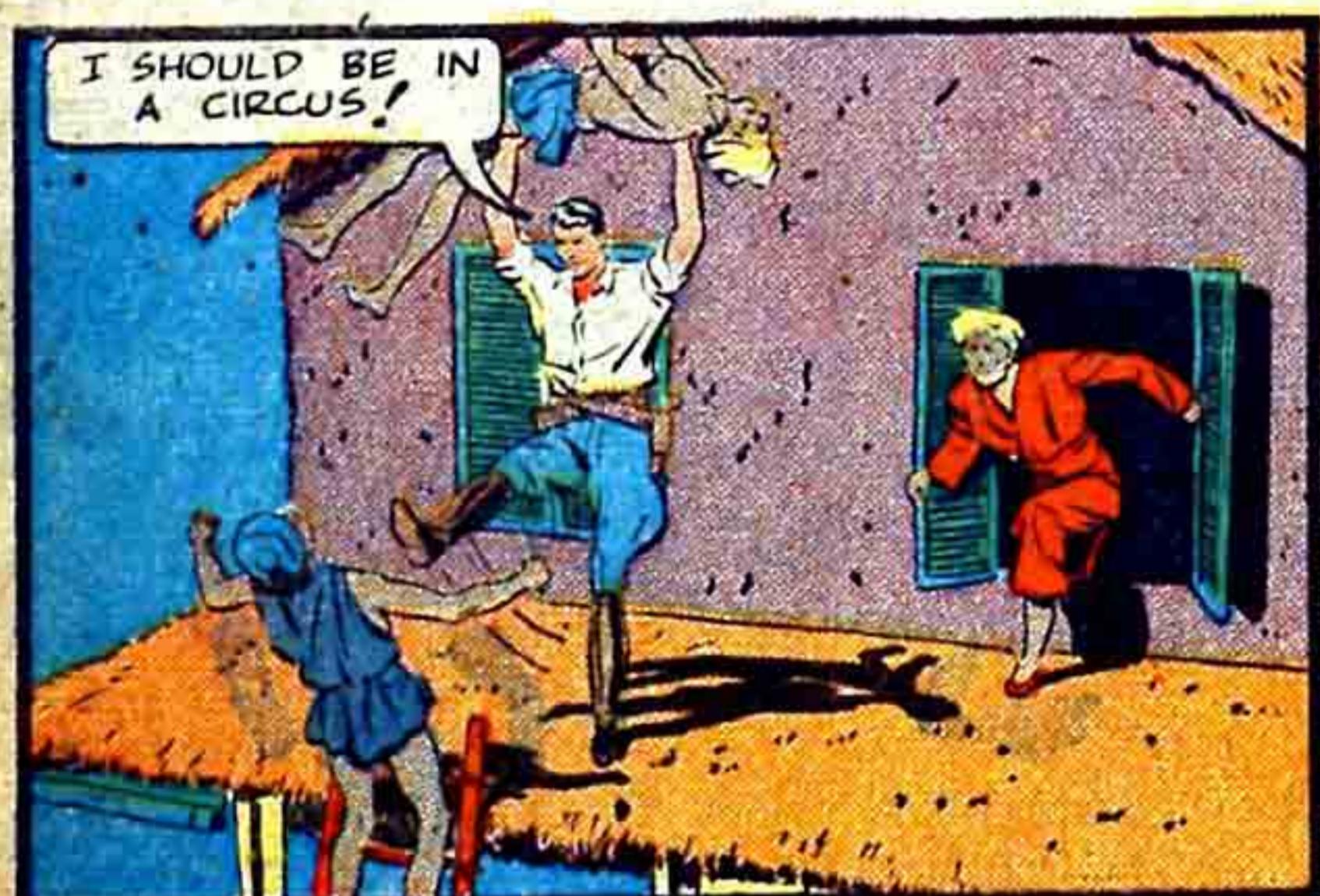
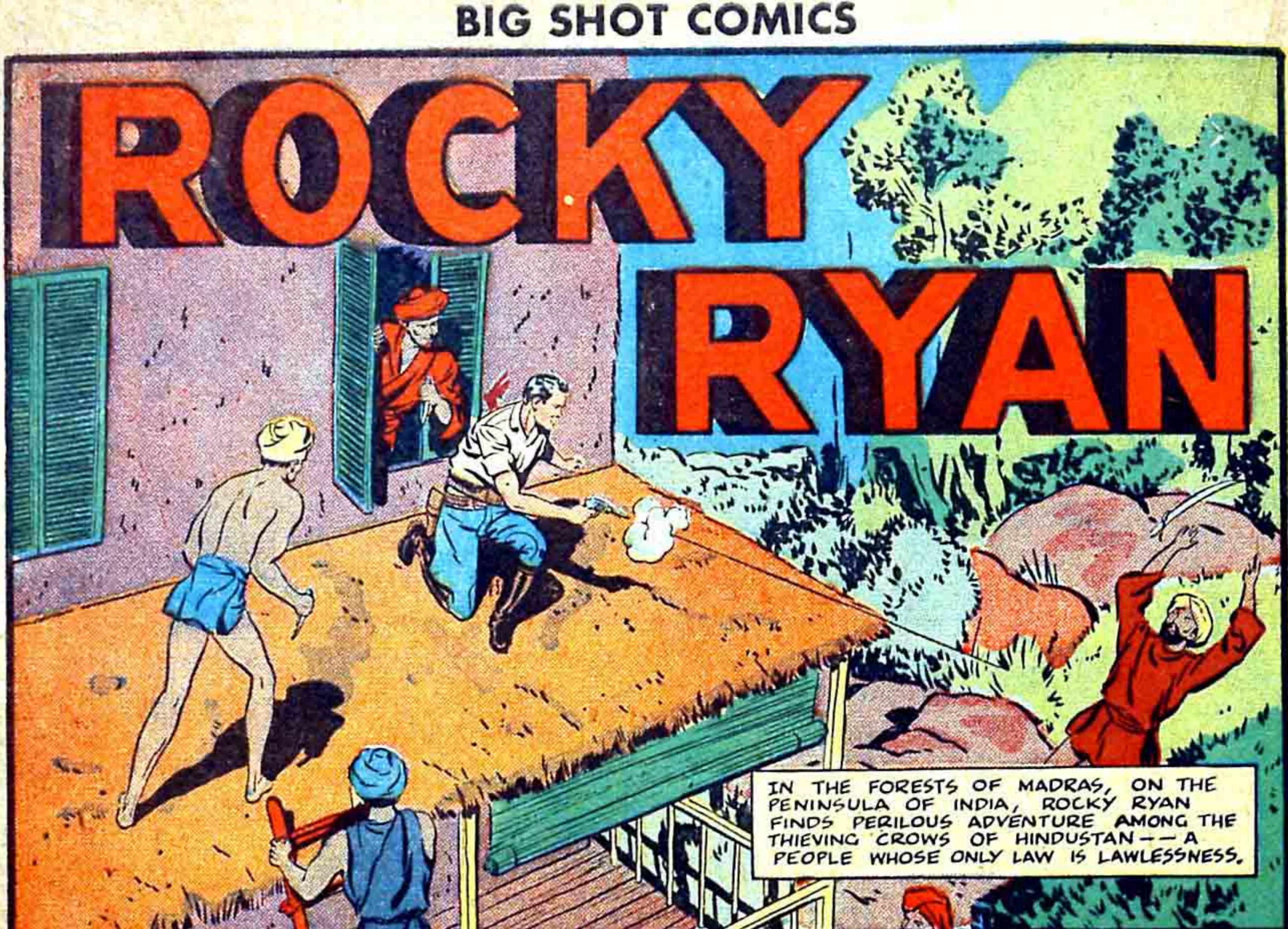
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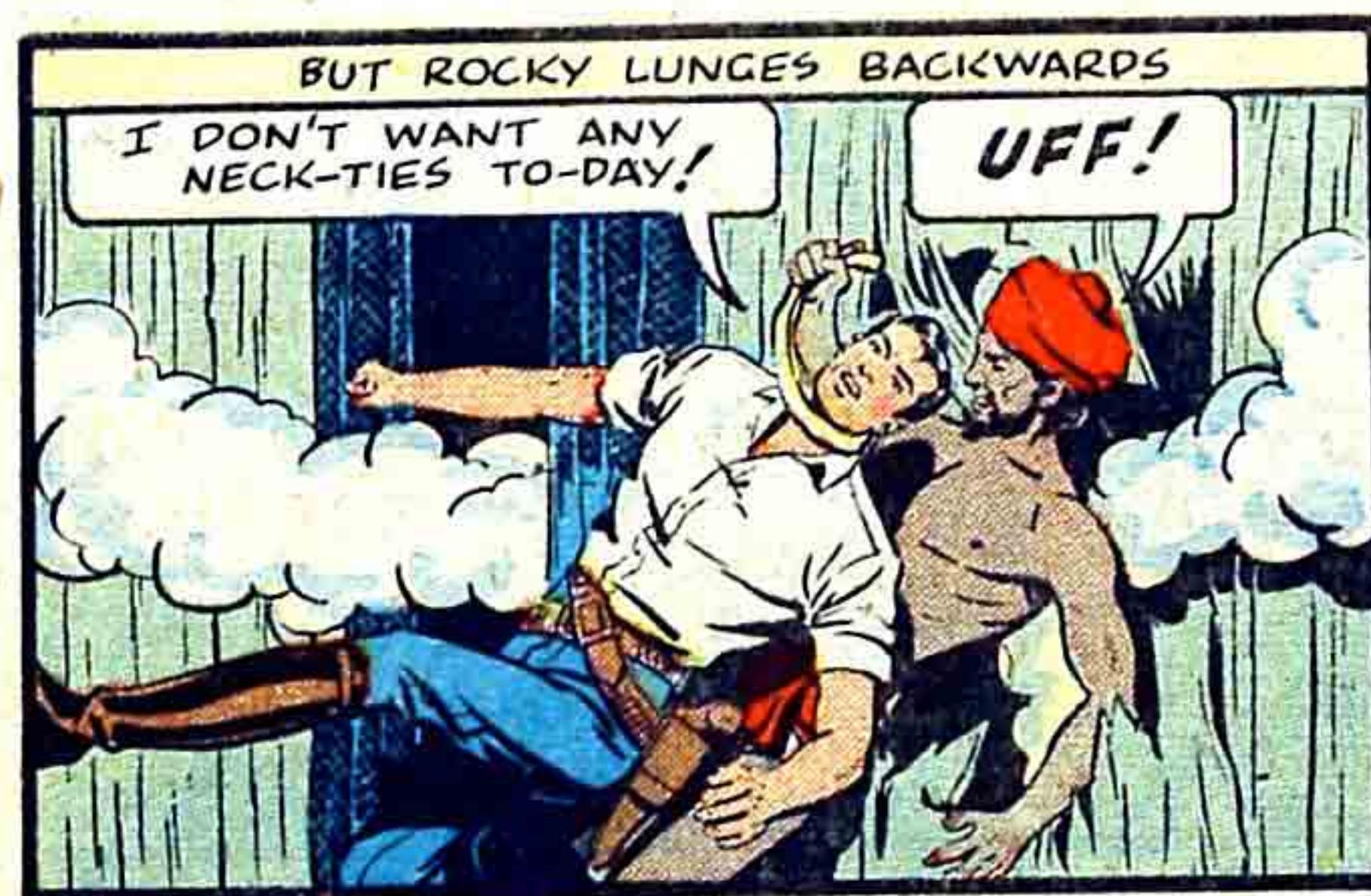
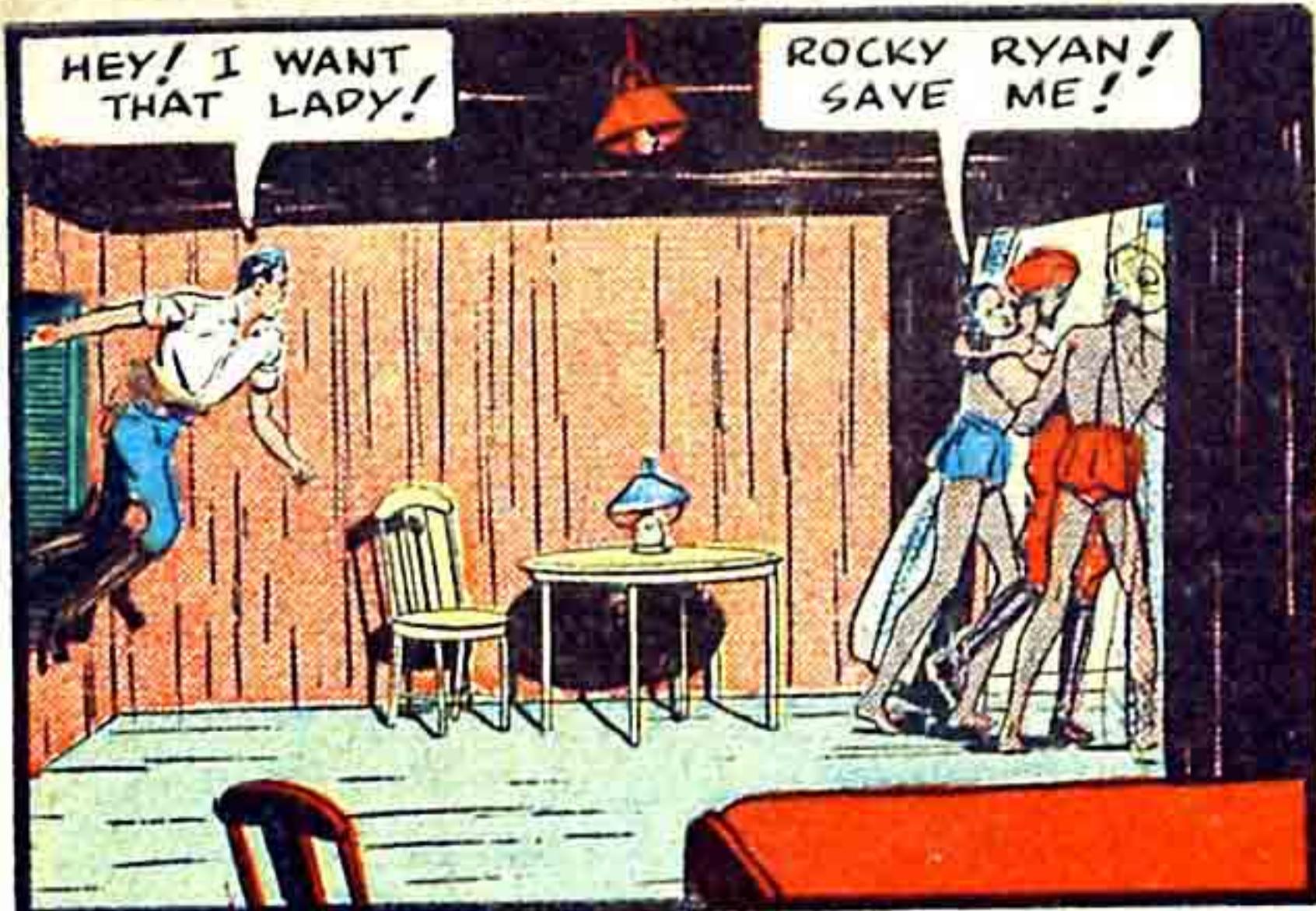
BIG SHOT COMICS



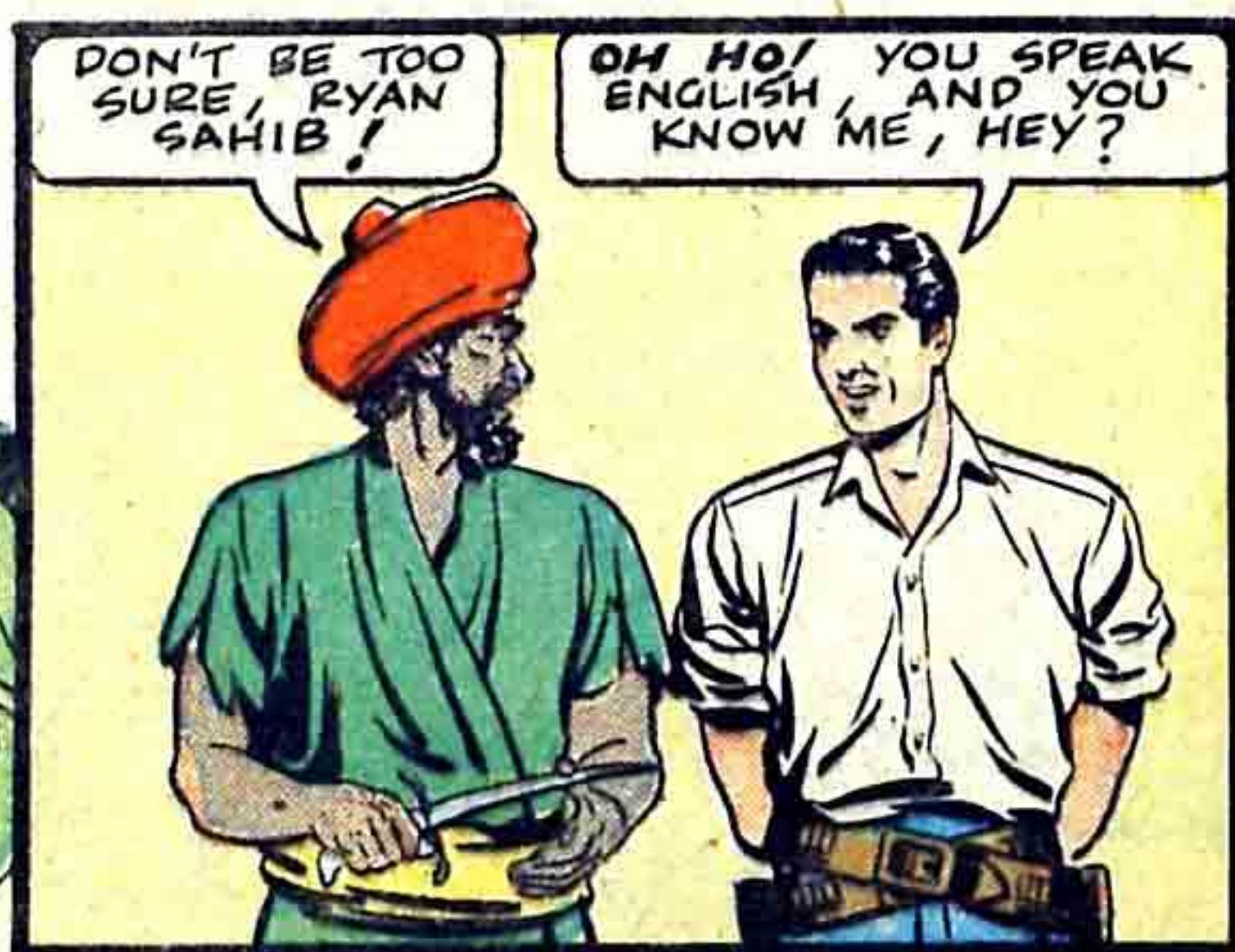
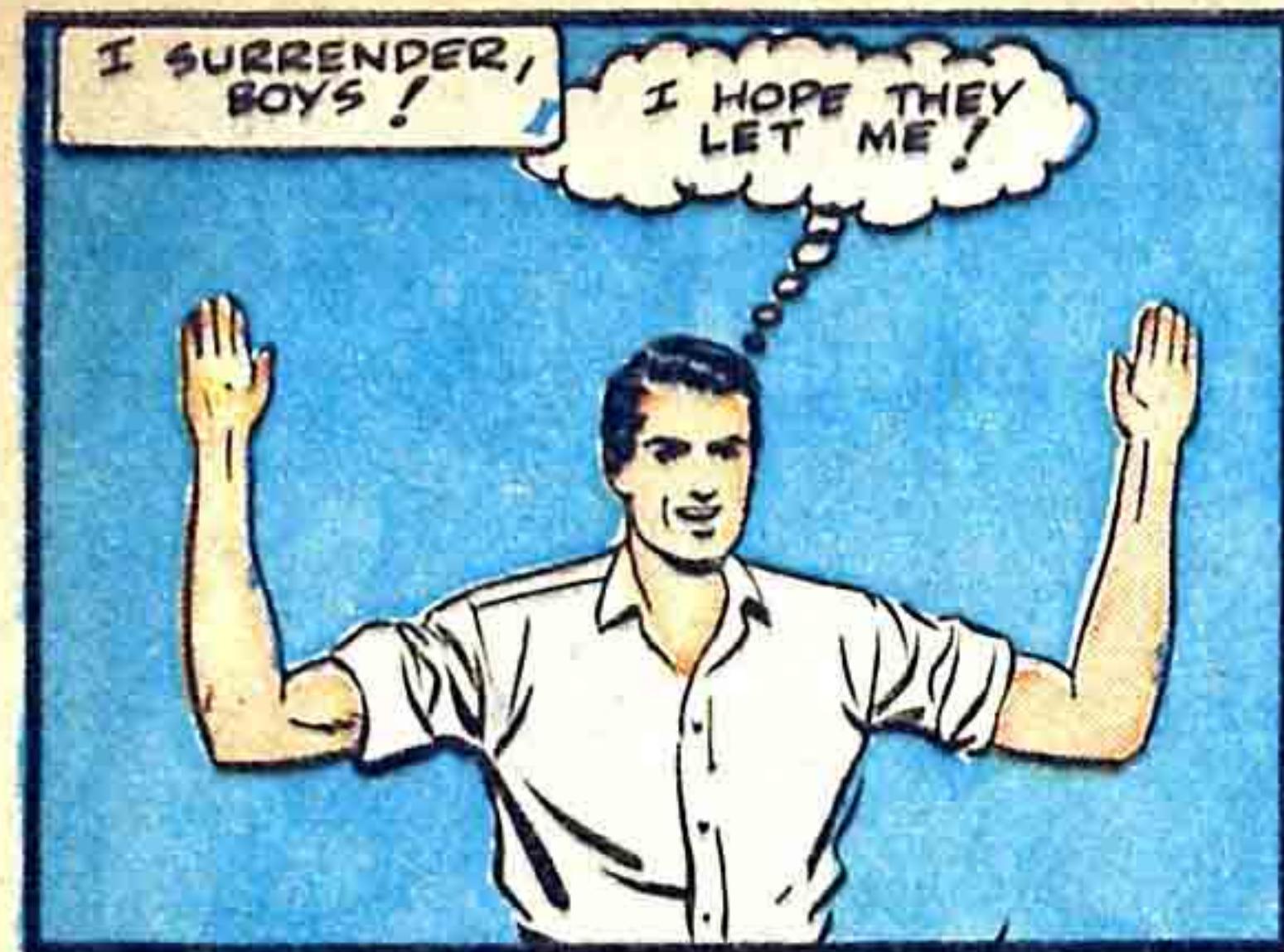
ROCKY RYAN



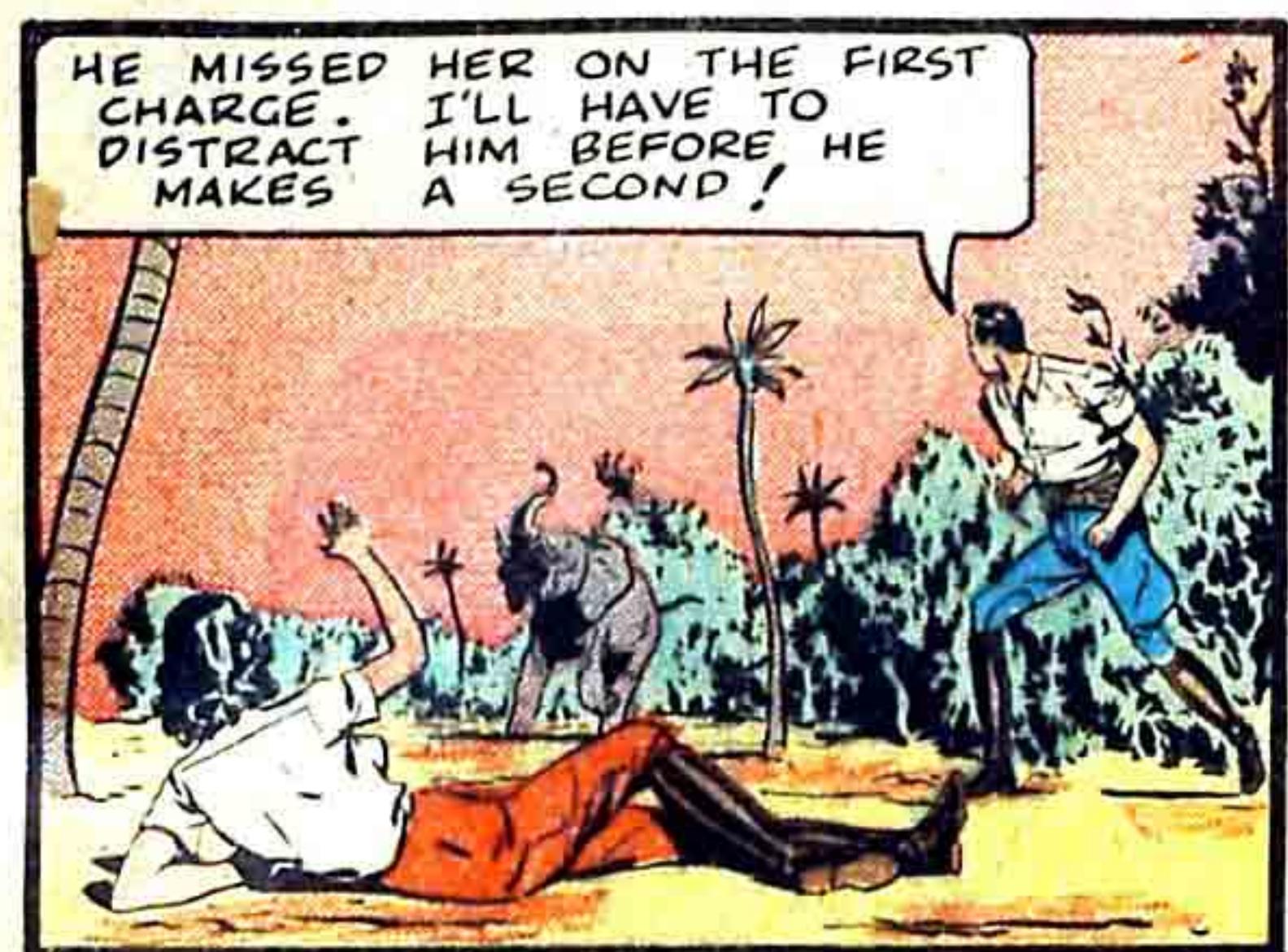
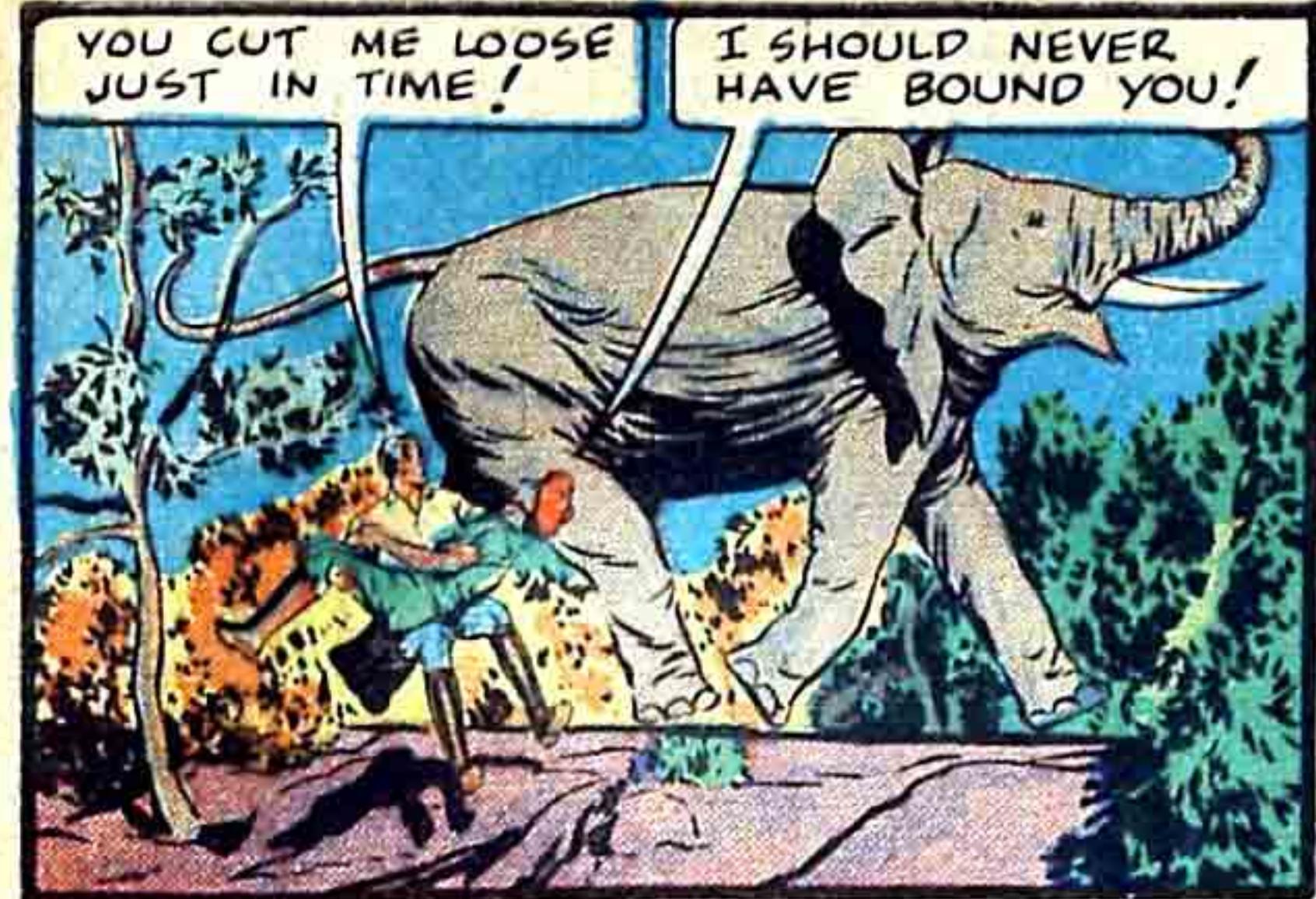
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

FOR A MOMENT THE GREAT BEAST TRUMPETS DEFIANCE, AND THEN . . .

THE TORCHES SCARED HIM OFF—LUCKY FOR ME!



MY THANKS TO YOU!

AND MINE TO YOU RYAN SAHIB. THAT WAS MY SON, ANGADI BEG-- YOU SAVED FROM TIGER AND ELEPHANT!



LATER IN THE VILLAGE OF THE CRIMS—

SHE SNEAKED OFF THE TRAIN AT CUDDAPAH, HIRED A HORSE, AND WHEN I FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HER IN THE DESERTED VILLAGE SHE WAS IN TROUBLE!

TELL HIM WHY MY SON!



WORD FROM THE NORTH CAME -- THE ENGLISH MISS HAD STOLEN THE RUBY EYE FROM A STATUE OF SIVA IN A HILL TEMPLE. WE THOUGHT TO ROB IT FROM HER. THEN CAME RYAN SAHIB!



YOU LITTLE DEVIL! GIVE ME THAT RUBY!

I ONLY TOOK IT FOR A SOUVENIR!



AS GLORIA HANDS THE RUBY TO ROCKY THE OLD 'CHIEF MAKES A SIGNAL!

SOME SOUVEN-- WHAT THE HECK?



THAT'S GRATITUDE! I'LL JUST HAVE TO TEAR THIS VILLAGE APART TO TEACH YOU A LESSON! I'LL BEGIN WITH YOU TWO MONKEYS!



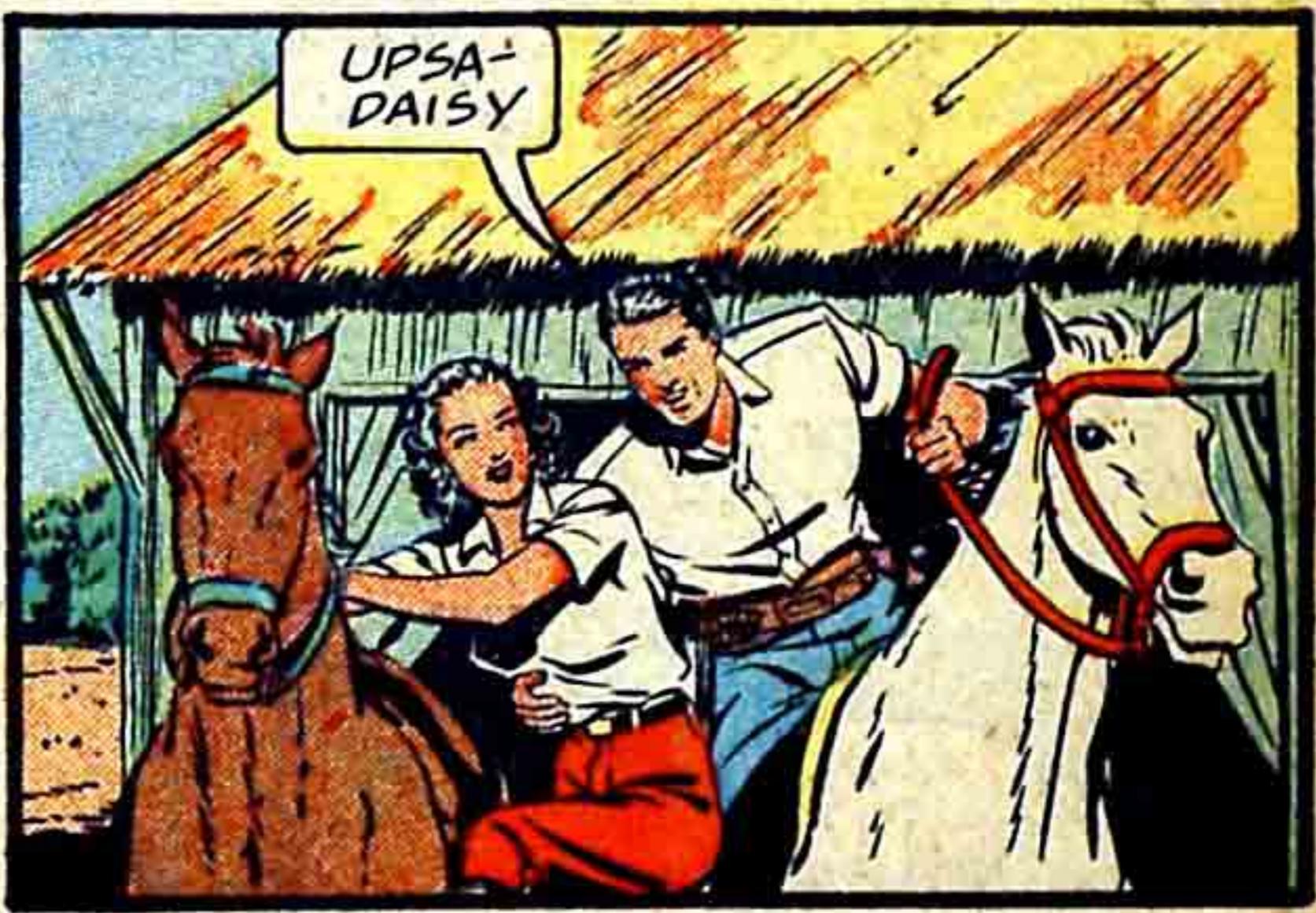
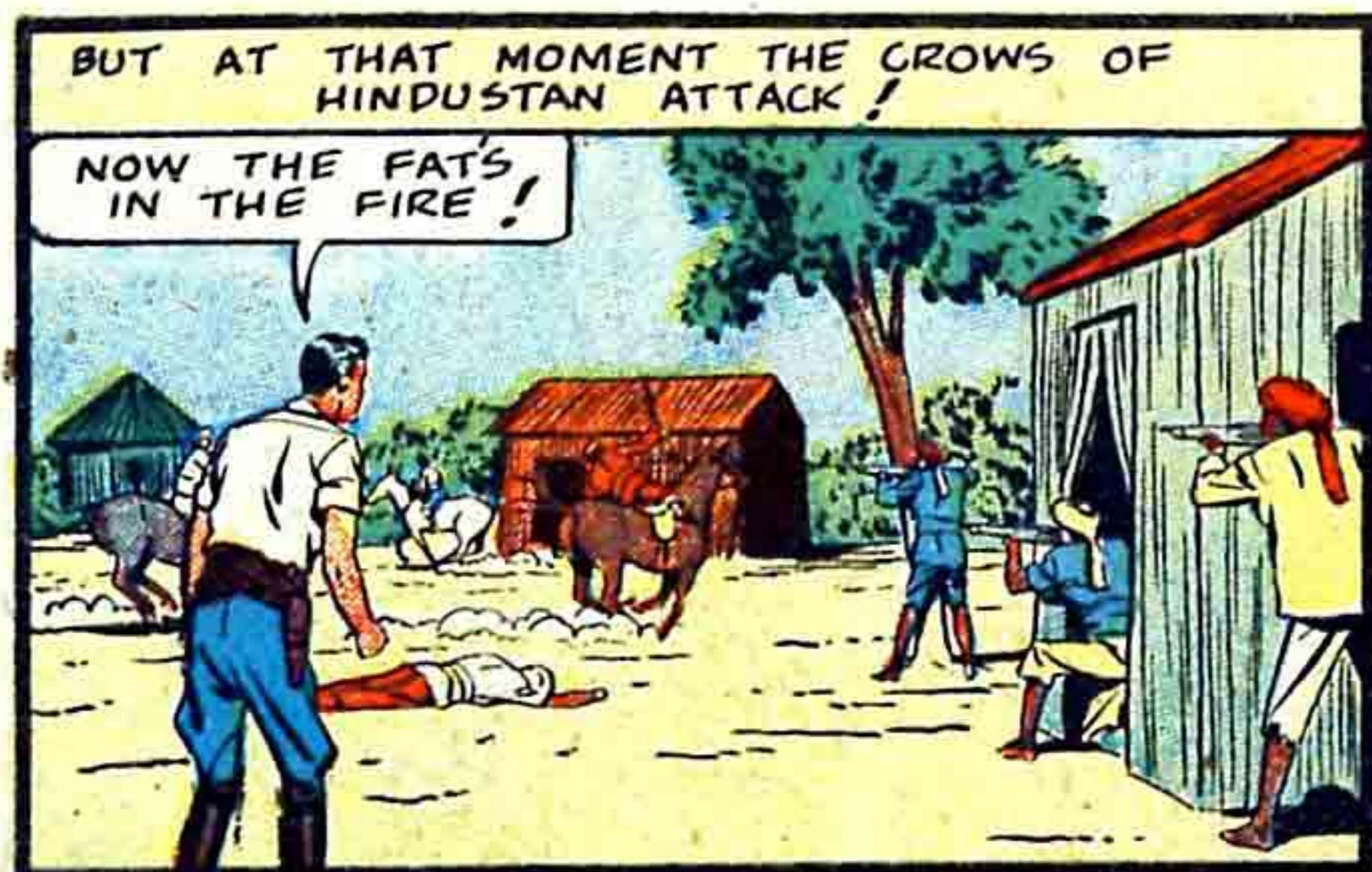
A RAID! MEN FROM THE NORTHERN HILLS!

THEY'RE AFTER THE RUBY, I BET!

WE'LL BE KILLED!



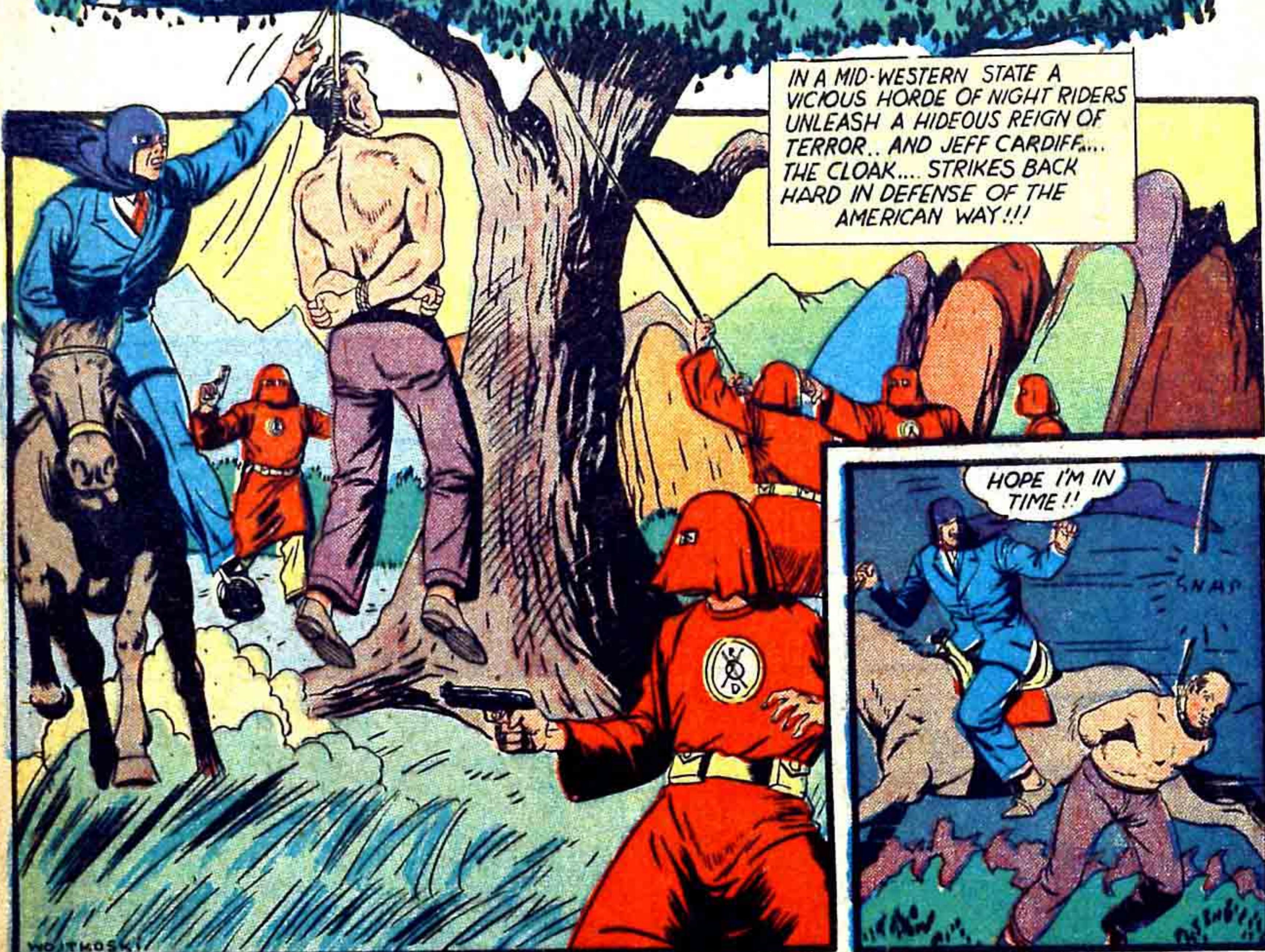
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

SPY-CHIEF
AS THE

CLOAK



BIG SHOT COMICS

BUT A LITHE FURY LEAPS FROM THE DARKNESS....



HOLD ON THERE,
MISTER, YOU'RE
COMING WITH
US!

WOW! LOOK
AT HIM RIDE!!



BLAST 'EM THEY
GOT AWAY!!



LATER IN THE HOME OF GEORGE
McGUIRE....

I HEARD YOUR SPEECH IN THE
TOWN HALL DENOUNCING THE
RIDERS OF DOOM... SO I KEPT MY
EYE ON YOU, MR. McGUIRE!

THANK HEAVEN!
GEORGE, TELL HIM
ABOUT THE
RIDERS.



BOB HILLARY WOULDN'T SELL A PIECE
OF PROPERTY SOMEBODY WANTED....
THE RIDERS CAME...

WE DON'T WANT
YOU AROUND,
HERE, HILLARY!!



HARRY LEGGET DIED OF HIS INJURIES...
WE NEVER FOUND OUT WHY THE
RIDERS OF DOOM WENT FOR HIM...

BANG
BANG

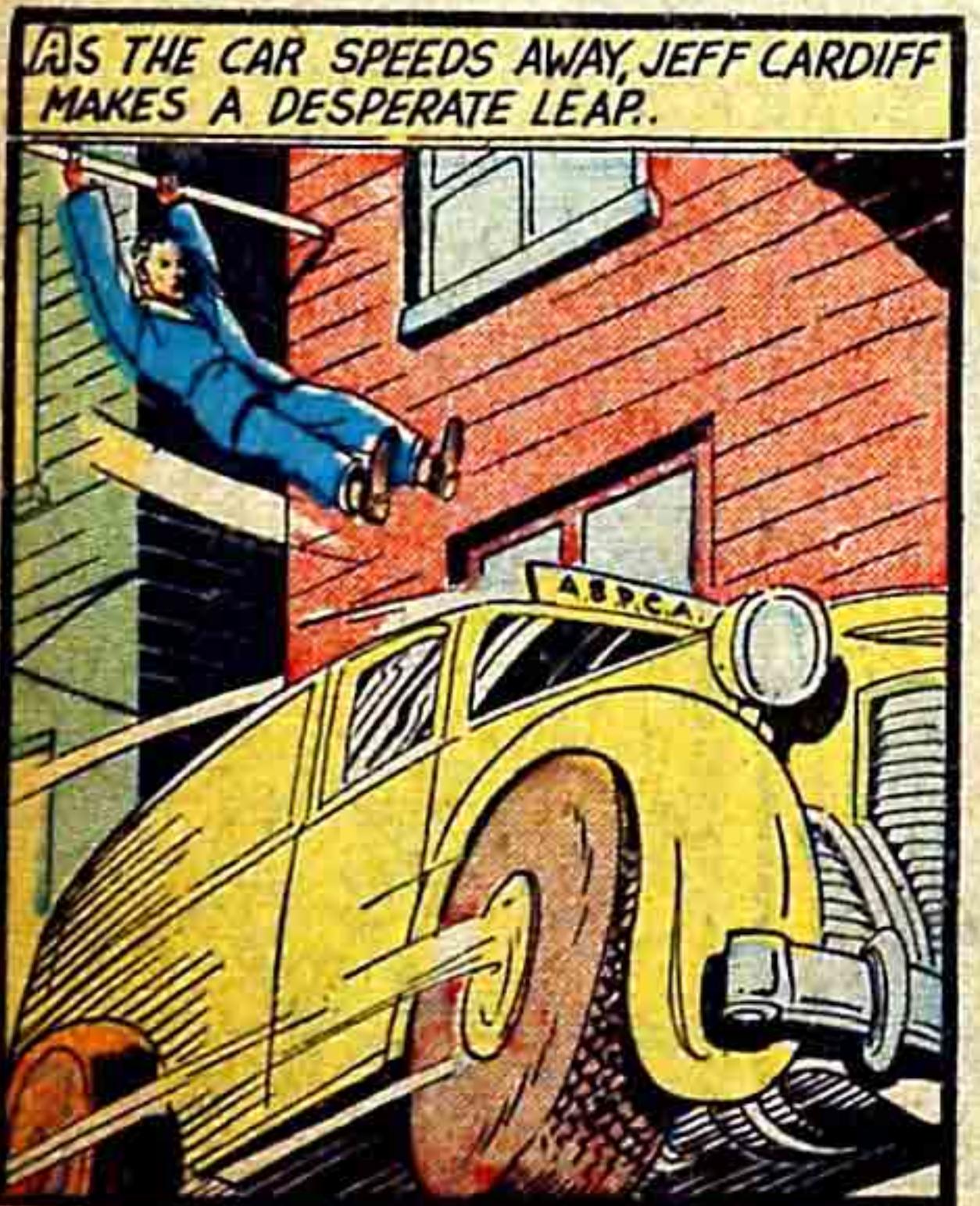


MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE GEORGE
McGUIRE'S HOME...

McGUIRE NEEDN'T
THINK HE'S GETTING
AWAY WITH
ANYTHING



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

THAT NIGHT, AT WILSON'S GROVE, THE RIDERS OF DOOM ASSEMBLE...

THE G-MAN WANTED TO PHONE THE GOVERNOR.. GET HIS TROOPS FROM THE TRAINING CAMP FIFTEEN MILES AWAY, AND RAID THIS MEETING!

BUT I SHOT HIM THRU THE HEART AND PUT ANOTHER BULLET THRU HIS HEAD!!!

SUDDENLY, THERE IS A COMMOTION.

GET THAT GUY!!! HE'S A G-MAN!!

OH! OH! SOMEONE MUST HAVE FREED THE CHIEF FROM THE CLOSET!!

THROWING OFF THE CRIMSON COSTUME, JEFF APPEARS AS THE CLOAK.....

I FEEL BETTER IN THIS OUTFIT!

THERE'S TOO MANY FOR ME!!

BUT, A BUGLE SOUNDS SUDDENLY AND...

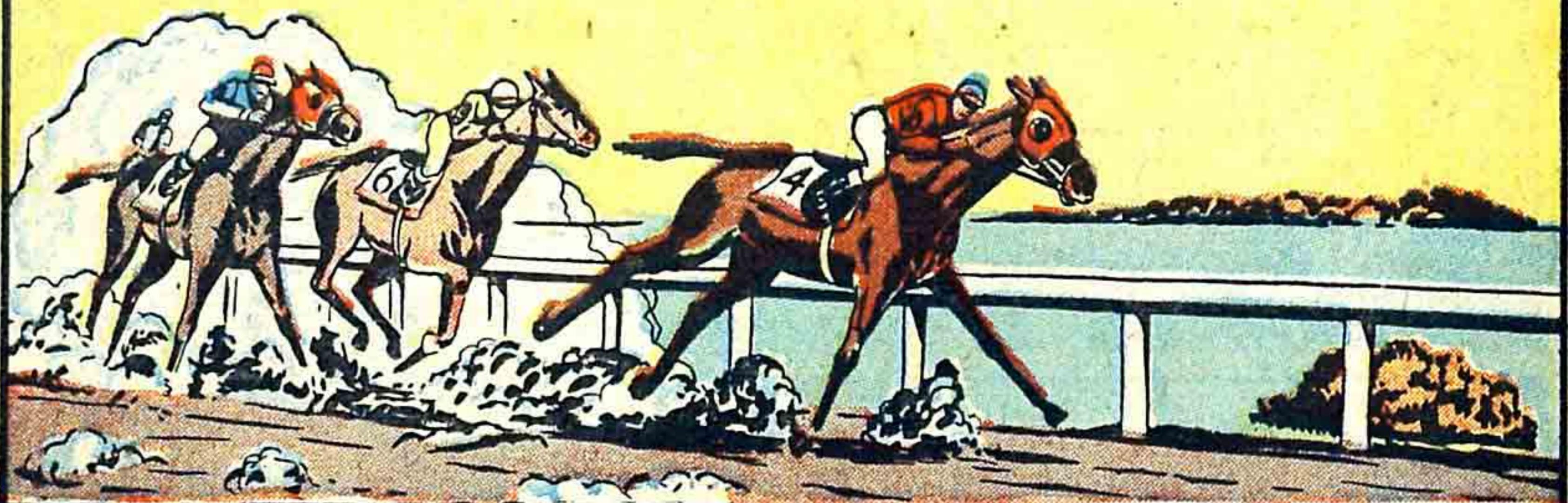
LET'S GO!! HANG ON, CLOAK, THE ARMY'S HERE!! NUMBER 158 COMING ATCHA!! YIPEEE!

LUCKILY I SAW THIS SKUNK'S BANDAGED HAND WHEN HE WENT TO SHOOT ME IN HIS OFFICE!!

GOOD THING YOU GOT THE GOVERNOR TO SEND US HERE!!

THANKS FOR LETTING ME TAKE PRIVATE MCGUIRE WITH ME TO-NIGHT CAPTAIN.. HIS FATHER WILL BE GLAD TO SEE HIM... AND TO KNOW HE TOO HELPED TO SMASH THIS ROTTEN UN-AMERICAN GANG OF HOODED HOODLUMS!!

RACETRACK RACKETEERS



THE door of the Sports department of the *Evening Globe* shot open and Dan Preston, the dynamic sports editor, entered and strode heavily and silently across the floor to his desk. His face was masked in a black frown and an unlighted cigar jutted upward from the grim line of his mouth.

He dropped into his chair, lighted his cigar and roared: "Packard! Where's Jim Packard? Send him in to me right away . . . if he's not in the building go out and search the streets for him and don't come back till you've found him!"

Two of the office hirelings dashed out and ten uncomfortable minutes later they returned with Jim Packard in tow. They had evidently pounced upon him in the midst of his noonday meal, for in one hand he still clutched a bottle of milk and with the other he endeavored to stuff the remainder of a hamburger into his mouth.

"You want to see me, Boss?" he asked the Sports Editor, strolling unaided toward the latter's desk.

"See you is right!" bellowed Preston. "What have you been doing with yourself lately? Aren't you still on the *Evening Globe's* payroll? And if so, what have you got to show for it?"

These rapid-fire questions didn't seem to phase the hungry Packard. "What's on your mind, Boss?" he asked simply.

Preston scowled and then got down to business. "Packard, something screwy has been going on out at the Majestic Race Track these past two months and I want to find out what it is. For the entire season not one horse that has been selected as a favorite has won. A thing of that sort might possibly happen four or five times but when it occurs six and seven times a day, every day in the season, then it's phenomenal!"

"Have you got any idea who owns the winning horses or what stable they come from?" questioned Packard.

"They've come from different stables," replied the editor. "But I've got a sneaky suspicion that one man or syndicate owns them all."

"But what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to get yourself out to these stables and try to dig up some facts!" Preston roared. "I want to get to the bottom of this business before the season is finished. I want action and I want it fast! You produce some conclusive results and there'll be a fat bonus waiting here when you return. Now get goin'!"

Packard went to his own desk, sharpened a few pencils and from the bottom drawer he took a small but expensive candid-camera. He gulped down the last few ounces of milk and waving a pleasant farewell to his fellow workers, he passed jauntily out of the office. He jumped into the little roadster he had parked in front of the news-paper building and then headed over the Manhattan Bridge toward Long Island and the Majestic Race Track.

THE crowds were arriving for the afternoon races. The color and excitement of the place really thrilled him and he was thankful that the boss had given him this assignment. But he had work to accomplish.

He strode over to the stables to look the horses over. They were fine sleek animals, shiny and well-groomed. At the end of the long row of stalls he sat down on an inverted water-can and lighted a cigarette. Where the dickens was he going to find a clue to work on? And as he mused he became aware that two men were speaking in one of the stalls on the other side of the wooden wall.

"What about the last race?" one of them said.

"Put 5 grand on Black Joe." the other replied. "Sunnyside is

BIG SHOT COMICS

the favorite in the race but Harry's got Black Joe out at the farm fixing him up. He'll be here within an hour."

They both laughed at something that must have struck them as humorous and Jim heard them leave the stall by the back entrance. The reporter was certain that what he had just listened to was more than a tip on the races. The two men had spoken with definite assurance. Could this be the clue he had been waiting for?

Packard wasted no time and presently he ascertained that Black Joe was owned by one Herbert Sanders and that his stable was but a fifteen or twenty minute drive from the track. He leaped into the roadster and snaked through the long line of arriving cars towards the Sanders' farm some ten miles away.

He drew up in front of a heavy, green hedge and turned off the motor. Fifty yards away he saw the red top of a long, low building, evidently where the horses were housed. Unnoticed, he scaled the timber fence and walked toward the back of the building and arriving there, started down to the far end where he had seen a window. He gained his objective and then paused, listening intently. From within he detected a peculiar hissing sound mingling with the low voices of several men.

Cautiously he edged toward the window and lifting his head, looked in. What he witnessed in the stable made him instinctively reach for the candid-camera in his pocket, for he saw three men gathered about a light tan horse and for all intents and purposes they were going about the business of changing the animal's glossy coat to a black shade. Two of the men held the horse steady while the third sprayed on a black paint.

"So Black Joe, the winner of the last race, is really a tan horse!" Jim whispered to himself and swiftly adjusting the lense, he snapped a shot of the group in the stable. He slipped away and returned to his car. Then he drove back to the Majestic Race Track...

AS the afternoon lengthened, heavy storm clouds appeared on the horizon and started rolling across the sky. The fifth race had just been run and the crowds

made their way toward the "bookies" to place bets on the sixth and final race of the day. Jim smiled gleefully as he observed the rain clouds piling up in the heavens; if only the rain would hold off till the last race had started, he prayed.

The bugle call summoned the horses for the final race and presently they were lined up at the starting post. Then they were off. Down the track they thundered in a cloud of dust and at that instant the clouds seemed to open up and the rain came down in torrents.

"Boy-o-boy! This is perfect!" yelled Jim and raced through the crowds to the finish line. He adjusted his camera as the horses rounded the bend and headed down the home stretch. Out in front was Black Joe . . . but he was no longer black! The rain had drenched him like a shower-bath and the black paint commenced to stream off him in odd-looking streaks.

Closer and closer he came and as he crossed the finish tape, Jim snapped his picture.

Back in the *Evening Globe* office, Jim had the negatives developed and printed in enlargements. He walked over to Dan Preston's desk and threw the finished pictures before him. "There's the whole story, Boss. The pictures speak for themselves; and the gent behind the whole organization is none other than Herbert Sanders, who happens to be the real owner of several stables just as you surmised!"

"Well, well!" grunted Preston. "So Sanders has been trying the old game of taking a fast horse, painting him another color and then entering him in a race under another name at great odds. Jim, you did a swell job and you deserve the bonus!"

Jim beamed. "That's fine, Boss. I could use a little extra cash right now!"

"But it's not money," said Preston. "It's a season pass to the Majestic Race Track for next year!"

"Forget about it then, Boss," groaned Packard, "and just make me a present of a hamburger!"

THE END

Published for the FIRST time! A complete, full-length adventure of the world's greatest comic strip character:

JOE PALOOKA!

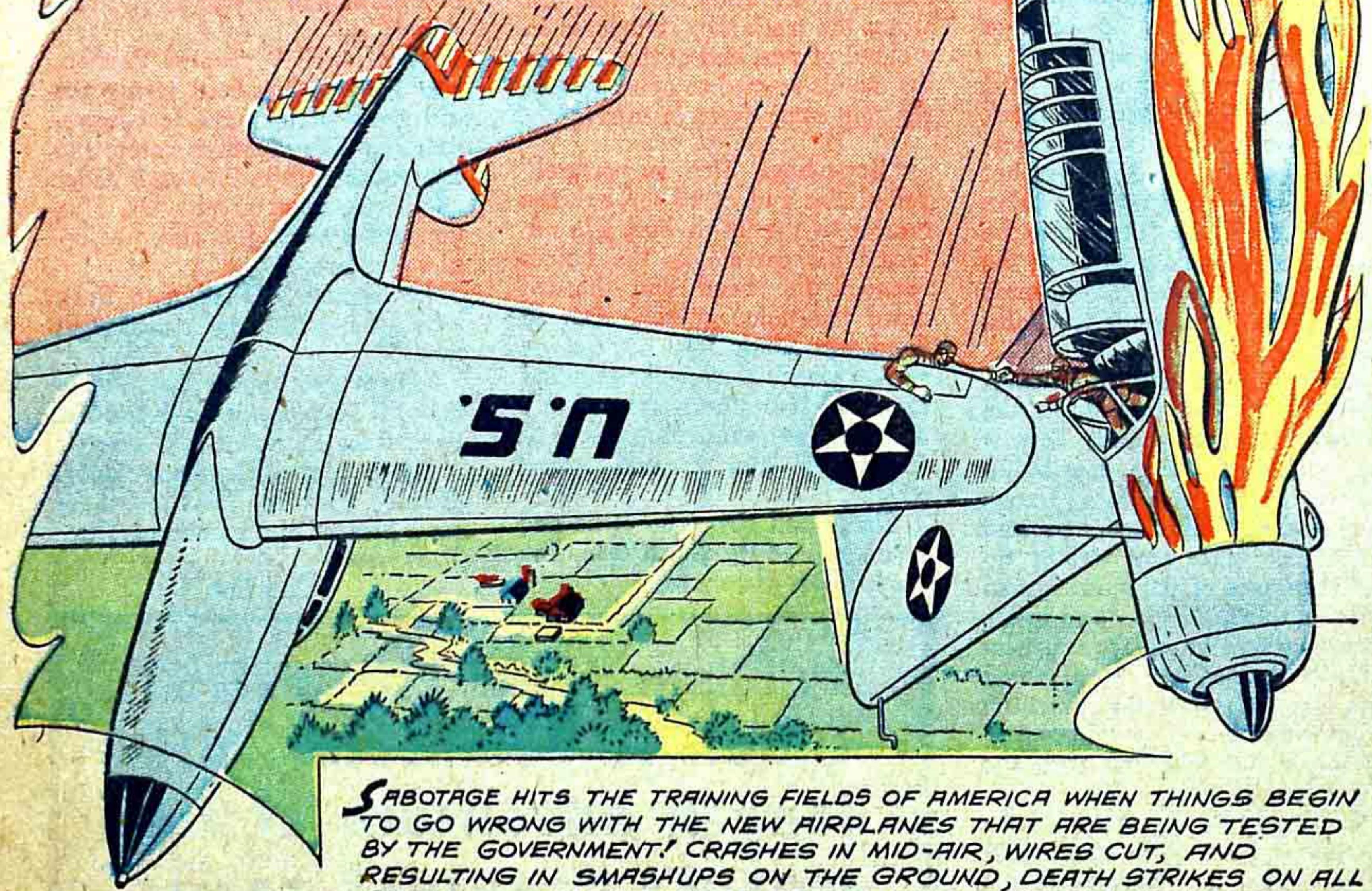
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CAPTAIN DEVIL DOG OF THE U.S. MARINES



SABOTAGE HITS THE TRAINING FIELDS OF AMERICA WHEN THINGS BEGIN TO GO WRONG WITH THE NEW AIRPLANES THAT ARE BEING TESTED BY THE GOVERNMENT! CRASHES IN MID-AIR, WIRES CUT, AND RESULTING IN SMASHUPS ON THE GROUND, DEATH STRIKES ON ALL SIDES-----IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS, CAPTAIN HANK STEELE RECEIVES ORDERS TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG!

10

NO ONE KNOWS YOU AT THAT TRAINING BASE, CAPTAIN, BUT YOU KNOW ENOUGH OF WHAT SHOULD GO ON THERE TO SPOT ANYTHING THAT'S WRONG!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR.



A DAY LATER, CADET HANK STEELE REPORTS FOR DUTY.

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, STEELE. SUPPOSE YOU TAKE YOUR PLACE WITH THE MEN AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN.

YES, SIR!



HOW ARE THINGS GOING, FELLOWS?

ALL RIGHT- IF WE LIVE!

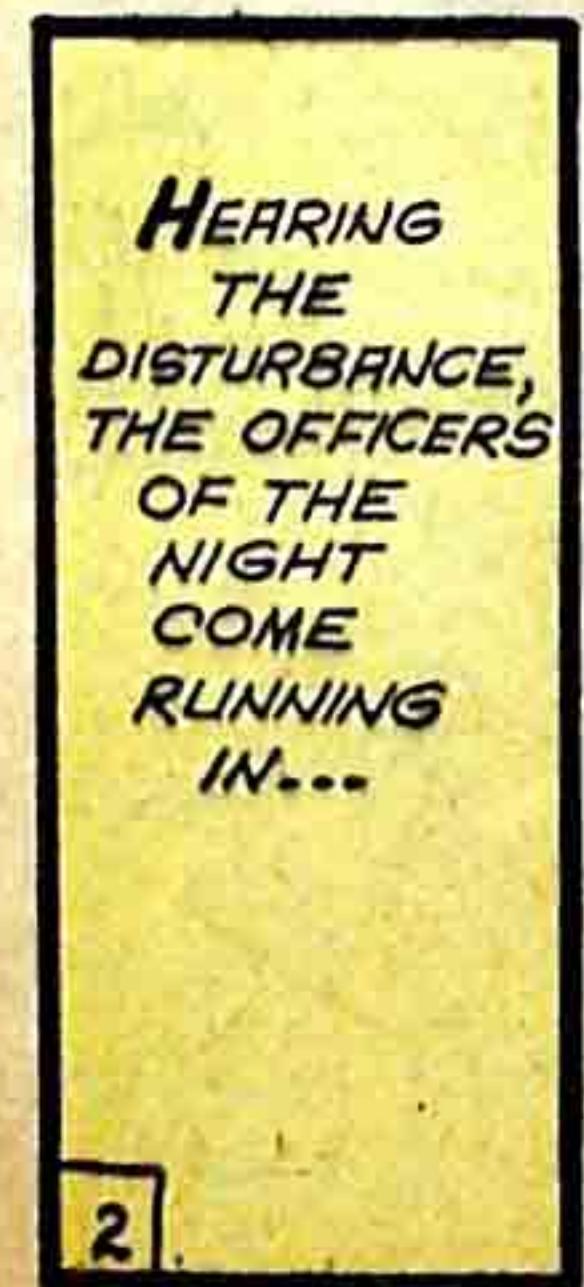
YEAH! ALL THESE ACCIDENTS DON'T SEEM LIKE ACCIDENTS TO ME!



BIG SHOT COMICS



MOVING SILENTLY THROUGH THE DARK HANGAR, HE COLLIDES WITH A DARK FORM!



BIG SHOT COMICS

HE WAS WORKING IN THE DARK, SIR. I FELL OVER HIM AND HE SWUNG ON ME!

WORKING IN THE DARK? IT'S INCREDIBLE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A LIGHT!

THE COMMANDING OFFICER IS NOTIFIED...

I HAVE AN IDEA, SIR, IF YOU'LL LET ME DEMONSTRATE IT TO YOU--- HOW I CAN BE IN THE DARK... YET SEE JUST WHAT YOU DO!

IMPOSSIBLE! YOU'VE BEEN READING THOSE COMIC BOOKS!

YOU WAIT HERE. I'LL BE BACK AND SHOW YOU!

THE MAN ALWAYS WAS SMART, BUT THIS--- TOO MUCH!

MAYBE IT WAS THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD!

CAPTAIN DEVILDOG RETURNS WITH A STRANGE LAMP AND GOGGLES

NOW I HAVE WHAT I WANT... TURN THE LIGHTS OUT AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!

AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE THE WINDOW---

I CAN'T LET HIM SHOW THEM THAT LAMP!

A SHOT RINGS OUT!

LOOK OUT!

THE SHOT CAME FROM THAT WINDOW!

HE MUST HAVE MOVED RWFULLY FAST! THERE'S NO SIGHT OF HIM!

DON'T SEE HOW HE COULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY!

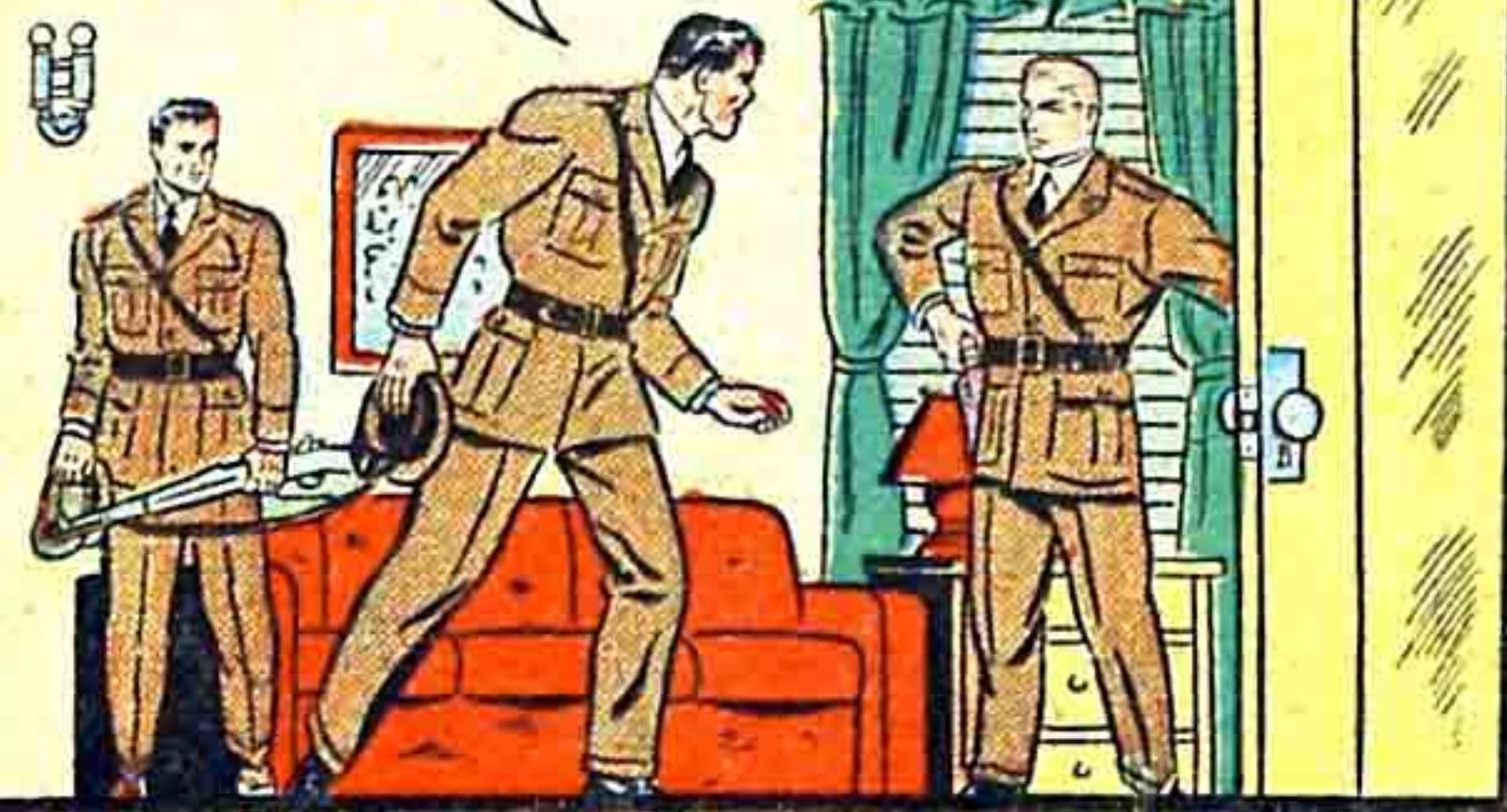
THE ONLY PLACE HE COULD HAVE HIDDEN IS IN THE MAJOR'S BUILDING!

WE'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK!

BIG SHOT COMICS

THAT SNIPER MUST HAVE HIDDEN AWAY IN THE HOUSE, SIR! MAY WE LOOK FOR HIM?

OF COURSE. I'LL JOIN YOU!



WE'VE SEARCHED FROM TOP TO BOTTOM! THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM!

IT LOOKS THAT WAY!



AFTER THEY'VE GONE THE FURNACE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY AND A DIRTY BEGRIMED FIGURE EMERGES...

A SWIFTLY RACING FIGURE MOVES ACROSS THE PARADE GROUND AND TO SAFETY AS A CLOUD COVERS THE MOON....

WELL, MY SECRET IS SAFE.. SO FAR!

THAT MORNING CAPTAIN DEVILDOG ORDERS A THOROUGH SEARCH OF ALL AIRCRAFT AND ENGINES IN THE BUILDING WHERE HE FOUND THE SKULKER.

THE MAN WHO WAS HERE LAST NIGHT WAS DOING SOMETHING TO THOSE ENGINES. EACH OF YOU CHECK THEM OVER! THEY GO UP TODAY!



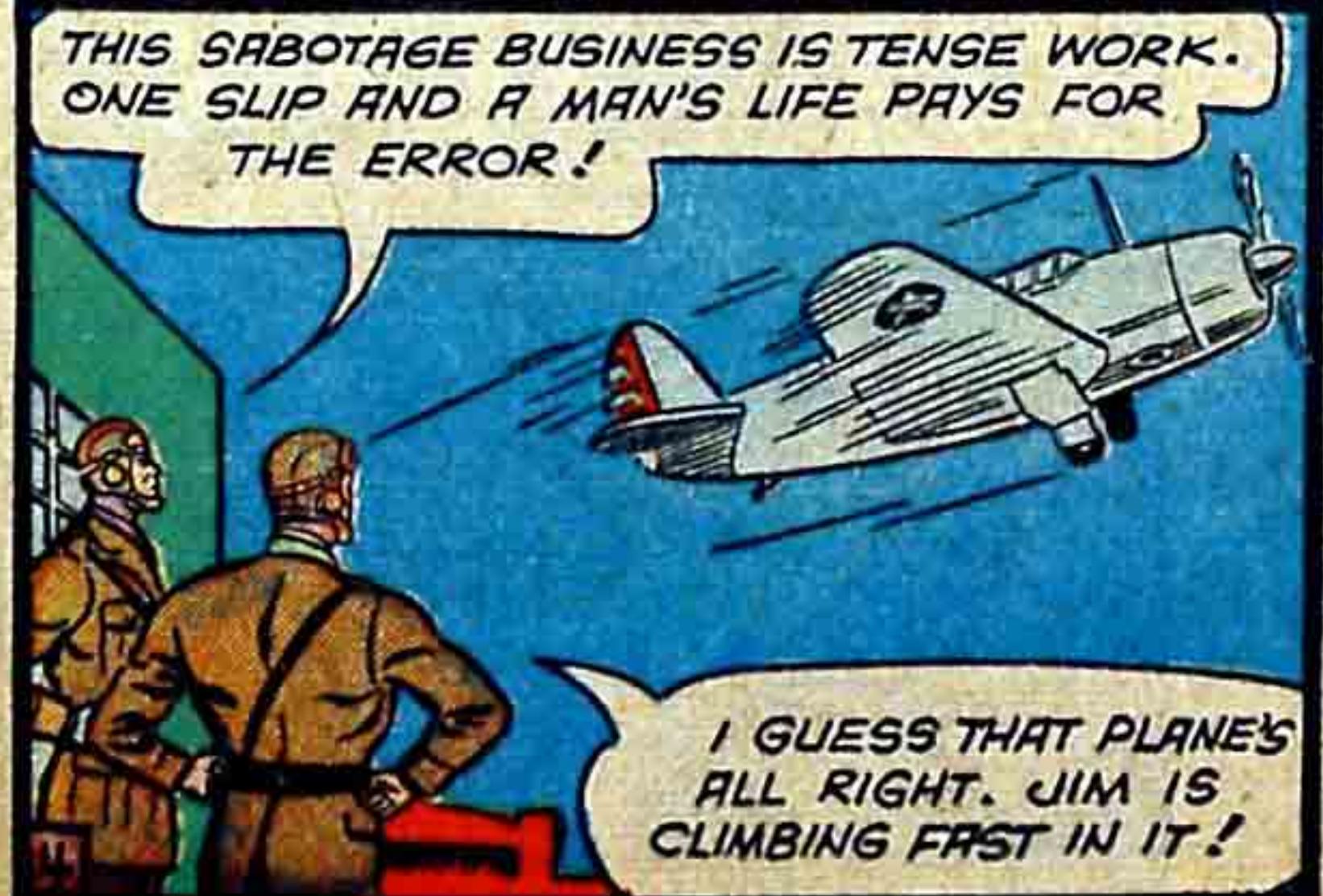
THE SABOTEUR UNERRINGLY PICKS OUT HIS WORK OF THE NIGHT BEFORE AND OKAYS IT, ALTHOUGH HE KNOWS IT MEANS DEATH FOR A PILOT!

ALL SHIPSHAPE, SIR
GOOD! ROLL HER OUT! IT'S NEEDED IN MANEUVERS TODAY.



THIS SABOTAGE BUSINESS IS TENSE WORK. ONE SLIP AND A MAN'S LIFE PAYS FOR THE ERROR!

I GUESS THAT PLANE'S ALL RIGHT. JIM IS CLIMBING FAST IN IT!



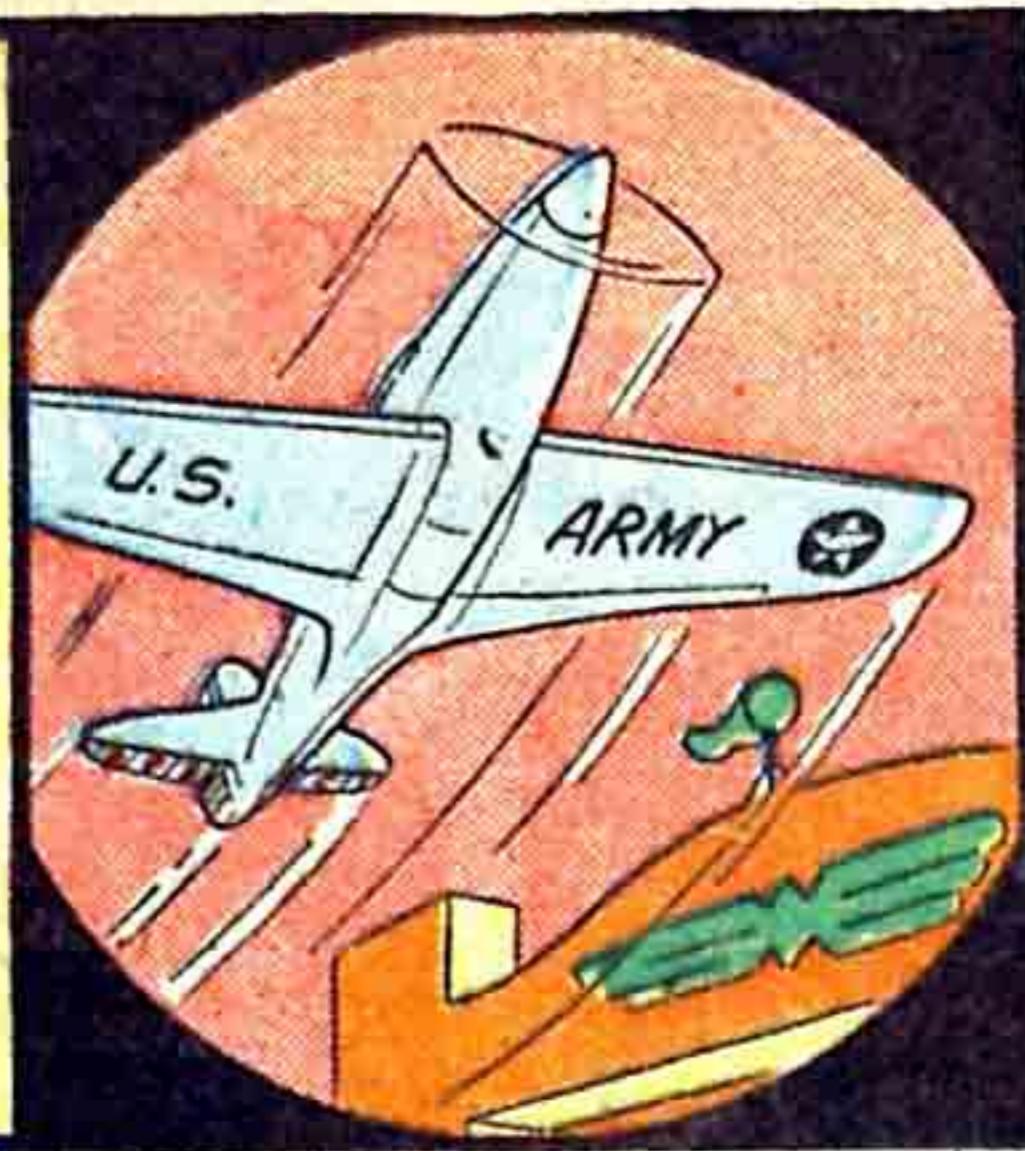
BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY SEE JIM'S PLANE ROLL OVER AND START TO FALL!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! HE CAN'T CONTROL HIS PLANE AND HE CAN'T BAIL OUT! GET A QUICK CLIMBER! I'M GOING UP AFTER HIM!

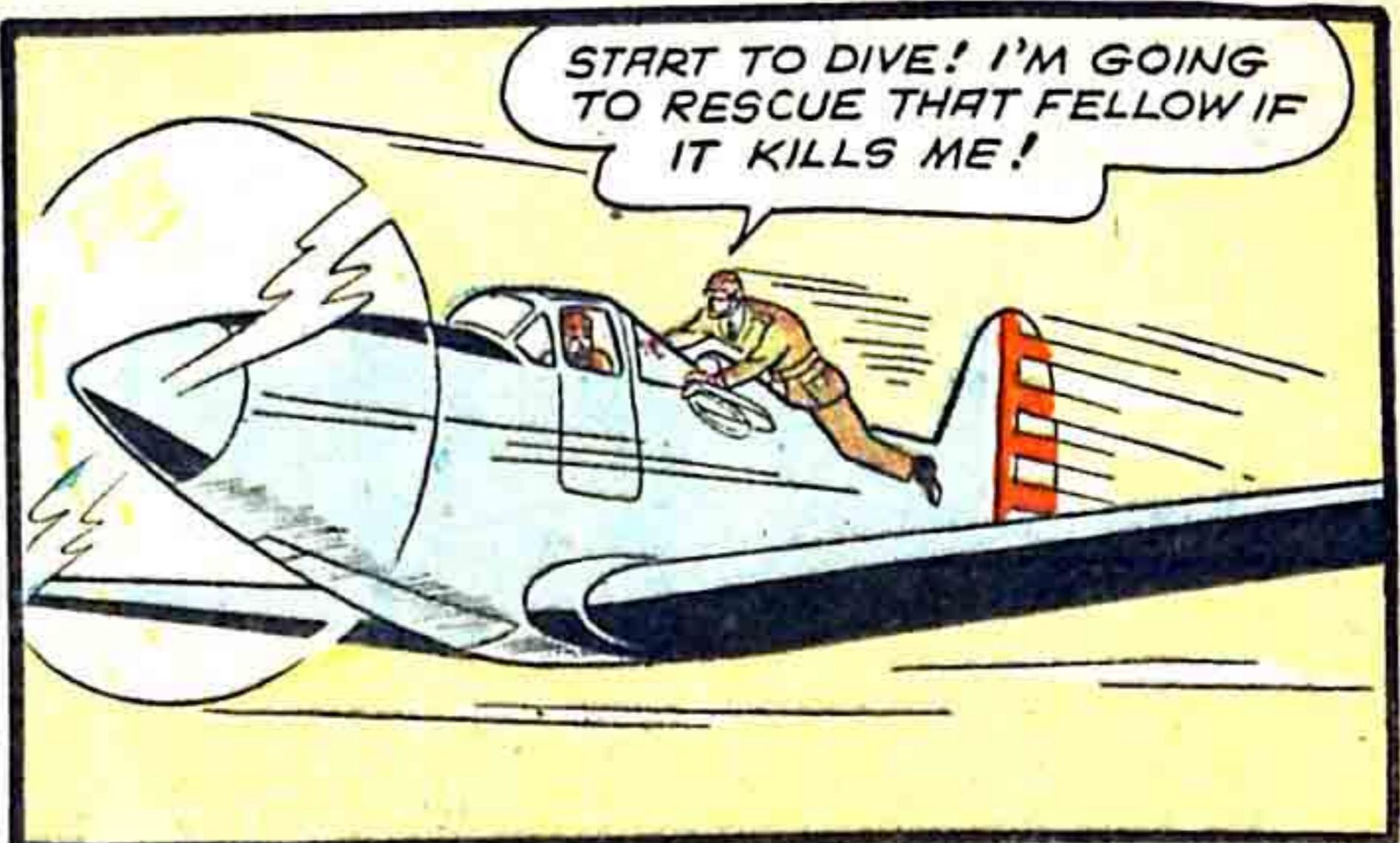


BIG SHOT COMICS

LIKE
A
BULLET,
CAPTAIN
DEVILDOG'S
PLANE
CLIMBS
INTO
THE
AIR



START TO DIVE! I'M GOING
TO RESCUE THAT FELLOW IF
IT KILLS ME!



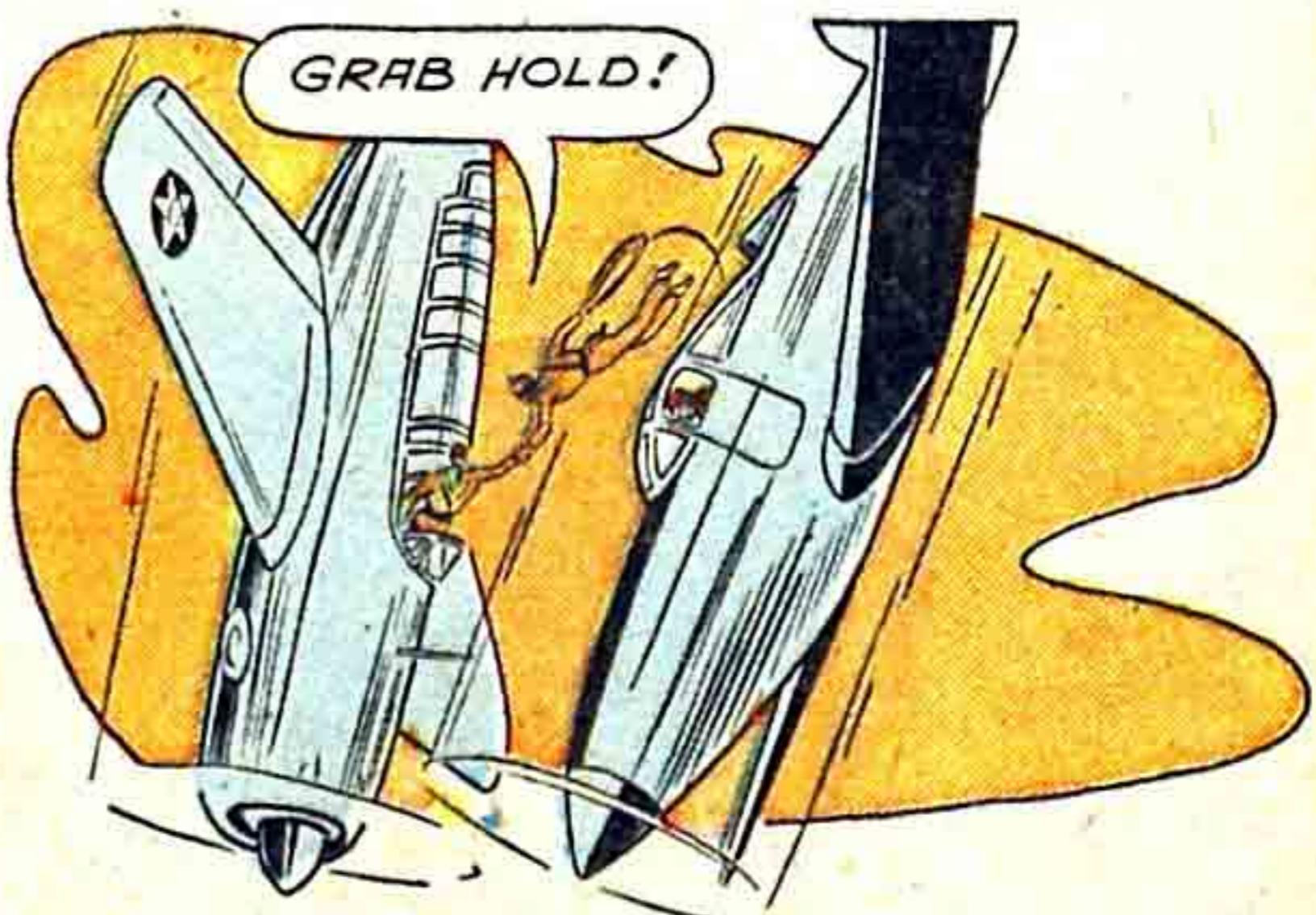
OVER
THE
DROPPING
PLANE
COMES
THE
RESCUE
SHIP
IN A
STRAIGHT
DIVE!

WHEN I JUMP, CATCH
MY HAND!

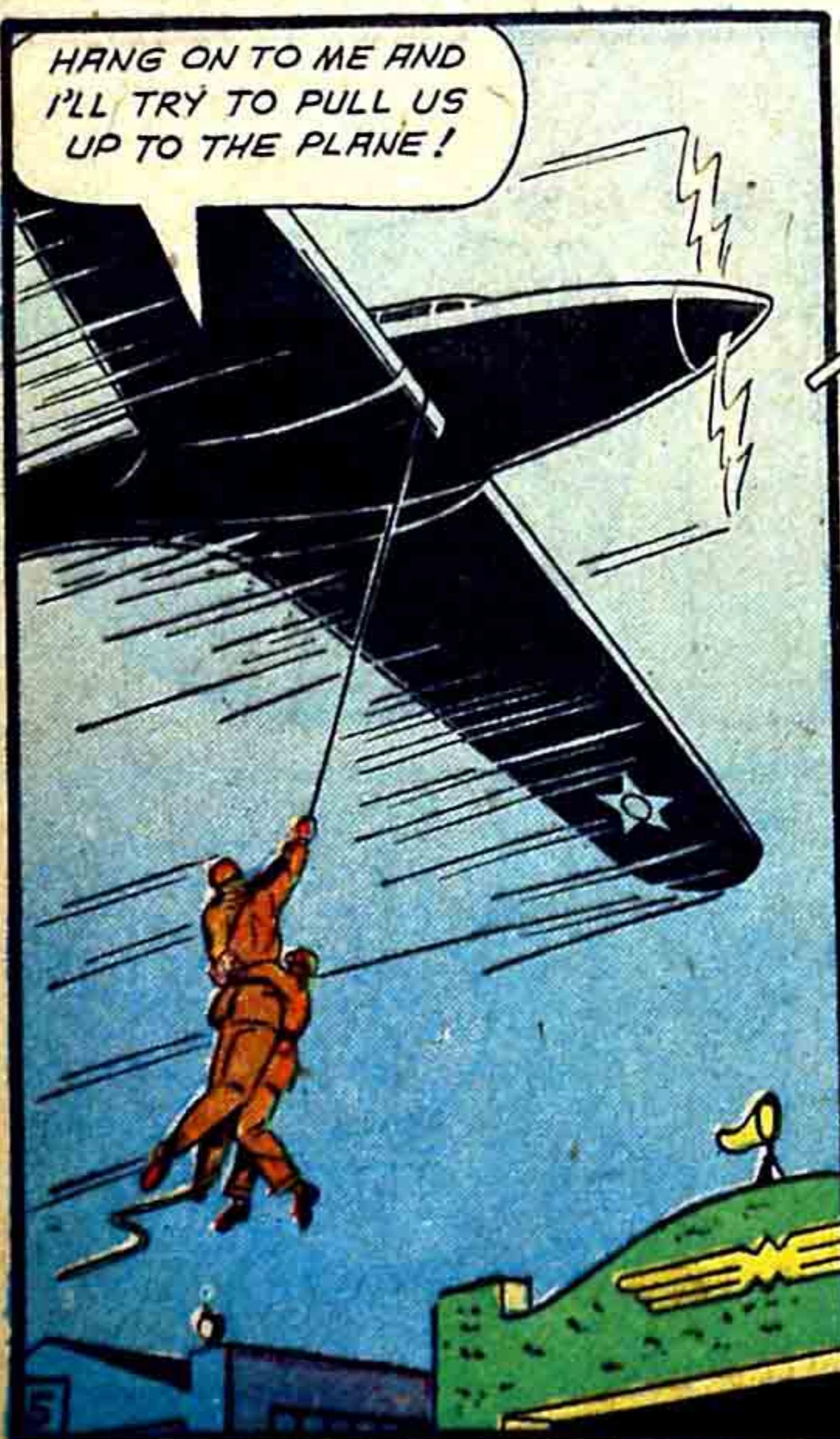


ALL RIGHT,
JUMP!

GRAB HOLD!

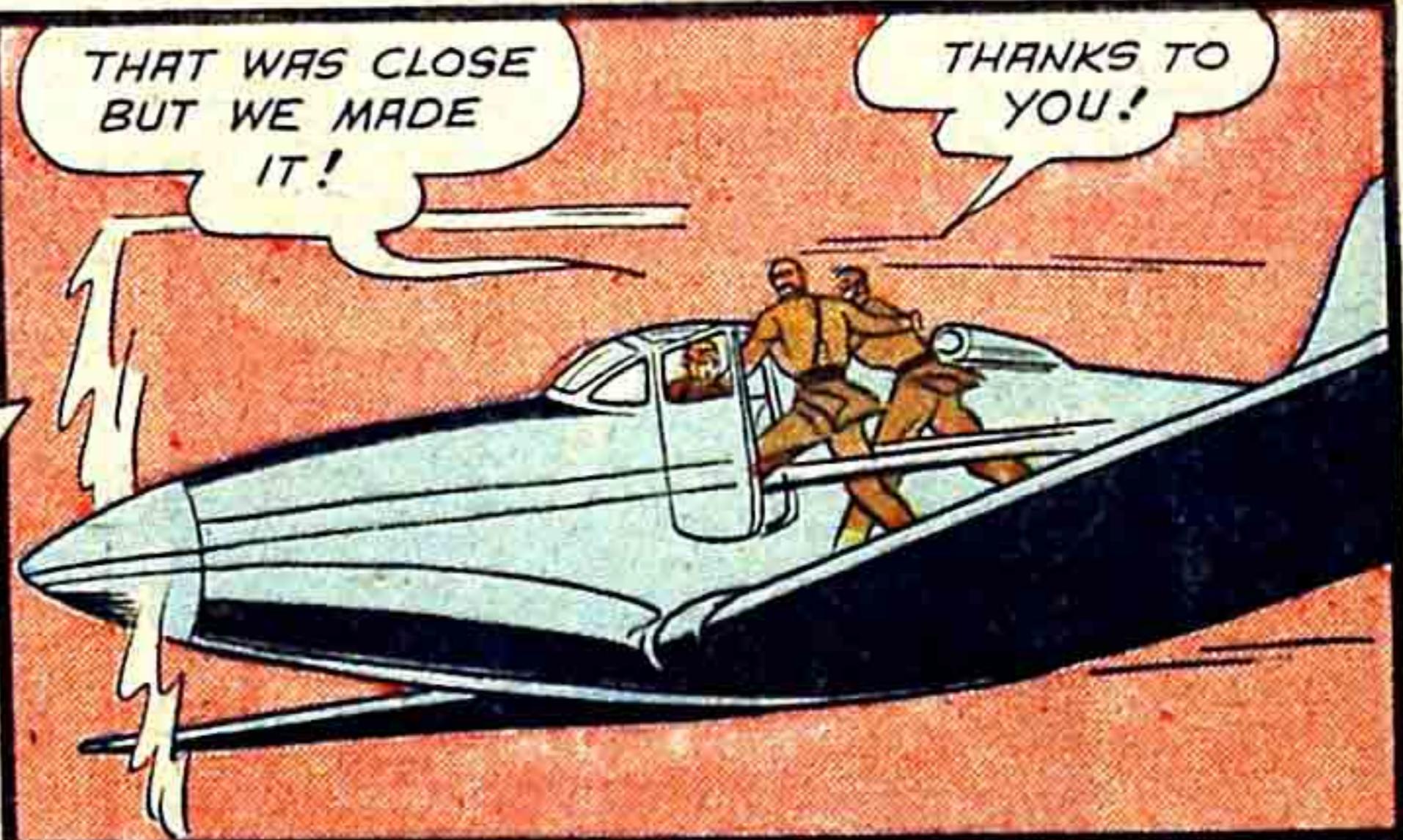


HANG ON TO ME AND
I'LL TRY TO PULL US
UP TO THE PLANE!



THAT WAS CLOSE
BUT WE MADE
IT!

THANKS TO
YOU!



ON THE
GROUND
HANK
SPEAKS
TO THE
MECHANIC
WHO
OKAYED
'THE
SHIP....

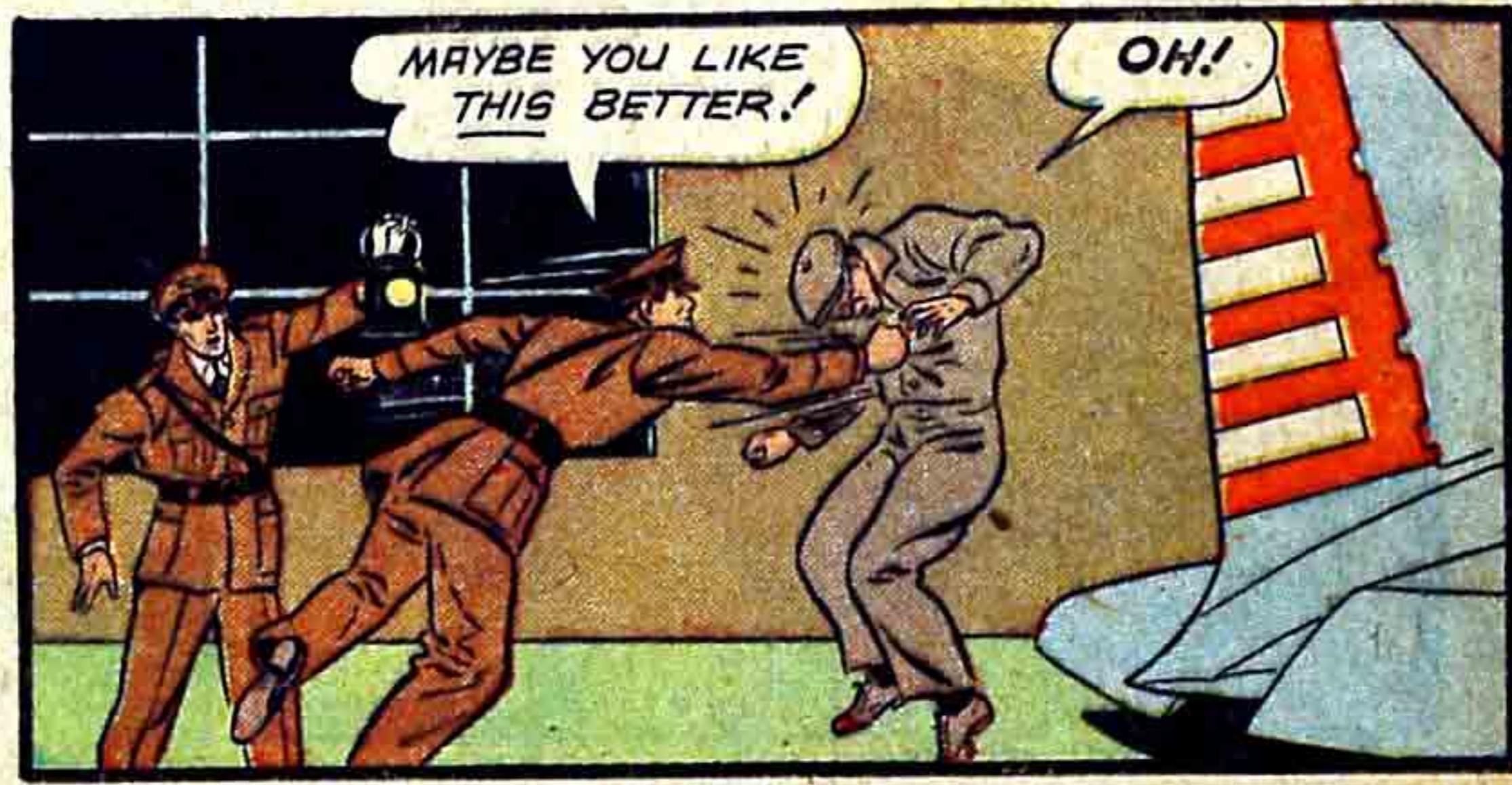
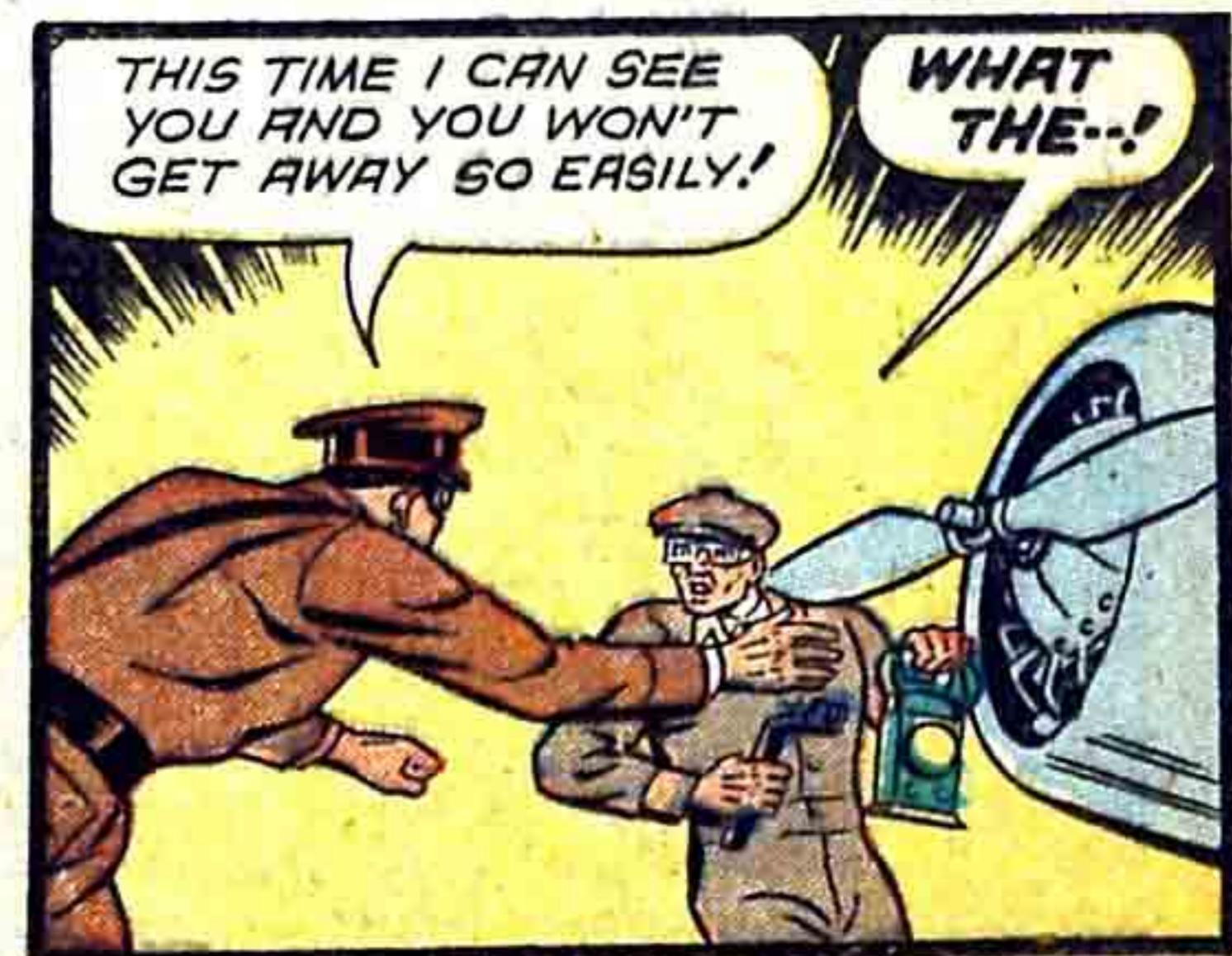
WHAT KIND OF A MECHANIC DO YOU CALL
YOURSELF? YOU SENT THAT PLANE UP
AND THAT MAN ALMOST TO HIS DEATH!

I-I'M SORRY, SIR.
I THOUGHT IT
WAS ALL RIGHT!



BIG SHOT COMICS

THAT NIGHT CAPTAIN DEVILDOG, WITH HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER, SLIPS INTO THE HANGARS UNSEEN...



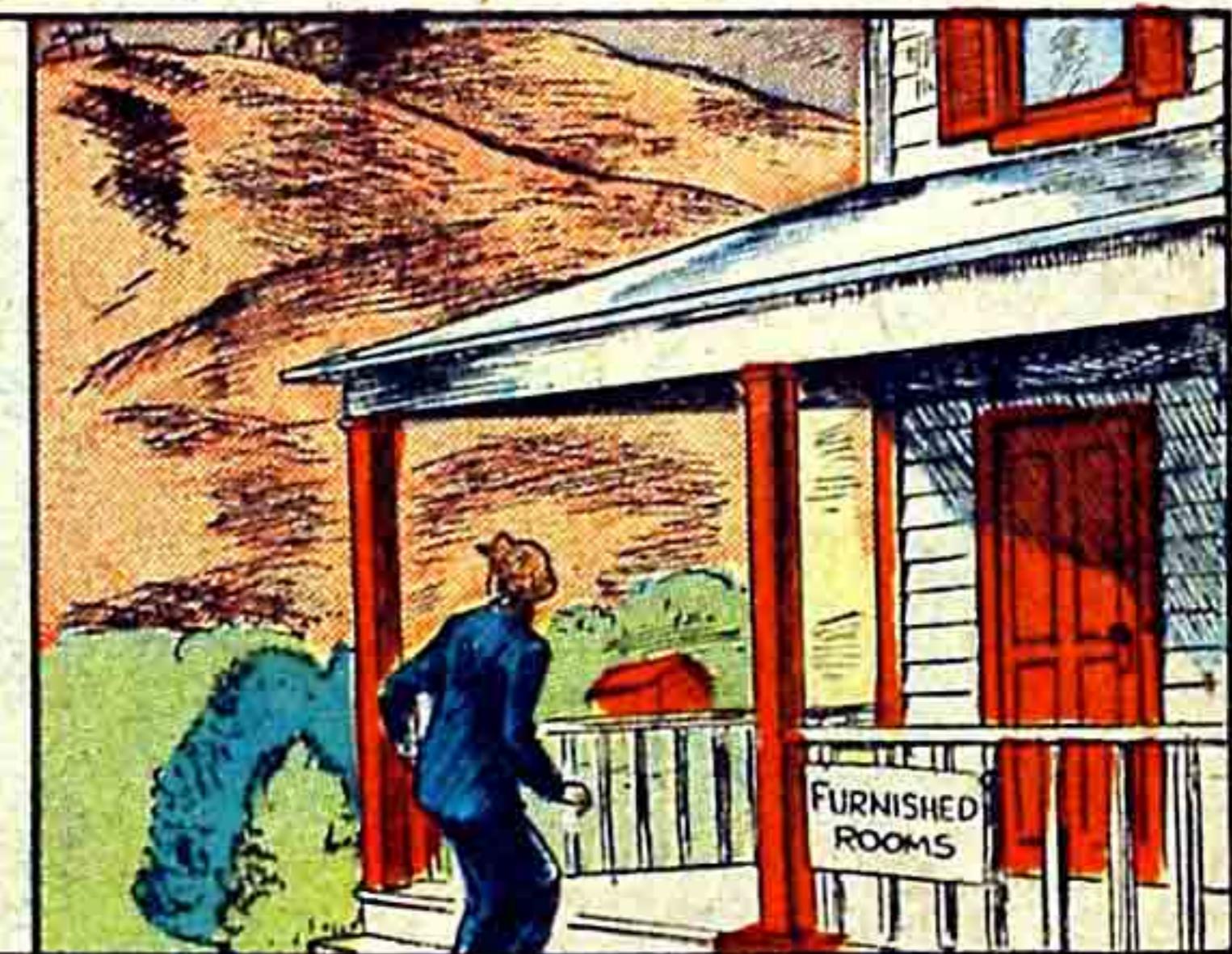
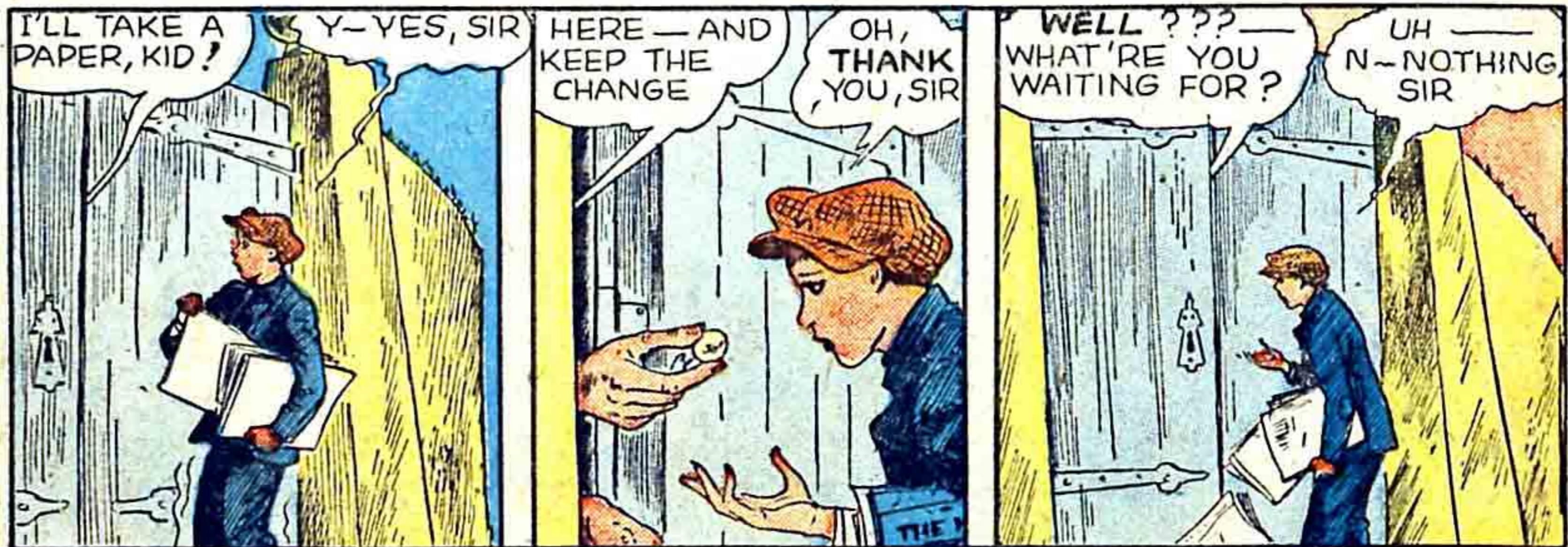
BIG SHOT COMICS

NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO SEE OR GET A STORY FROM THE MYSTERY MAN WHO IS BARRICADED IN A CASTLE....

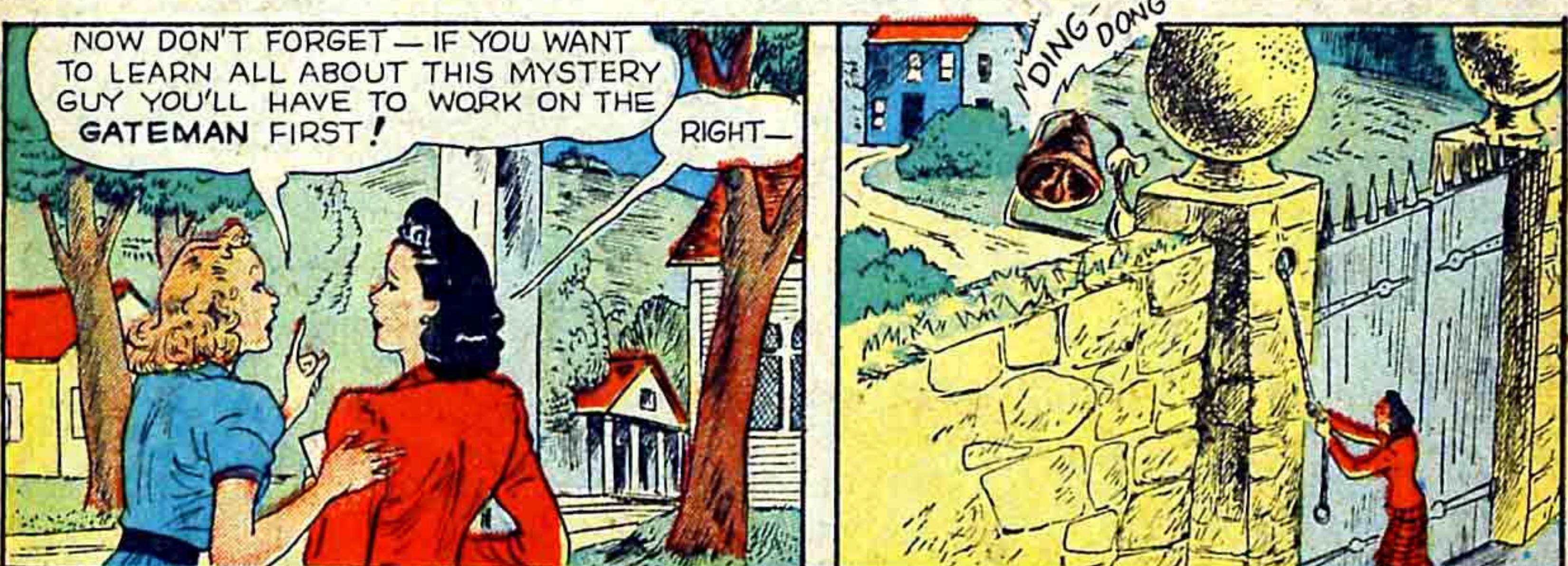


DIXIE DUGAN

DIXIE HAS A HUNCH THE MYSTERY MAN WILL BE STARVED FOR NEWS ABOUT HIMSELF, SO SHE WILL ATTEMPT TO SELL HIM A NEWSPAPER!



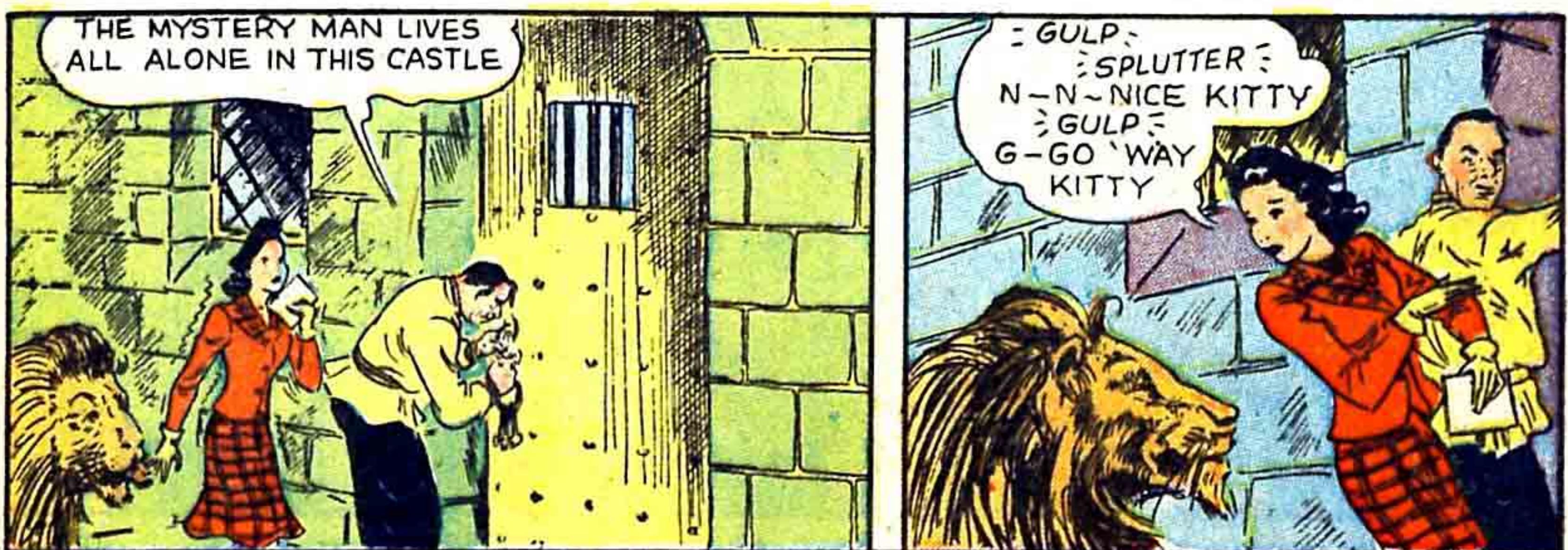
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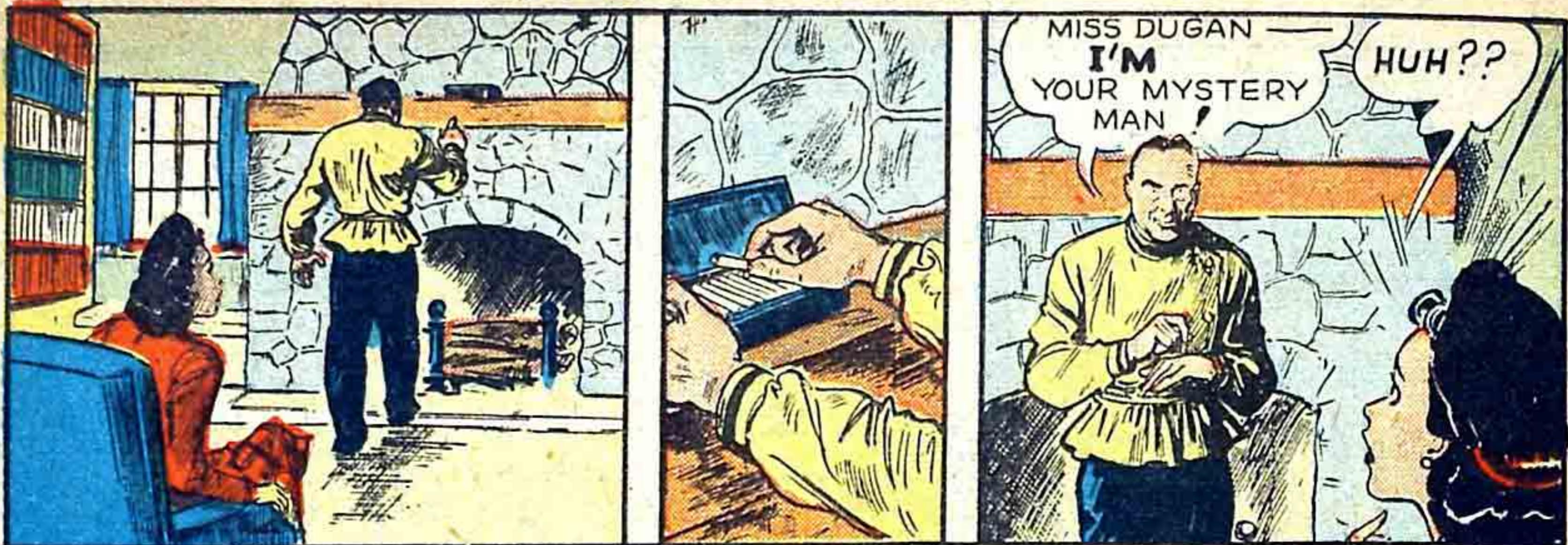
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



The FACE

by

MART
BAILEY

WHEN TONY TRENT, AMERICA'S FOREMOST RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR, SLIPS A RUBBEROID MASK OVER HIS PLEASANT FEATURES, HE BECOMES THE FACE . . . FEARED BY THE UNDERWORLD AND HUNTED BY POLICE INSPECTOR BIGGS, WHO WRONGLY BELIEVES THE FACE IS A MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL . . .

LATE ONE EVENING A SHADOW DROPS SILENTLY OVER THE ROOF OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS . . .



INSIDE, INSPECTORS BIGGS AND DUNLEY ARE DISCUSSING THE FACE . . .

YOU'RE WRONG, BIGGS! THE FACE IS ONE OF THE BEST FORCES FOR GOOD IN THIS COUNTRY.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I TELL YOU THERE ISN'T A CRIMINAL IN THE UNDERWORLD MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE FACE!

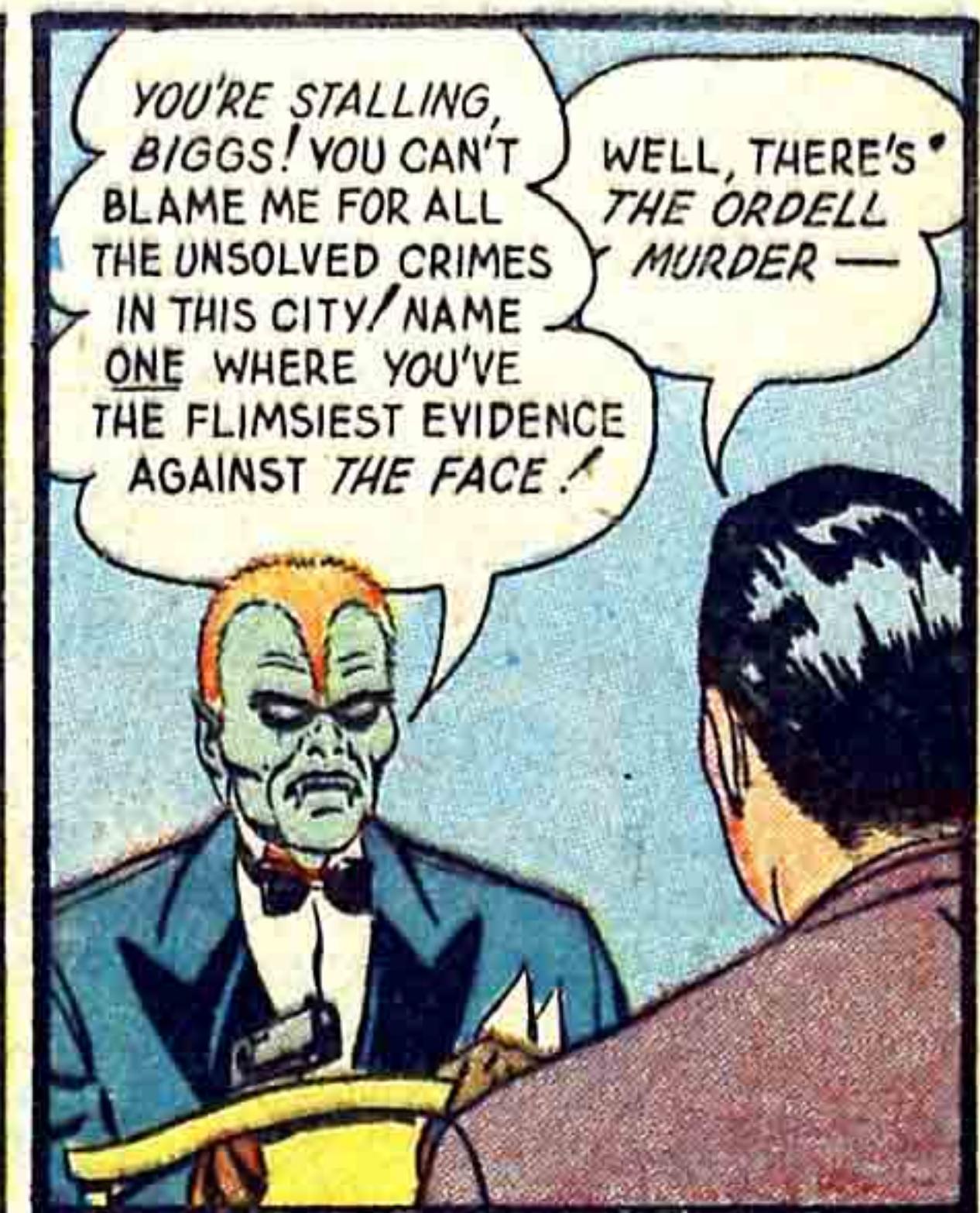
. . . WHEN SUDDENLY —

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL!

GOOD EVENING!
. . . I SEE THAT YOU RECOGNIZE ME!



BIG SHOT COMICS



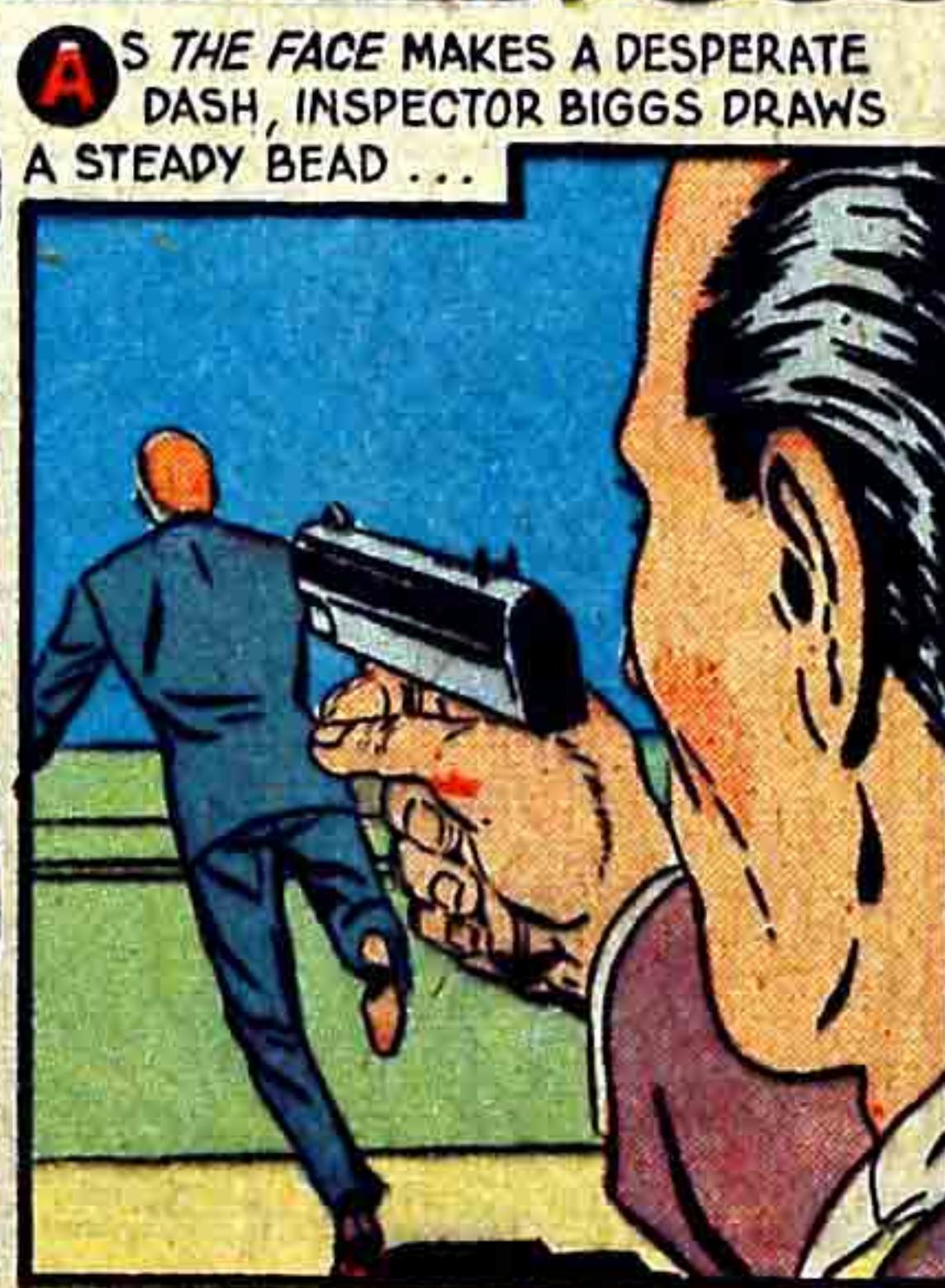
"TWO WEEKS AGO, OLD MAN ORDELL WAS MURDERED ON HIS
BLANE COUNTY ESTATE AND ROBBED OF \$200,000..."



BIG SHOT COMICS



ONE BULLET FROM THE FACE'S PISTOL SNUFFS OUT THE LIGHT....



BIG SHOT COMICS

APELKE THE FACE CATCHES THE ROOF LEDGE ACROSS THE DARK ALLEY...

GOOD THING BIGGS ISN'T A BETTER SHOT!

EEE-YOW!

DON'T MIND ME, BROTHER—I'M JUST A CUCKOO LOOKING FOR A CLOCK!

REACHING THE STREET, THE FACE REMOVES HIS GROTESQUE MASK AND BECOMES — TONY TRENT!

HOLY SMOKE! BIGGS MUST HAVE SENT OUT A GENERAL ALARM!

HEY, WHERE'RE YOU GOING? WHY — IT'S TONY TRENT!

EVENING OFFICERS! ... WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS?

SO LONG, TONY! WE'LL BE LISTENING TO YOU.

THANKS FOR HELPING ME TO FIND MY CAR! SEE YOU AT THE POLICEMEN'S BALL.

COME ON, CHUM. WE'LL NEVER FIND THE FACE AROUND HERE!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, TONY'S POWERFUL ROADSTER STOPS IN THE WOODS SURROUNDING — ORDELL MANOR, WHERE OLD MAN ORDELL WAS MURDERED BY A THING WITH A GREEN FACE

...

SOMEONE'S UP IN THE ATTIC — I'LL TAKE A LOOK THERE FIRST!

REACHING THE LIGHTED WINDOW, THE FACE DRAWS BACK IN HORROR—

GOOD, LORD!

—FOR STARING AT HIM, SNARLING IN SAVAGE FURY, IS A THING WITH A MISSHAPEN, GREEN FACE!



BIG SHOT COMICS

ONLY AN INSTANT THE FACE GLIMPSES THE FEARSOME SIGHT, BEFORE THE LIGHT GOES OUT....

WHEW! NOW I KNOW HOW OTHERS FEEL WHEN THEY MEET THE FACE!



THE FACE'S GLOVED HAND LASHES OUT IN THE DARKNESS — AND COMES AWAY WITH A THICK, CLAMMY MASS OF THE THING'S FACE.

LEPROSY!



BACK AT ORDELL MANOR —

I CERTAINLY STARTED SOMETHING!



THEN BEGINS THE FACE'S MOST UNNERVING EXPERIENCE ...



THE SUDDEN, FRENZIED ATTACK BATTERS HIM IN THE DARK —



MEANWHILE, INSPECTORS BIGGS AND DUNLEY RACE ALONG THE ROAD TO BLANE COUNTY . . .

MY THEORY IS THAT THE FACE WILL HEAD FOR ORDELL MANOR, HOPING TO CATCH THE REAL MURDERER AND CLEAR HIS OWN NAME...

IF HE'S GONE TO ORDELL MANOR, THE FACE INTENDS TO KILL THE HOUSEKEEPER AND ANYBODY ELSE WHO MIGHT CONNECT HIM WITH THE MURDER!



HIS SENSES REELING WITH DISGUST, THE FACE SLOWLY OVERPOWERS THE CLINGING, CLAWING, FOUL-SMELLING THING . . .



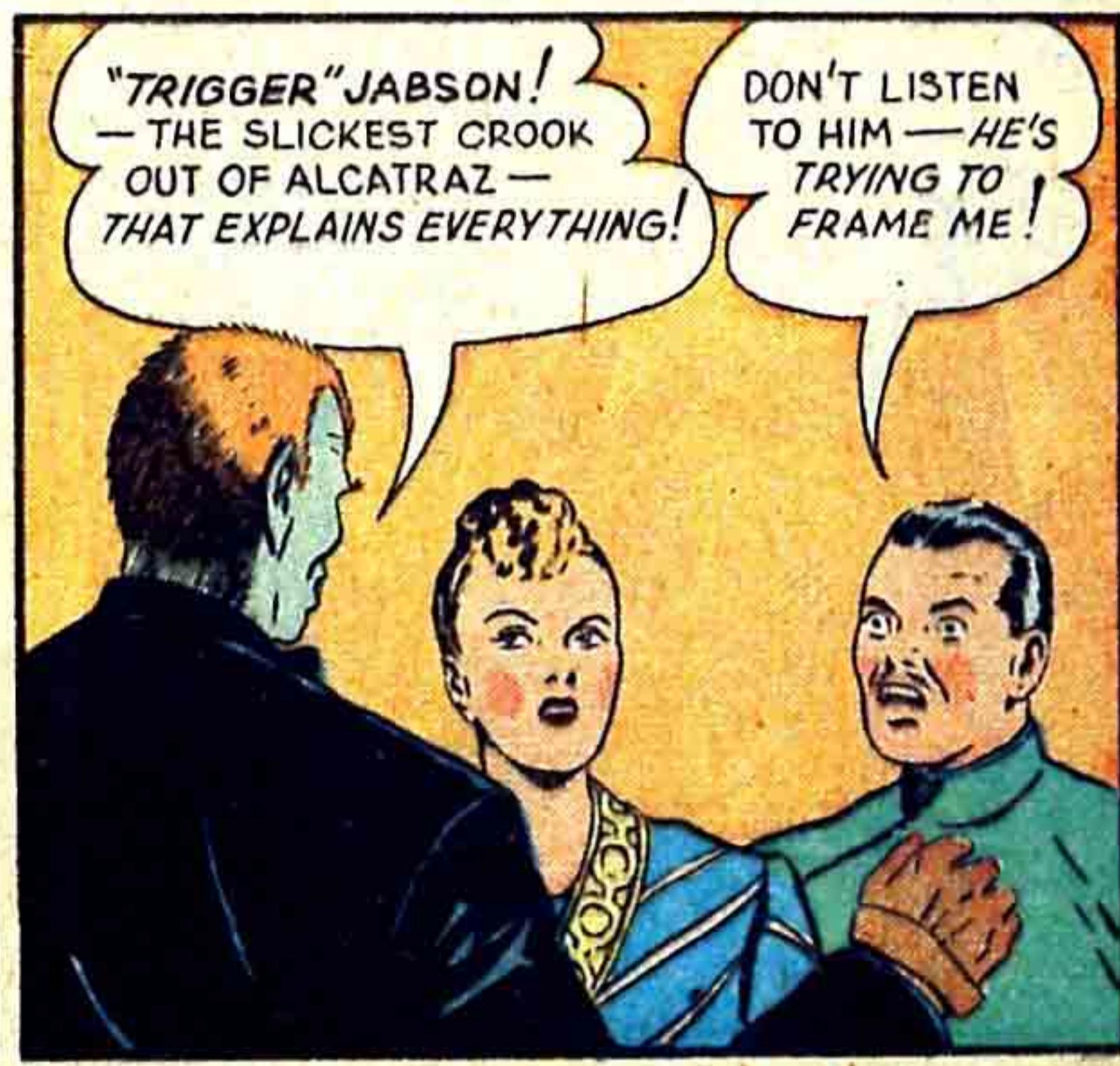
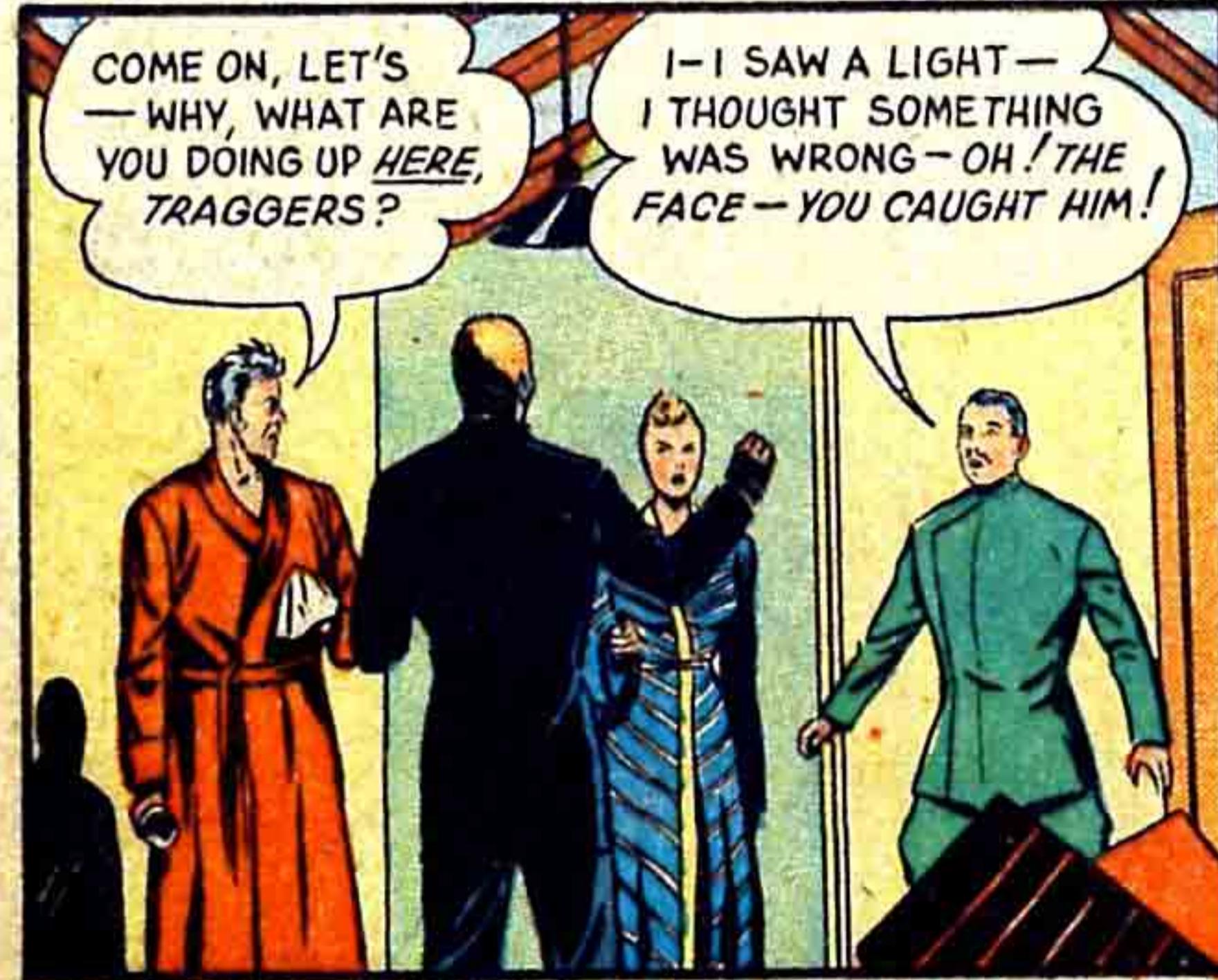
. . . WHEN THE LIGHT SNAPS ON AGAIN —



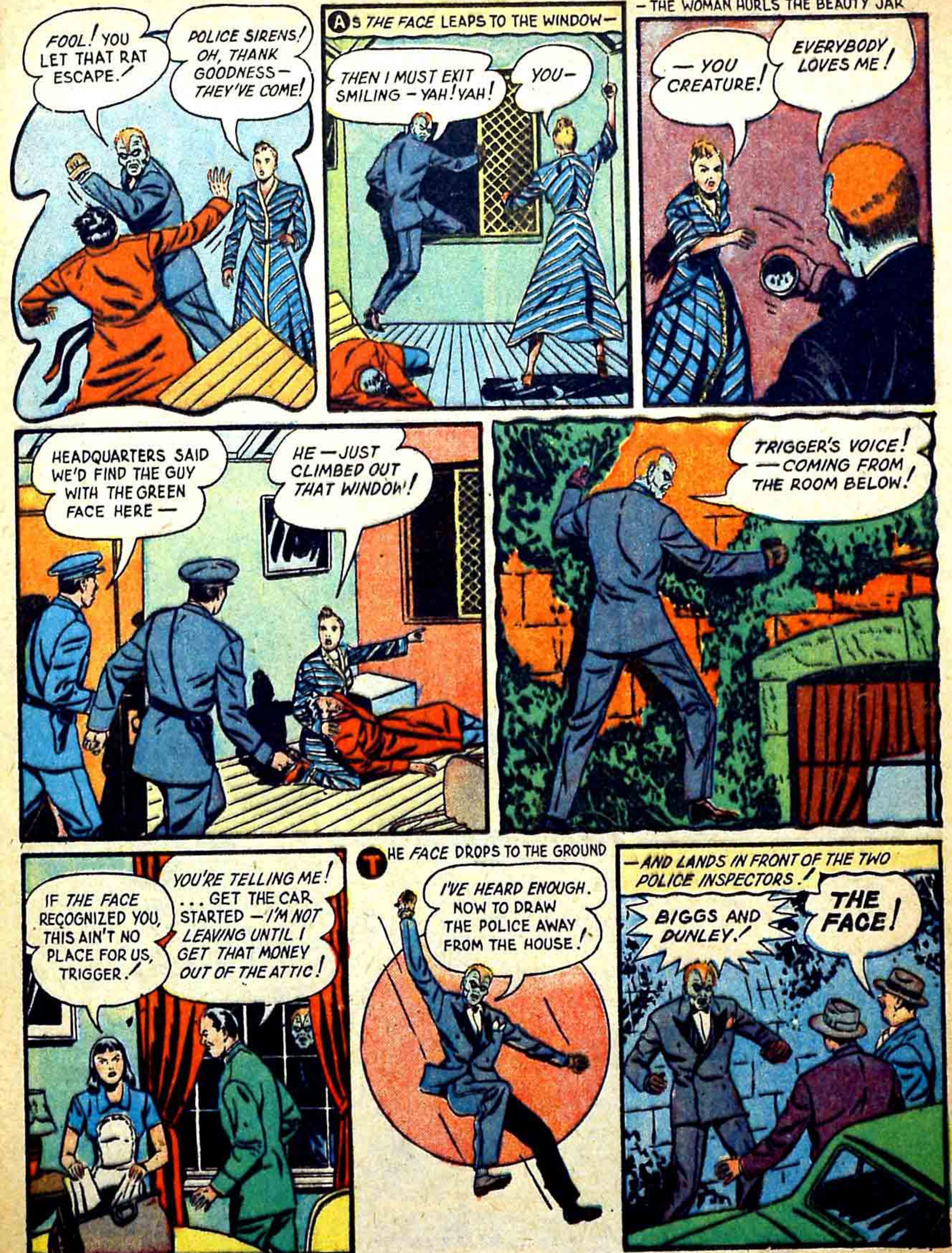
BIG SHOT COMICS



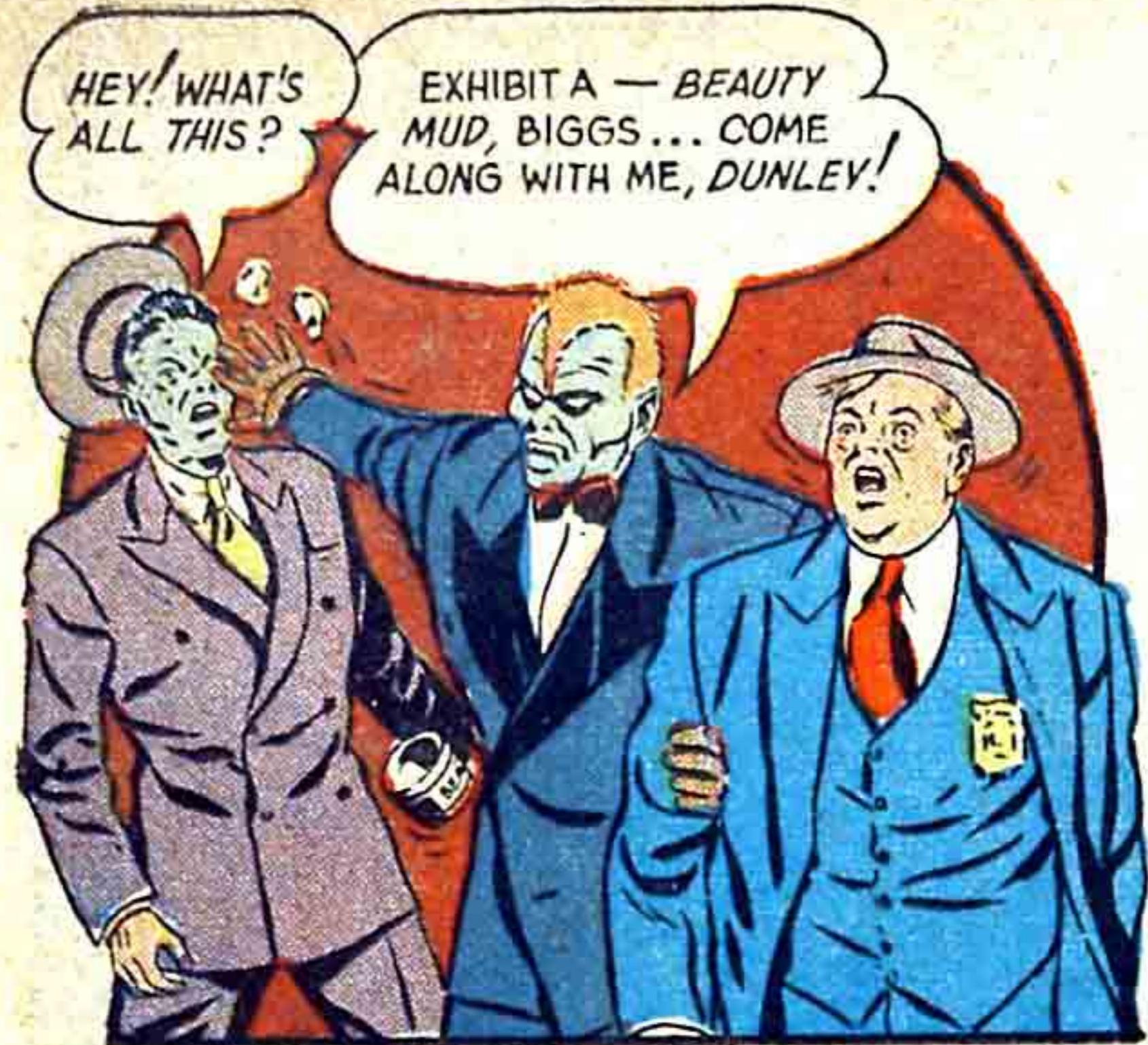
AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO QUIT THE ATTIC, THE ORDELL CHAUFFEUR UNEXPECTEDLY APPEARS —



BIG SHOT COMICS



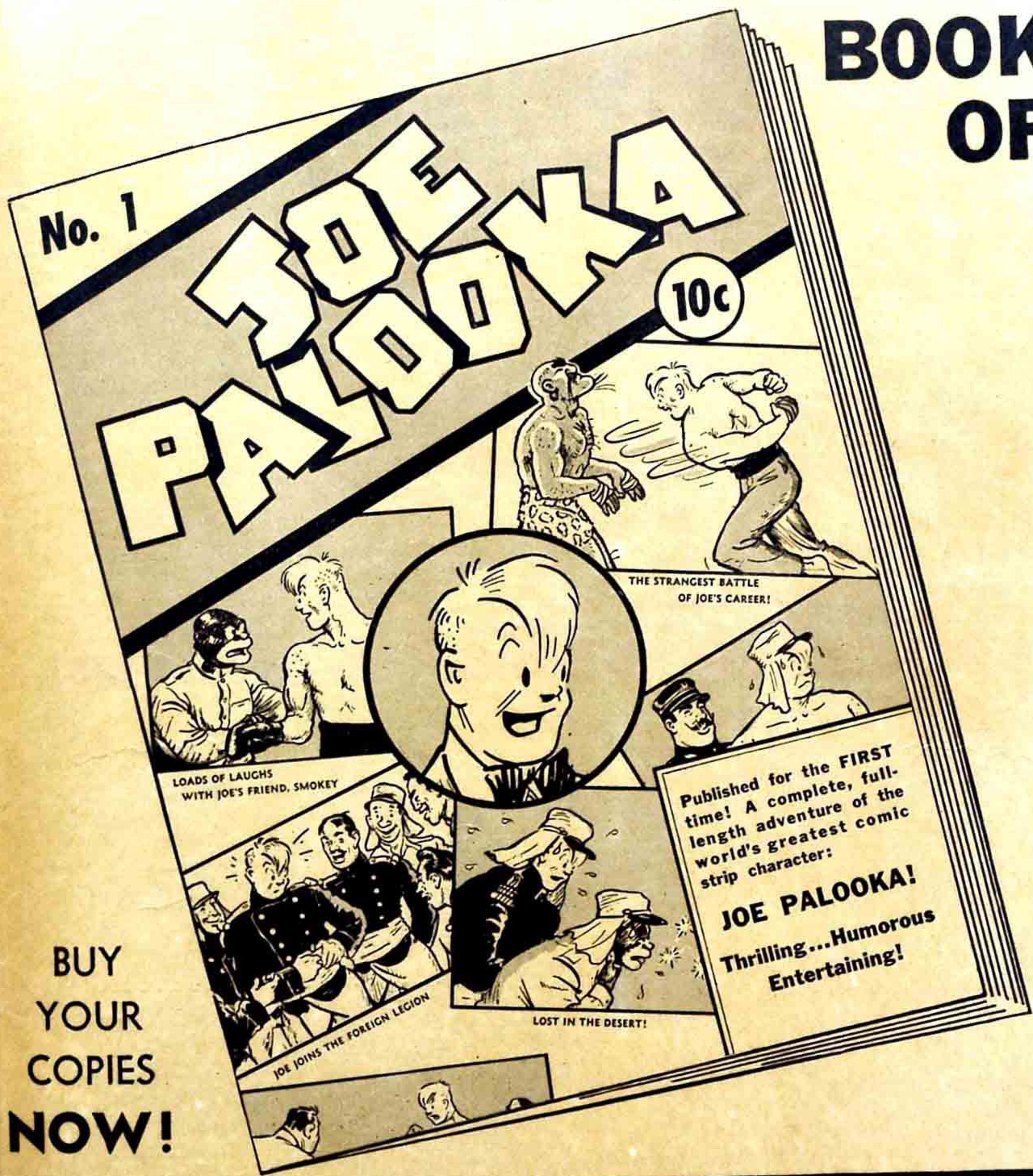
BIG SHOT COMICS



-The End-

HERE IT IS!!

A COMPLETE BOOK OF



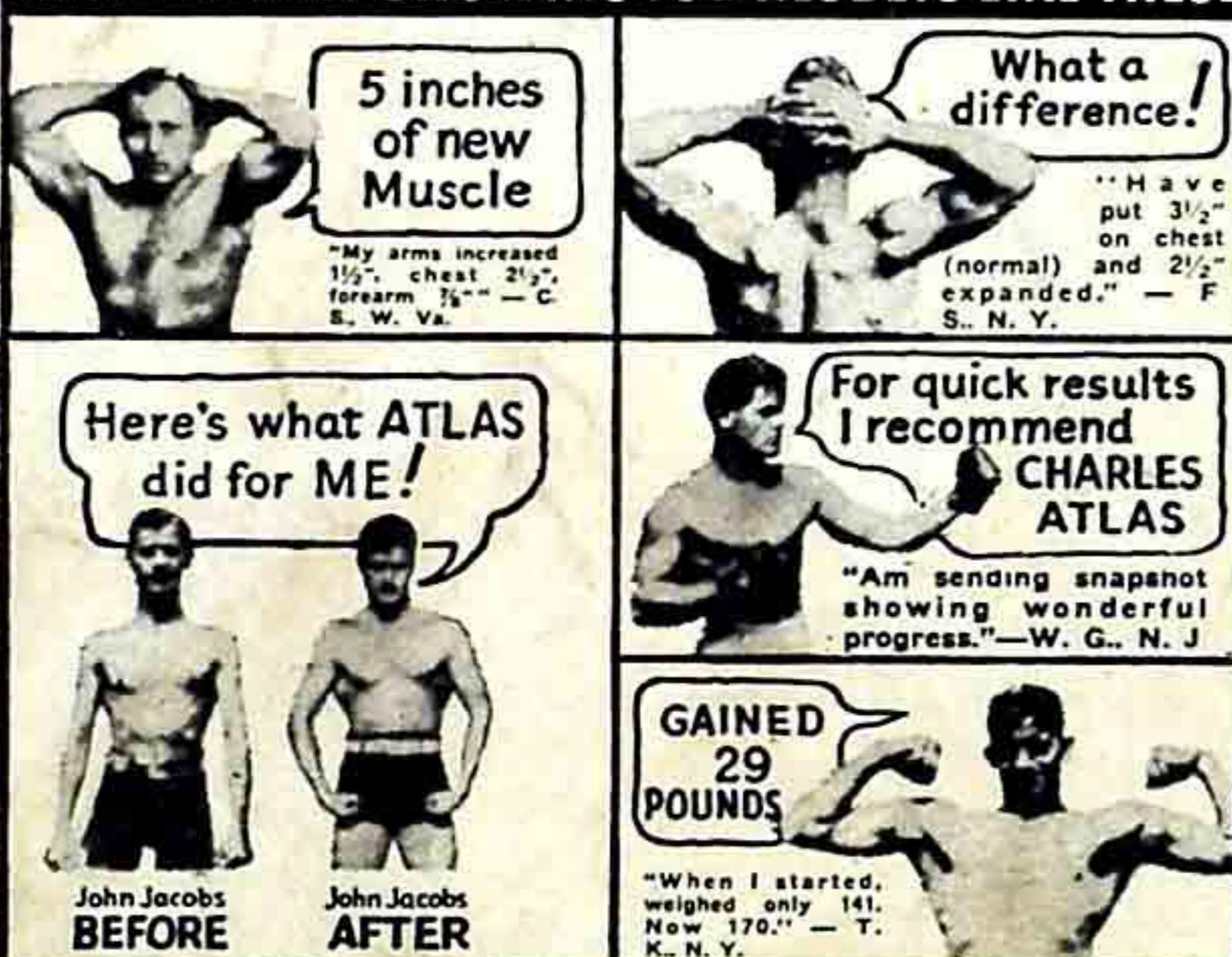
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